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IN THE TWILIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

The quiet snow is falling,
The Winter winds are calling,
And the hopeless, bitter day is drawing slowly to an end.
Beside my lonely fire,
My thoughts to thee aspire,
And my spirit in the silence clasps thy spirit-hand, my friend.

In the pleasant Summer weather
We wandered on together,
By the silver-singing river and low-lying meadow-land,
When our love had newly thrilled us,
And its rapture newly filled us,
And we questioned not, nor doubted, two children hand in hand.

For us the birds were singing,
For us the winds were bringing
Sweet scents from wraith-like lilies that blossomed in the pond;
And the blue sky seemed to love us,
And the roses bent above us,
Laying fresh, red lips together, like lovers overfond.

Dost remember at the trysting
How I lingered by thee, listing
To the little Spanish ballad that such mournful burden bore?
Here in my life of sorrow,
Toil and struggle for to-morrow,
That plaintive burden haunts me, and pains me evermore.

Sometimes, when twilight lingers,
And the rain, with phantom fingers,
Comes softly tapping at my window, where I sit alone,
I put off my outward seeming,
And in happy boyish dreaming,
I seem again to clasp thee, and again thou seem'st mine own.

I feel thy dear arms twining,
I see thy fond eyes shining,
And I press again the smiling of thy tender rose-red mouth;
And the star of Love is o'er us
All the happy years before us,
And there is naught but melody and breezes from the South.

But ah! the bitter waking,
The hopeless, weary aching
For the love that unforgotten can never more be mine.
It vanished like a shadow
Of a bird's wing on the meadow,
And I linger still, awaiting God's good appointed time.

O love so lightly spoken!
O vows so lightly broken!
Ye cling around my manhood's heart with passionate despair,
And fill with bitter sorrow
Each newly-dawning morrow,
Until the heavy burden seems more than I can bear.

Thy love was like a blossom
On the river's shining bosom,
And it floated lightly, lightly, with the sunlight smiling o'er.
My love is like the river
That, rolling on forever,
Will hold that Summer blossom in its depths forevermore.

Troy, Jan. 8, 1877.

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.
A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER IX.

Do this, my bidding,
And I answer for success.

On the morning following the conversation between Melchior and the youth Cli, the former came down to breakfast enwrapped in a costly dressing-gown, and, after dismissing the servant-woman with the usual nod, said to Cli, to whom he had as yet merely given the morning greeting:

"Cli, I am going out this morning, but before I start I expect to see Moses and Gentleman Charles. You know them."

"You mean the old Jew and the man we saw at his shop?" asked the youth languidly.

"The same. They are coming on some matter of importance, and I want you to keep out of their way, but within hearing, should I call. You understand?"

The youth nodded.

"Behind the curtain?"

"No," said Melchior, with a laugh. "Do you think old Mo would open his lips before searching there? The sly old fox trusts no man. No, outside the door, ready to give the alarm and to answer my call."

Cli nodded. Melchior raised his coffee-cup and regarded him secretly over its brim. Conversant with the human mind in all its phases, he felt somewhat puzzled and balked by the strange one of the lad before him.

"Cli?" he continued, "you are a quiet young dog. Perhaps, like the sailor's parro, you think the more. Tell me, look up, lad; I want to see your eyes."

Cli lifted his dark, pensive ones to the other's piercing orbs fearlessly.

"Tell me, are you really as ignorant of the world as I imagine you to be? Pshaw! How can you answer that? Let me put it plainer. How old are you, Cli?"

"You asked me that last night," replied the youth sadly. "Nearly sixteen."

"And a good scholar, as scholars go—eh, Cli?" You can construe Virgil, do a little in Latin verse, have studied the histories of the known world, speak French, Italian, and a little Spanish, and yet, come, Cli, could you find your way from here to Fleet street?"

"As I do not know where it is—no," returned the youth, not angrily or impatiently, but simply sadly.

"Do you know a single human being save myself, old Mo and his friend, and the woman who does our bidding?"

"No," replied the youth. "You know that I do not. Whom else could I know? What have I seen but the places you led me to? Sometimes I have watched the boys and girls at play in the square below—watched them through the dusty window, and envied them their freedom and happy laughter. Often I have been tortured with the desire to ask you—even on my knees—whence I came, who I am, and why I cannot be as other lads. But, alas, always the same reply has met the slightest hint in that direction, the frown which I see now gathering on your brow. Melchior, though you have never told me so, and I know nothing but what thy lips have taught me, I know that my childhood, my youth, my whole life, have been different to that of others, and that some mystery hangs over it. Weighted by this inward knowledge, could you have me other than I am—quiet beyond my years?"

The man nodded with a satisfied smile.

"You have answered me fully, Cli, and I am at rest. I only wanted to ascertain if you knew enough of the world to realize the consequences of the life we are leading, of such a piece of workmanship as that you have so nearly completed." Here he looked over with a sardonic smile at the desk in which was locked the engraved plate of the fifty-pound note. "But I see you do not. Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise, Cli. Hush! there come those precious visitors. Remain here till I tell you to go, then take up your station at the door and wait."

As he finished there came a gentle, timid knock at the door, and, nodding to the youth to open it, Melchior leant back in his chair and took up a paper. Cli opened the door, and the next instant the grizzled, hideous head of the old Jew was pushed round in a furtive, scrutinizing way.

"All right, my tear?" he whined; but, before Melchior could assure him that there was no danger to be apprehended, a sudden push from behind precipitated the fearful Israelite into the room, and a voice—the would-be aristocratic one of Gentleman Charles—was heard to exclaim:

"Go in, you old idiot; what do you think's waiting for you?"

"My tear Charles, my tear boy!" remonstrated the Jew, as, followed by the other, he ambled up to the table. "You are so rash, so dreadful rash! You disturb Misther Melchior!"

"Nonsense, Mo!" said Melchior, putting down the paper and nodding with cool nonchalance at the other. "You never disturb me, you know; I am always ready. Good morning, Charley; have you breakfasted? Yes? Well, just a drain of cordial will do you no harm, I dare say. Cli, reach me the cognac, and then go on that errand for me."

The youth, who had taken notice of the two visitors, though Gentleman Charles had regarded him with keen attention, accompanied by a profound sucking of the gold top of his cane, set the brandy upon the table, and with a slow step left the room. The Jew, with his habitual caution, immediately rose, pulled aside the curtain, and peered round it and bolted the door, ambling back into the chair with a bewildered apology about the impossibility of being too safe.

"Always cautious, Mo!" said Melchior, with a smile. "Charley, some brandy? Old—thirty years in bottle. Another? Certainly. Well, Mo, what news?"

The old Jew threw up his hands with a dismal croak.

"Bad news, my tear! bad news!" he groaned. "Poor, tear Jack ——"

"Got in a scrape with that exquisite bit of workmanship of yours, eh? I thought so! I am a bit of a prophet it seems, Mo. If I remember rightly, I warned you to be careful. Wax hands are getting stale—eh, Charley?"

"Ah, I should think so," replied that polished individual. "A lucky thing for me I backed out of it. Poor Jack—he was always a tool—got nabbed the very first try on. Rode in the Essex coach; did the sleep dodge and planted the wax hand on the outside of the cape while he went to work with his own. The old gentleman he was experimentalizing on was not such a fool as he looked, and while Jack, with his eyes shut, was fumbling about for the old boy's pocket, the knowing customer smelt a rat, took a pin and stuck it in the wax un. Of course Jack didn't flinch, and the game was up. Handed him over to the guard, and marched him off to Horsemonger. Stone-breaking for life, I'll be sworn, and all owing to one of old Mo's miserable wax uns."

"You dog!" screamed the exasperated Jew. "It was a beautiful hand! The very best—a perfect beauty!"

"Yes," answered the other; "too much of a beauty for poor Jack!"

"That will do," said Melchior quietly. "We'll give him the best counsel, and Mo will have to put the first subscription down. Jack always was a fool! Thank Heaven, he's out of the way in this affair."

"Amen!" whispered the Jew sanctimoniously.

"Ah, what about this affair?" growled Gentleman Charley. "It's been a precious long time brewing."

"Almost as long as one of Mo's unlucky paws, eh?" murmured Melchior pleasantly.

The gentleman colored savagely.

"It's to be hoped it'll turn out better," he grunted.

"Yes, for your sake, my dear Charley, or your fashionable figure will reach a more elevated position than it has ever yet attained."

Charley turned white.

"Oh, a hanging matter, is it?" he muttered. "You're a cool hand, Melchior, a rare cool hand. I don't know that it's the best thing I can do to go in for this."

"Perhaps not," retorted Melchior, "but if I require your services you need not trouble yourself to speculate on the chances."

"Hem!" retorted the other, with a vicious leer. "Don't make too sure of your game, Misther Melchior. I aint to be frightened, you know."

Melchior rose with the smile that was more to be feared by these men than a judge's frown.

"Now," he said pleasantly "that's very brave of him, is it not, Mo, eh?" and he turned to the Jew, who sat glancing from one to the other with glittering eyes, biting his nails with feverish excitement.

"Don't mind him, Misther Melchior, d—don't mind him," he spluttered out fearfully, adding with an air of savage ferocity to the sullen gentleman at his elbow:

"Hold your tongue!"

"No, I shan't," retorted Gentleman Charley, roused to open defiance more by Melchior's polished taunting than the Jew's rage. "I'm not going to be bullied by anybody. I say I have had enough of Melchior's dodges. They're too risky for me. Besides, they don't pay. I'm off," and with a swing of his cane he made a step towards the door.

But he had counted without his host.

With a rapid movement, full of tigerish grace, Melchior had placed himself in front of the door, and, plucking from beneath his dressing-gown a rapier, pointed it at the fop's padded breast.

"Charley, my dear friend," he said with quiet composure, "I am afraid you have seen your beloved Regent street for the last time. No more will the belles of the circus lavish their smiles on your beautiful presence. I'm going to kill you!—to kill you, and put you comfortably away! Do you know where?" he continued, dropping his tone to an intense whisper, and flashing the baleful light of his dark eyes full on the face of the coward, "do you know where? Down below, Charley, below in the furnace! 'Ashes to ashes,' eh?"

The threat was too fearful in meaning, too terribly delivered, to be heard without a shudder. The old Jew's teeth chattered in his head, and he tottered up to the miserable victim with something approaching a shriek.

Gentleman Charley's face blanched and his knees trembled uneasily.

"M—mercy!" he breathed in abject terror. "I—I ——"

"Am very frightened," finished Melchior, lowering the rapier, with a malicious grin. "Come, Charley, admit that I should make my fortune on the stage. There, sit down and let us have no more nonsense, or, by the gods above us, I shall think seriously of the little affair I hinted at. Sit down, Mo. And now for the plate," and he placed the plate upon the table.

The Jew picked it up with his talon-like fingers, and devoured it eagerly with his vulture eyes.

"Shplendid!" he exclaimed, "admirable! Look, my tear Charley."

The plate was passed to the other, who, after glancing at it, started with a profound whistle of amazement.

"Fifties!" he murmured.

"Ah," said Melchior, "who wants to back out now, eh? Yes, fifties—and soon it shall be hundreds, my dear Charles. As well be elevated for mutton as lamb, eh? Now, come, your opinion."

"A little rough, isn't it, about the figures?"

"Yes," said Melchior; "but that is easily got over. Our friend Mo has a man in his clutches, whose neck lies in his hands, who will finish it. He should have had the whole of it, but I dared not risk it. A few hours will finish the figures, whereas the whole plate has taken weeks and weeks. Besides ——"

"Another motive," my tear," interrupted the Jew with a cunning lear.

"Just so," retorted Melchior. "A motive which you, my dear old friend, had best keep your claws from, in case I might be seized with the desire of striking them off," and as he spoke he struck with demoniac playfulness at the dirty hand with the rapier which he still held.

The Jew drew his hand back and chuckled timidly.

"Always vill have his joke," he muttered. "And vhat about the plate? Shall I take it home?"

"And strike off a few hundred impressions on your own account?" interrupted Melchior with a malicious twinkle. "No, you old Shylock; bring the fellow here—to this room—blindfolded, to-night; we'll keep him here to finish the figures and work off what numbers we require."

The Jew rubbed his hands with ugly delight.

"Yesh, yesh, my tear; I shee."

"And then," said Melchior, "no time must be lost. Directly the notes are printed off they must be got rid of, for fear of some ill chance."

"How?" asked the Jew impatiently.

"This way," replied Melchior. "You, Charley, and I will take a certain quantity each, and on the same day—the same hour, if possible—work them off. I know my way—yours must be this. Charley, you are well up in the commercial world; to you shall be left the bank."

"Phew!" whistled Charley; "that's risky!"

"No," said Melchior, "or I should not give it to the fool of the party—no offense, Charley. Your plan is this. Open an account at the Commercial Bank—a few hundreds will do—then request them to procure you some bills of exchange by a certain date—the date fixed on, of course, by all of us. Go to the hour, get the bills, pay for them with the notes, and hasten here, which shall be the general rendezvous. Now, where's the risk? For you, Mo, this is the plan. What's the name of the man who gets the diamonds on the quiet?"

"De Logue," said the Jew, nodding eagerly. "I see—yesh, yesh!"

"Tell him you want a lot of brilliants for Charley, who means to break a bank and make himself scarce. He will get the brilliants and take the notes—never doubting their genuineness, knowing that he can get rid of them in Amsterdam."

"Splendid! What an intellect!" exclaimed the Jew, clasping his hands in ecstacy at this display of Melchior's genius. "And yourself, my tear?"

"I'll take care of myself. Don't worry yourselves on my account. I will see that my part is well done. Do yours, and immediately it is done fly here as if the fiend were at your heels, as he, no doubt, may be in the shape of a constable or two. The spoil shall be divided fairly. You know me of old, you two. I take the most; mine are the brains that map out the affair, but you shall both have a liberal snack. Of course I don't presume to offer such men of the world as you are any advice, but what I shall do for my part is to try fresh fields and pastures new—France, Italy, perhaps Spain, Iceland, Norway, or indeed anywhere out of reach of our friends at Bow street. One word more. Charley, keep yourself quiet and in reserve for this. Mo, no more wax hands or dangerous folly of that kind. This is the biggest haul you ever had, or will have; so lay up for it."

Both men nodded eagerly; the quiet, calm confidence of their leader inspired them with a shadow-like courage of their own. Their eyes wandered first from his face to the copper plate, then back again, while fairy visions of enormous wealth floated before their eyes.

Melchior watched them and every expression of their eager faces with deliberate attention, his own face as impassive, as calm and unchanging as his voice. There was a moment's silence as he finished. Then the Jew, rubbing his two hands together, looked towards the door.

"What about the lad—does he know?"

"Leave him to me," said Melchior.

Gentleman Charles looked up with a frown.

"I'm half afraid of that chap," he said, with a sudden shake of the head. "He's too quiet by half; your quiet ones are always the most knowing. Perhaps he's best out of the way ——"

Before he could finish, a sudden exclamation from the Jew—who had been looking at Melchior—stopped him and caused him to look up. What he saw in Melchior's face made him wish he had held his tongue. It was black with an intensity of emotion that denoted how strong an effort was required to keep its passion in restraint.

"You run too fast, my friend," came slowly but with terrible intensity from the compressed, thin lips. "By Heavens! I'd lay the man dead, if he had a thousand lives, who touched a hair of the boy's head!"

CHAPTER X.

Fine feathers make fine birds.
A loan, a little loan,
Oft bears a weighty interest.

At the hour appointed a neat cabriolet drew up at the Baron de Moniporte's mansion, and the Chevalier, exquisitely but quietly attired in morning costume, alighted. A footman, in the Baron's livery, met him at the top of the stone steps, and conducted him to the vestibule, a costly hall, decorated with frescoes and paved with costly mosaics; here a second retainer took possession of him and led him to a third, who, after bearing his card into the Baron's sanctum, speedily returned to usher him to the wealthy nobleman's presence.

The Baron was seated in an easy-chair, emblazoned with his Rhenish arms, and facing a table literally loaded with daintily bound ledgers and daybooks and piles of papers and legal documents. The walls of the apartment were lined with large tin boxes,

"LILY MELVILLE."—Cli opened the door, and the next instant the grizzled, hideous head of the old Jew was pushed round in a furtive, scrutinizing way.

bearing the names of several well-known mercantile houses, and not a few money-borrowing principalities.

Taking in the whole aspect of the room as well as the appearance of its occupant, who, flushed by a late debauch and attired in a purple silk dressing-gown, was the most conspicuous part of it, the Chevalier de Morni made a profound bow, and shook the red hand extended to him.

"Take a chair," said the Baron, sweeping a pile of documents from one and jerking it forward. "You are punctual—nothing like it. Punctuality is the shoul of business. I hope I see you vell, milord?"

The Chevalier was well, and returned the compliment. They talked a little of the Duchess' soiree—the Chevalier condoling the Baron on the loss of his valuable gem, and then with infinite tact glided into the business of the interview. The Baron was all anxiety, and ill concealed it; his large, overstretched eyes blinked greedily, and he listened with unctuous satisfaction as the ambassador unfolded his plan.

"I need scarcely say, Baron, that at present the negotiations must be considered as private."

"Shertainly, shertainly," said the Baron. "Quite so. It's a large shum—a very large shum—but the Shtate can give good security, you say?"

"Most unexceptionable," said the Chevalier glibly.

"And the interest you agree to, the interest of ten per shent.?"

The Chevalier bowed.

"It is not exorbitant," he said, "considering all things. Believe me, my dear Baron, the State will not be unmindful of the service you will render it by this loan. If it can testify its satisfaction—I may say gratitude—in any tangible way, I think I may pronounce that it will not let an opportunity slip. Unfortunately the Baron de Moniporte is already too highly placed to be much gratified by a Venetian title; but if ——"

"Not at all, milord," eagerly corrected the Baron, who snatched at this hint of something beyond the exorbitant interest. "Not at all. I shall only be too proud of any mark of the Shtate's eshteem. Hem! vhen do you vant the monesh?"

"Not for some weeks yet, my dear Baron. Meanwhile I must impress upon your mind the importance of most profound secrecy in respect to the negotiation. Should the fact of our requesting a loan get wind—nay, indeed, the mere rumor that I am here in London as the representative of the State—I would not answer for the consequences."

The Baron swore secrecy and the Chevalier rose to go. The great money-lender, however, seemed reluctant to part with so easy and amiable a victim, and insisted upon ringing up a choice vintage of Johannisberg, and the two noblemen discussed politics—of which the Chevalier seemed as great a master as the Baron himself—with mutual satisfaction till the bottle was drained.

"You vill be at the opera to-night, my dear Chevalier?" asked the Baron, opening the door and signaling for footman No. 3.

"No, I did not think of it," said the Chevalier, toying with the diamonds at his wrist.

"Vhat? No? Vhy, all the vorld is going. The great Gregori is to appear to-night, and the house vill be crammed. I am going vith my Lady Melville—a superb woman, Chevalier, eh?" and the Baron smacked his full lips with unction—"my Lord Harcourt and the Duchess. Pray, join us. I'm sure the ladish vill be glad to see you. Eh, vhat do you say?"

The Chevalier bowed his acknowledgments, but would not promise either way, and so the two great men parted, the footmen escorting my lord the Chevalier de Morni to his cab with the most profound respect and servility. As the Baron had prophesied, the opera-house was full, crammed to the ceiling. Gregori was a favorite, and this was the first night of the season.

In the Duchess of Sparkleton's box were, besides her grace, Lady Melville and Lord Harcourt. The Baron had not yet appeared, though his chair was set for him behind the Duchess's and that of Lady Melville. The overture had concluded amidst a burst of ungovernable applause, when the box-door opened and admitted the Duke. Before he had taken his seat the Baron entered, and in his usual noisy style went through the round of greetings.

"Where's the Chevalier? Not come? Ah, he vill be here directly," he added, with something very like a wink at the Duchess.

"What Chevalier?" asked her grace, who had quite forgotten him.

"The Chevalier de Morni," replied the Baron, rolling the title off his tongue with empressement.

"Oh, yes! Is he coming?" she said. "Dear me, I am so glad. My dear," turning to Lady Melville, "that is the gentleman about whom you were inquiring."

Lady Melville raised her brows indifferently.

"Indeed, your grace." Then, turning to the Baron, "Have you found your diamond, Baron?"

"Alas! no," he replied with profound mournfulness. "I shall never see it more. It vas a beautiful brilliant, and one given me by the Prince himself."

"You must advertise, Baron," said Lord Harcourt, with his cold smile.

"And be called a fool," said the wily German. "Non, non, not for me, my lord. Peoplesh would say, 'Ve vill not give the Baron any more leetle presentsh if he does not know how to take care of them.' Hah, hah!"

"Very true," laughed Lord Harcourt. "You are always so cute, my lord."

At that moment a box directly opposite the Duchess was entered by an aristocratic-looking gentleman and an extremely lovely girl. The Duchess responded to the gentleman's old-fashioned but courtly bow. Lord Harcourt flashed a significant glance at the handsome face of Lady Melville beside him. It paled for a moment, then flushed a hot crimson, as she shot a look of hate towards the new-comers, and then returned Lord Harcourt's with a glance of deep meaning.

The first act over, a buzz of conversation followed, and her grace, turning to ask Lord Harcourt's opinion on the performance, started to find the calm but singular face of the Chevalier looking at her from out of the semi-darkness of the back of the box. He came forward with a courtly reverence and made his bow.

"I startled your grace; pray pardon me. Entering during the performance of the music, I preferred to remain unseen until its completion, rather than spoil your enjoyment by an interruption. Dare I hope your grace will forgive me?"

The soft, plausible tones won a smile from the Duchess, who nodded graciously.

"You are a very noiseless, mysterious man indeed, my lord. We English are not so attentive to the music as you courtly Venetians. Lady Melville, the Chevalier de Morni. You will remember him at the soiree last night."

Lady Melville bowed in token of recognition, and the Chevalier exchanged a few words with her, but after a little while withdrew to the back of the box and seemed to become absorbed by the music—likewise by the audience, for as his eyes wandered round the tiers of brilliantly filled boxes his attention was suddenly attracted by the box opposite, and with a gesture which might have denoted surprise or satisfaction he raised his jeweled glasses and took a deliberate survey of the gentleman and the girl, though he apparently only gave them a passing glance.

From them his eyes fell to the dark, handsome face beneath him, and a smile of deep and sardonic humor crossed his lips as he saw the dark light in her eyes and the heavy frown upon her brow.

"Ah, ah, madame," he murmured inaudibly, "if eyes could kill, our two friends opposite would stand little chance of long life!"

The second act was now concluded. Immediately the applause subsided the Duke disappeared, and Lord Harcourt dropped into the vacant chair and commenced a conversation with the Duchess, though he could still hear every word that passed between the amarous Baron and Lady Melville. The Chevalier, thus left alone, drew a little nearer to the front and glanced into the pit. But an opera-glass leveled full at him by a man seated in the front row and bearing a remarkable likeness to Gentleman Charley caused him to draw back in time to hear a remark of the Baron.

"That's a very beautiful girl opposite, my lady?"

"Ye—es?" said Lady Melville coldly. "Do you think so? I don't admire that style of beaty. It is too insipid, tame and spiritless. What do you say, Chevalier?"

"If I might venture to disagree from your ladyship I would say that the face, though pale and timid, is rather spirituelle than otherwise. There is a depth about the eyes, a flexibility round the curves of the mouth that one does not often see in so immature a face. Ah, yes, she is very beautiful!"

"Well, it is a matter of taste," said her ladyship, smiling sweetly.

"Do you know them?" asked the Chevalier, fixing his dark eyes upon hers with innocent carelessness.

"Yes—and no," replied her ladyship, flushing, conscious of the sudden gleam from Lord Harcourt, who half turned to catch her answer. "The gentleman is Sir Ralph Melville—the girl is his daughter. They are related to me."

She stopped, and the Chevalier was too courteous and well bred to press further.

"Ah," he said thoughfully, still regarding her from beneath his half-drooped eyelids. "Yes, the girl is beavtiful, but, alas, she will never be more so than she is now."

"What do you say?" asked her grace, with surprise, while Lord Harcourt turned languidly round and eyed the speaker through his gold-mounted glasses.

"We were speaking of the young lady opposite, your grace. Lady Melville has been good enough to ask my opinion. I admit her beauty and deplore its immaturity, for I see no chance of its ripening!"

"Why?" asked her grace with surprise, while Lady Melville fixed her dark eyes upon his calm, placid face with terrible earnestness.

"Because," he said, smiling at the mouth of the Baron, which, wide open just beneath him, looked a positively dangerous pitfall, "because, if my knowledge of medicine does not mislead me, the young lady will never reach womanhood."

A sharp, half-subdued exclamation dropped from Lady Melville's tightly-closed lips.

"Heaven bless me!" muttered the Baron. "What do you say?"

"To a practiced eye," continued the Chevalier with the same slow composure and distinct utterance, "it is easy to detect the signs of that fell disease—consumption. They show themselves in the face, in the form, in the very expression. The senora opposite has all these signs plainly marked. Alas, that one so beautiful should be fated to die so young!"

Lady Melville rose with a sudden gesture. She was as white as a sheet, and trembling.

"Your grace," she breathed, "the heat has overpowered me: I ——"

"Permit me to conduct her ladyship to a cooler atmosphere," said the Chevalier, offering his arm with evident concern.

But her ladyship shrank from the strange glitter of his dark eyes, and, almost clinging to Lord Harcourt's arm, stepped past him. The Chevalier, not at all discouraged, followed, closing the box-door behind him, so that no others could follow, for his quick eyes had seen a similar movement in the occupants of the box opposite, and he was anxious to witness the results of a meeting in the lobby. Of the two individuals in the opposite box only one was conscious of the regard which they were attracting.

Sir Ralph had come up to town for the purpose of giving his beloved daughter a little change of air and scene, and had promised as a great treat that she should accompany him to the opera. On his entrance he had recognized the Duchess, and was about to point her out to Lily, but caught sight of his enemy, Lady Melville, in time to arrest his words. For the moment he almost rose with the intention of quitting the house, but a little consideration prevented him. He could not leave the theatre immediately after his entrance without giving Lily some definite reason or leaving her to imagine that the cause was serious and mysterious. Sir Ralph could not tell a falsehood—not even to the extent of feigning sudden indisposition—to his beautiful idol, and he judged it best to remain and shield, as much as possible, the object of Lady Melville's aversion from her gaze. Accordingly, he drew the beautiful girl aside and pulled the curtain halfway across the box; but Lily, ignorant of his wish, leant forward, and so frustrated his design.

It was her first opera; she was an intellectual, ardent and poetical child. With the first burst of music her whole soul was aroused and shone from her extended eyes. From the entrance of the singers to the fall of the curtain she never removed her gaze from the stage, and when the first burst of applause burst forth she sank back into her chair and breathed a sigh—almost of relief. Sir Ralph, who had watched her a great deal more than the performance, bent forward and whispered:

"Well, Lily, are you enjoying it?"

"O papa!" she replied, clasping her hands. "How much! It is beyond all expression. I don't wonder at the people seeming so pleased—but I could not clap my hands—it is too divine for that. I feel more inclined to cry! Tell me, papa, how long will they be before they commence again?"

"Only a few minutes, my dear," he replied, almost forgetting the presence opposite in the joy of his child's enjoyment. "Will you not take a little lemonade or an ice, Lily?"

"No, no; I could not eat or drink, papa; it would spoil my happiness. Hush! They are playing again!" and with an absorbed eagerness she leant forward to catch every note of the music.

So far all had gone well. The girl had been too enrapt to gaze round the house; but there were two more acts, and in the intervals she might turn and look round—perhaps catch the glances which were directed at her from the opposite box, and ask the names of the people who bestowed them. Had he been asked his reasons for dreading—for he did dread as well as dislike—Lady Melville, Sir Ralph would have been puzzled to give them. Enough that he knew his own and his daughter's death would be beneficial to his brother's widow, and that he felt, assuredly, that she was not a woman to stand at trifles, or more than trifles, where her interest was concerned. Little of the music reached his ears, and for him the gorgeous pageant unrolled itself in vain. His eyes wandered from his beautiful and innocent Lily to the dark and serenely handsome face of the woman he hated.

No gesture of hers escaped him, and he saw the start with which she turned to the strange-looking Chevalier when he entered. The second act concluded, and then, as he had dreaded, Lily looked round with an exclamation of delight at the wonderful mass of faces and the glitter of colors and jewels. At that moment it was that the mournful prophecy of the Chevalier was uttered, and the girl's attention was attracted and chained by the sudden pallor and agitation of Lady Melville.

"Look, papa!" she cried, "that lady has fainted! How beautiful she is—and, oh, how pale!"

"Hush, my dear," he replied, trembling, and with his eyes fixed upon her ladyship. "Ah, yes, I see; the—the heat, possibly. It is hot, too hot for you, my dear. Come!" and with a suddenness that alarmed the girl he caught her arm and drew her back.

Had he waited a moment longer he would have seen Lady Melville rise also, and so, by remaining have avoided what followed; but, as if for life and death, he hastily wrapped the wondering girl in her cape, and, tenderly putting her arm in his, left the box.

"Are you ill, papa?" she asked anxiously. "You look so pale! Poor papa! How selfish of me. I have been so delighted and so happy while you were suffering. What is it? Oh, do let us sit down a little while," she urged, "until you are better. See, here is a chair."

But he was all on fire to leave the theatre, and, with a gesture of dissent, hurried her down one of the staircases while Lady Melville, the Chevalier, and Lord Harcourt were almost as hurriedly descending by another. They met in the lobby. With a crimson flush Lady Melville half drew back, and Sir Ralph passed on. But at that moment Lily, who had bent a pitying glance upon the handsome lady, who like her father had been taken ill, dropped her handkerchief, and the Chevalier, whose quick eyes allowed nothing to escape, stooped and recovered it.

Touching the Baron on the arm, he said, with a courtly bend:

"The lady has dropped her handkerchief, sir—allow me ——"

Sir Ralph, who at once imagined it to be a planned scheme to stop him, turned with a gesture of anger.

"Sir! how dare you ——"

But a something in the calm face and dark, expressive eyes stopped him.

"I beg your pardon," he said brokenly. "Lily, is this your handkerchief?"

"Yes, papa," she said; then, turning with a blush to the Chevalier, who stood regarding her with a curious expression, almost of pity, she added: "I thank you, sir, I dropped it ——"

But Sir Ralph would not allow her to finish, and, almost abruptly, bore her off to the hall.

"Soh!" muttered the Chevalier, with a dark smile. "He dreads the beautiful tigress, and would keep the lamb in ignorance of her existence. Hem! we shall see." And, raising his voice, he advanced to the door, calling: "Lady Melville's carriage!"

The girl started at the name, and, shrinking closer to her father, watched with a flushed face the woman whom she had been commanded not to name. Sir Ralph, who had hoped to reach his brougham and escape before the others, stood aside and waited for them to pass. Lady Melville, who had by this time recovered her usual composure, glided by haughtily, bestowing one calm, sweeping glance upon the stern father and the shrinking girl, and turning with a contemptuous smile to Lord Harcourt, who had been watching the scene with his usual phlegmatic keenness. The two gentlemen, having assisted her ladyship to her carriage, waited a moment until Sir Ralph's brougham was called.

"Ah," whispered the Chevalier, with perfectly assumed surprise, "is the ferocious-looking gentleman a relative of her ladyship, my lord?"

"Yes," replied Lord Harcourt coldly. "Had we not better return to the Duchess?"

The Chevalier bowed and fellowed his companion up the staircase, but not without a last parting glance at the Baron, who, still as stern and angry-looking, was helping the beautiful girl into the brougham.

"Good-night, Sir Ralph," he murmured inaudibly. "Take care of your one ewe lamb; her ladyship has claws! Well, 'tis not so bad a scene for the opening of her life's drama. I fancy I have put a spoke in the wheels of his hope that will stop their progress pretty well."

"How is this?" said Sir Harcourt, as they approached the box, at the door of which there was a loud knocking. "The door has been closed."

"Ah, that must have been my carelessness," said the Chevalier. "How very stupid. I closed it behind me, forgetting that your boxes are unlike ours in Venice—miniature prison-houses."

His lordship half-turned and looked suspicious, but the Venetian nobleman appeared so sorry for his mistake, hastening to efface it by opening the door and apologizing to the Baron, who was fuming and fretting at having been prevented from following Lady Melville, that Lord Harcourt's doubts were dissolved.

"A thousand pardons, Baron!" murmured the Chevalier. "Your grace, a foreigner's ignorance must plead for me."

"Her ladyship—is she better?" asked the Duchess, of Lord Harcourt.

"Quite recovered, but thought it prudent to retire."

The Duchess glanced over at the now empty opposite box significantly, but Lord Harcourt was evidently or averse to exchanging gestures on the subject, and with grave imperturbability dropped into his chair and languidly closed his eyes. The Chevalier ventured to glide into the empty chair beside her grace, and at once employed his art to enliven the interval between the opera and the ballet, for which last the Duke was now ascending the stairs. So well did he talk that the Duchess—as she afterwards admitted—was charmed out of herself, and sparkled back the flashes of wit that darted from his well-formed lips and brilliant eyes. The Duke, entering, found them thus: the Chevalier talking brilliantly, the Duchess and the two gentlemen listening in spite of themselves with pleasure and delight.

"Well," said her grace, as the house rose, "I have lost almost all the ballet owing to you, my Chevalier. You are very naughty, but infinitely amusing."

"I wonder if her grace could prevail upon you to sup with us."

The Chevalier shook his head, while he assisted Lord Harcourt to arrange her grace's wraps.

"I must fly away to my couch, your grace; we ambassadors cannot afford much time for pleasure."

"Oh, come, the secret is out," laughed the Duchess slyly. "Ambassador! Pray, are you from the Pope? You are wicked and witty enough."

In the low laughter that greeted this sally, in which the Chevalier joined with a ready and graceful smile, the ducal party reached home.

The house had been a full one and the crush was great, almost as great as that which had distinguished the breaking-up of her grace's soiree. And, strange to say, accompanied by the same accident—a robbery.

The Chevalier, with true Italian politeness, had pushed his way to the door in search of her grace's carriage. A man passing in the crowd clustered at the entrance pushed against him. The Chevalier was seen to remonstrate with him, but suddenly uttered an exclamation of anger and darted into the street. Almost immediately he returned, and making his way back to the Duchess, said, with great agitation:

"Pray your grace and gentleman, take care! There are pickpockets about! I have just had two of my studs stolen!"

And he pointed to his short-front, in which there remained only one black pearl, the other two of great price having disappeared. The Duchess, with a fluster, commenced examining her jewelry and uttered a small shriek.

"Oh, Heaven! I have lost my bracelets!"

"Zounds!" cried his grace. "Not the emeralds?"

"Yes," moaned her grace, "and my diamond pendant!"

Some voice in the crowd, who were getting an inkling of what had happened, cried:

"Pickpockets! pickpockets!"

And there was an instant confusion. In the midst of it the Baron gave a loud groan and held up his left hand, which at his entrance to the opera had been loaded, we had almost written "adorned," with three rings. The constables came up and there was confusion ten thousand times confounded, but, as in the case of the soiree, the thief could not be detected, though several other persons had been robbed, and the Chevalier discovered that he had been a still greater loser than he at first supposed; for, turning out his pockets, he found them to have been all emptied—not even his pocket-handkerchief remaining.

Lord Harcourt, who had lost nothing, and up to this moment had been eyeing the Chevalier with cold and suspicious gaze, now, with a look of relief, joined in the general condolements, and with an air of regret and annoyance the party separated—the Duke and Duchess to their carriage, Lord Harcourt to his club, and the Chevalier calling his cabriolet—which at that moment drove up. Giving the name of a well-known and fashionable hotel, the Chevalier sprang into the vehicle and was driven off in its direction; the cabriolet, however, did not stop at the destination directed, but, suddenly sweeping to the left, made its way at a good pace eastward. By the Cripplegate Church it drew up, and the driver went up to the door and opened it.

"All safe, Charley?" said the Chevalier. "No pursuit? Give me the trinkets."

"Here you are," said the mock coachman, laughing, as he handed a handful of glittering jewelry to his fare.

"It was well done, eh, captain?"

"Vilely," retorted the Chevalier. "Lucky for you, my friend, that it was I who gave you chase. Had it been a constable, with the intention of catching you, you would be in the lock-up by this time. Bah, man, one should be like an eel in such a crowd; you were too slow by half."

"Well," muttered Charles, for it was he, "it went right, notwithstanding. But, there, you always find fault."

"For your good, ungrateful idiot. Bah—there's your fare. Now drive home and keep quiet."

And, giving him one of the Baron's rings, the Chevalier carefully covered his exquisite evening dress with a large cloak, which he took from the cab, and walked off hurriedly in the direction of Spitalfields.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BLIND BEGGARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY ALDEN.

It was during the holiday season
That I walked with my waggish friend Ned.
Not to laugh at his jokes was a treason
Against friendship, he often has said.

Two blind beggars came towards us together,
Slowly plodding along through the night,
And exposed to the merciless weather
In poverty's pitiful plight.

"Now for sport!" muttered Ned. "Why, what mean you?"
Cried I, as I held back his arm.
He stopped them: "Divide this between you—
This dollar—and get something warm!"

How they turn'd to each other with laughter,
And showered their blessings on Ned!
Then they turn'd down the street, and we after
To see how the deception had sped.

For allow me, with shame, just to mention,
Ned gave *nothing*, but rightly believed,
As a blind man can't give close attention,
Each thought that the other received.

To an ale-house they went, as from habit,
After fasting so long, to regale,
And eagerly called for Welsh-rarebit,
And tobies of porter and ale.

Ned and I took a neighboring table,
Unperceived, and rejoiced in their joy;
Let them laugh the brief time they were able,
Which denouement we knew must destroy.

At last their small banquet was ended;
Awaiting the other to pay,
Each was silent. With hand out extended,
The host grumbled at the delay.

"Come, which of you carries the money?
I've customers here to attend,
And haven't the time to be funny!"
"Not I," they each cried; "but my friend."

Then, of course, followed loud accusations,
Each calling the other the thief;
Then, to the host, proud protestations,
Each earnestly begging belief.

It might have resulted in violence;
But Ned, who a surfeit had found,
The beggars' bill settled in silence,
Then treated to tobies all 'round.

RAILROAD-TRAPEZE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

Number Ninety-nine stood puffing and blowing off steam at the water-tank of a little wayside station—a beauty and marvel of brass and iron and steel; strong beyond simile, making play of the hundred coal-cars it drew swiftly along, with its eye piercing the darkness as a noonday sun, with its breath of fleecy steam and heart of volcanic fire, and John Lathrop stood with hand upon whistle and throttle waiting the signal to "go ahead."

It was midnight, and the dead of Winter. The music of the Christmas-bells had died away, the glad acclaim that welcomed the New Year had been hushed, and the holy lessons of Love, Charity and Good-will that had been preached and sung were fast being forgotten in the rush and roar of business, in running the mad race for wealth and following the spendthrift dictum of ever-changing fashion.

The spasmodic charity that breaks out at such times had run its course. The poor had been warmed and fed and made happy for a day, and would be scarcely thought of until the year had completed its cycle, and the holly and ivy and evergreens were twined and festooned again in parlor and hall, and wreathed about the mottoes of Christian remembrance hung upon the walls. Plenty had glorified itself in the giving, and Poverty and Vice and Crime must live upon the recollection of what they had received until the coming of another Christmas and the dawning of another year. Aye, Wealth had given and plumed itself upon its liberality. In alms-house and prison a hearty feast had been spread. The duty of the rich had been done, and—well—nothing more could be expected of them! Fashion had held fairs and given balls and made itself merry while indulging in ostentatious almsgiving, because it was "the proper thing to do"—and subsided. The sensation of the thing was over, all its attractiveness lost, and now Mrs. Grundy and Flora McFlimsey and the rest of the *creme de la creme* must think of themselves. Strange, how suddenly forgetfulness of others' sufferings comes—how soon the spasm of yearly charity passes—how speedily the heart of humanity again turns into stone! But "the poor ye have always with you," and can they not be helped at any time? That may not be sound philosophy in the eyes of Heaven, but it is in the eyes of fashion.

John Lathrop, engineer of Number Ninety-nine, was thinking of these things in a somewhat cynical manner as he peered out of the cab-window into the biting cold and sleet-burdened air—thinking of the hard Winter—the almost starvation prices to which wages had been reduced, and, more than all, of his humble home and bright-eyed little boy of half a dozen years, who was then dreaming that "papa" would be home to breakfast and spend the next day (Sunday) with them.

"It's hard to the poor," he said, brushing the icy frost from his heavy beard and moustache, "and it does seem as if the company might be a little more liberal after the way they worked us and piled up stamps during the Centennial. But ——"

"John, here's a tramp," sang out the fireman from the interior of the water-tank.

"That's nothing new," was the answer. "They were as plenty all Summer as blackberries."

"But the poor fellow's half starved and frozen, and begs so hard for a ride."

"Ride? Humph! And get set up for thirty days if any of the big guns of the road find it out!"

The light from the open furnace-door shone full upon the face of the tramp as he stepped from the desolate, icy tank where he had paused to gain something of shelter, even if little of warmth. A rapid sign passed between him and the engineer, and the latter continued:

"Come aboard. I'll take the chances. I don't think the conductor will give me away, and mighty clear of the brakesmen showing their faces more than they can possibly help such a night as this. Anyhow, I'm not going to leave a fellow-being to starve and freeze to death, for all the railroad companies this side of Canada. Blessed if I do! Come aboard, old fellow."

The tramp obeyed the summons, and his scanty clothing and numbed hands and feet and pinched-up face told how sadly he was in need of warmth and food. The roaring furnace speedily supplied the one, and the dinner-pails of the engineer and fireman the other, though they would have to fast until morning and would sadly miss their hot coffee.

Two shrieks of the whistle, a tug at the lever, and Ninety-nine started and shot away with the long train following behind like an immense black serpent, over air line and around curves and through tunnel and across bridge. Then John Lathrop had time to more closely scrutinize and talk to his unpaying passenger. The mystic sign that had passed between them told of brotherhood and paved the way to his thinking well of him.

"You aren't used to tramping, and haint been very long at it," said John, laughing quietly at the rapid manner in which the supper of himself and fireman was disappearing.

"Not much, Cully," replied the tramp, pausing, with a biscuit in one hand and the half-picked leg of a turkey in the other, to answer.

"Cully?" repeated John, eyeing him still more sharply. "You are a showman?"

"Was, and another few days like the last and I could play walking skeleton to perfection," and he glanced up at the engineer with a pair of the blackest possible eyes, and a face marked with resolution and bravery.

"What biz?" queried John Lathrop.

"Bar and trapeze."

He did not appear to have time to spare to make lengthy replies—only uttered the briefest possible between mouthfuls; and, noticing this, his questioner paused until he had finished his almost wolf-like meal, and then resumed:

"I used to kick up my heels and strut over the sawdust once myself."

"You?"

"Yes, but I gave it up years ago—had a little set-to with a tiger, and got nearly chawed up. And you don't look as if you had fared much better. Here's a pipe—smoke, and spin your yarn."

"Well, I did the flying-trapeze and all that sort of thing in the Grand Transcontinental and Ever-so-many-other-things Circus. Humbug were a better name, as it turned out for us. Yet I reckon we might have got our pay if it had been a success. But we had a devil of a hard time. The public didn't appreciate—horses gave out, wagons broke down, the 'premiere equestrienne' ran away with 'Bones' of the sideshow, funds ran low, the great Polar bear wanted his ice, became disgusted and turned up his toes; the zebra passed in his checks, and the result was we became flat-broke, and had to leave our baggage and take the tramp in order to get home."

"Been there myself," said John Lathrop, becoming deeply interested.

"Then I needn't tell you what sort of a time I have had footing it, stealing rides and begging for something to eat."

"Bad enough in Summer," growled John.

"But now? Talk of the North Pole. Whew! I thought I should freeze to death in that old tank with the water dripping and freezing around me; and if you hadn't taken care of me, guess I'd have thrown myself under the cars and put an end to the thing. What's the use of fighting hard times and bad luck forever?"

"Well, cheer up. You're all right now—that is, to the end of my run. Then you shall go home with me and recruit a bit, and it'll go hard if I can't manage to get you a free ride with some of the boys to the end of the road. It's against all orders, but John Lathrop's got a heart in him and won't see any-one suffer if he can help it—not much."

His presence attested the truth of his words. He was tall, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, and his face told of "goodness" in every feature, and his manner, if bluff, was hearty. In the physical the stranger was his opposite. Yet his frame was strongly knit and his muscles trained by severe and long continued exercise until they stood out as whip-cords, strictly obeyed his will and were firm as steel, and daring flashed from his black eyes and was revealed by every line about the mouth.

"I don't know," he said, looking at the engineer thankfully, "how I am ever to pay you. My life you certainly saved, and it may be I can do you a good turn some day. If the chance comes you can depend upon my doing it, for I'm not one to forget a favor."

"I believe it. But don't think of my giving you a ride and a bite. It's no more than any man that wasn't a brute would have done, and who knows but either I or my boy, when he grows up, may want a lift of the same kind."

"Your boy."

"Yes, the brightest, cutest little chap you ever saw. I'll show him to you to-morrow. Yes, and my wife, too—just the prettiest, dearest little woman that ever walked in two shoes."

Number Ninety-nine was running smoothly and steadily along. It was Sunday morning, and there was nothing in the way—not even an up-train to pass until John Lathrop would uncouple his iron steed and put him in the great round stable, to rest and be cleaned, for twenty-four hours. So, while the fireman kept his eye ahead, John Lathrop seated himself, and, while keeping watch of the steam-gauge and his ears open, told of his early life under canvas, his present home-happiness, and the bright-eyed, blythe-hearted ones that were waiting there to welcome him.

"The life of an engineer," he said, "has its ups and downs the same as any other, and is full of danger, and requires a sharp lookout and strong hand and quick decision. I know one is never safe, and my Jennie often talks of what narrow escapes I've had, and shivers as she thinks how others have been killed running over this very road."

"Why don't you give it up?"

"Well, there's an excitement about it I like, and the pay is certain, though it aren't what it ought to be, considering the risks we have to run and how we ever carry our lives in our hands, as one might say. Keep a sharp lookout, Jack." (To the fireman.) "I remember well running over this very same section on such a night as this, some three years ago, and going smash through the culvert over the Big Stony, and breaking things generally. Engine, tender, and half-a-dozen cars were stove and piled up together, my fireman killed, and I was dragged out from under the wreck, pretty badly scalded and used-up. But my time hadn't come yet, and I was soon on the road again and ——"

"Something on the track! Looks like somebody waving a lantern, but the sleet is so thick I can't rightly make out," shouted the fireman.

John Lathrop sprang to his post, made the whistle shriek like an imprisoned and tortured fiend, reversed the engine and whistled on brakes. But his trained eye instantly saw that it would be of no use—that he could not check the headway of the heavy train in time to avert running over the object, be it what it might, for the track was so narrow and walled in by high embankments that escape was impossible. Besides, they were upon the "something upon the track" before they were aware of it, having just rounded a sharp curve.

"There is my home," gasped John Lathrop, pointing out into the gloom. "The Big Stony is just ahead, and—Oh, my God! if the culvert should have given way, and my boy have come to give me warning?"

"Your home—your boy?" echoed the tramp.

"Great Heaven! yes," and the strong became unnerved and robbed of all decision.

"It is a boy!" shouted the fireman. "And, may God have mercy upon him, I believe it is your John!"

The passenger said nothing, but a wild determination flashed from his eyes as he arose, climbed out along the side of the monster engine—a juggernaut immense enough to have crushed hundreds at a time beneath its ponderous wheels. Then the midday-like sunbeams of the head-light streamed out and made all plain to him, despite the thick sleet and darkness.

He saw (and a shiver other than that produced by the cold passed through him) a boy standing directly ahead in the deep cut, waving a lantern, whose blood-red globe shone like an evil eye. Though still at a little distance, he seemed directly under foot and about to be dragged down and devoured.

"He saved my life," muttered the tramp from between his tightly set teeth, "and I'll do as much for him if I can. Anyway, I'll try, and I haven't anybody to mourn for me if I go under."

His resolution was a desperate one—must be carried out without the delay of a single moment, if at all. He swung himself down upon the pilot, twisted his feet within the iron bars, and extended his body ahead as rigid as if carved from oak, and stretching his hands still in advance.

It was a trying situation, one requiring the greatest courage—a position no one unused to feats of strength within the arena could have sustained at all. But he did, and bravely, and the engine rolled on nearer and nearer, and the boy, suddenly becoming aware of his danger and the impossibility of escape, sank down upon the ties, and his scream of mortal agony rang out louder than jar of wheels and hissing of steam.

"Father! father! save me. Oh, save me!"

Save him? John Lathrop was kneeling on the floor of the cab, with his hands raised in prayer, his face white as the snow and working in the most terrible torture. The fireman had taken his place at the lever, throttle and whistle, and the engine plunged with increased speed upon a down grade to grind into atoms all that dared oppose its way.

It was upon—over the boy! No, Heaven be praised! the arms of the tramp had grasped, lifted and dragged him upon the pilot and to safety before touched by the fire-breathing monster; and when it paused, quivering upon the very brink of the crippled culvert, John Lathrop was holding his brave boy in his arms, hugging him to his heart, and crying over him as a woman.

In the morn of a clear Sabbath, No. Ninety-nine rolled into the station; and when John Lathrop told his wife of how their boy had been saved, and she sprang to the stranger and kissed him from the impulse of her mother's heart, there was no jealous frown upon his brow.

FESTIANA.—A schoolmaster who wanted to make an impression on two of his boys who had been fighting proposed that they should be tried by a jury of their fellows. The proposition was accepted, and the charges proved; but the pedagogue, who had constituted himself Judge, was a little taken back when the jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving their seats.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

W. B. T., Harrisburg.—On Feb. 15, 1869, Edwin Booth received from President Andrew Johnson an order giving him the custody of his brother's (J. Wilkes Booth) body. The remains were shortly afterwards disinterred at the arsenal grounds in Washington, D. C., and delivered to John H. Weaver, sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, Md., who took them to Baltimore and placed them in a receiving-vault. On June 26, in the presence of several relatives and friends, and with appropriate religious ceremonies, the remains were interred in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, at the foot of the monument of the late Junius Brutus Booth.

C. C. C., Harrisburg.—It is not a proper bet for a decision. No such case has, to our knowledge, ever been argued by expert lawyers, who might procure a discharge for the man on the ground of possibly mistaken identity, viz., that the man then in custody was not the man who had escaped, and therefore was not the man who had been sentenced to be hung. He could be "habeased" for the purpose of establishing his identity conclusively, or he could be resentenced to be hung. Obviously, we cannot say what would be done; but it is hundreds to one he would be resentenced to be hung.

A. S. T., San Francisco.—The previous answer was based on the rule governing the point. We ourselves think that no penalty should attach to a fall *forward*, after squarely landing on both feet; but falling backward or stepping back to avoid a fall is manifestly wrong, and under such circumstances the jumper would be foul. If the jumper has full control of himself, there is no necessity for his either stepping or jumping backward.

Fred. J. Gleason, Brooklyn.—1. Arthur Chambers is alive, and at last accounts was in England. 2. The Frayne Family were, at last advices, playing "Si Slocum" at the Olympic Theatre, London, Eng. 3. There will be a professional baseball nine in Brooklyn next season. 4. No record is kept of home-runs. 5. "Dicky" Pearce is 42 years old. We cannot now say what nine, if any, he will belong to next season.

E. D., Central City.—Jenny Lind was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1821, and is now living in London, Eng., in retirement. The report that her husband swindled her out of her fortune is an error, as he is still living with her, and they have a competency. She has occasionally appeared at charitable entertainments during the past few years, but she has only the reminiscence of her former voice. Her husband is Goldschmidt, a musician.

Constant Reader, New Haven.—1. It was in April, 1875, that Tom Allen and Ben Hogan were to have fought, off-hand, in this city. 2. Joe Coburn. 3. In the fight between Johnny Grady and Johnny McGlade, near Hamilton, Nev., Aug. 15, 1869, Grady was seconded by Joe Coburn and Charley McIntyre. 4. There is no such association now in existence that we are aware of. 5. Mike is first-class—the other good. Both keep saloons in this city.

H. P., Salem.—"A man at the bat strikes a ball which touches the ground (a foot or a yard, it makes no difference which) in front of the home base before passing in front of the third and first (cart before the horse) bases, and which bounds back over the home base, and is caught by the catcher on the first bound. Is the man out?"...... He is out under the new rule.

Road Department.—1. Lotta may possibly have acted in "Our American Cousin" when she was a member of a stock company in Chicago, Ill., some years ago, but we cannot say definitely. 2, 3. She was born in this city Nov. 7, 1847, and has been on the stage since she was eight years old. 4. Alaska is larger in square miles than the State of Texas.

B. L., Buffalo.—1. James H. Budworth died in this city March 15, 1875. 2. Samuel M. Siple died in Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 25, 1854. 3. Lawrence Barrett served for some time during our late war as a captain in the Twenty-eighth (Mass.) Regiment. 4. The widow of John C. Heenan is alive, and professionally she is known by her maiden name—Sara Stevens.

J. T. H., East Cambridge.—1. Tom King fought Truckle, Young Broome, Jim Mace (twice) and J. C. Heenan. 2. Mike Coburn's only ring-fight was with Patsy Sheppard—an off-hand affair, occurring near Cold Spring Station, Ind., while the crowd were awaiting the appearance of Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole, May 27, 1868. They fought six rounds in twenty minutes, when a draw was proclaimed.

N. W., Montreal.—1. Your best plan would be to get a situation in some regular theatre or with some traveling company to play anything that may be required of you. In that way you would learn the business in a proper manner. If engaged, you would receive sufficient salary to pay your expenses of living. 2. The Monzert Sisters are still in this city.

S. H. D., Girard.—You are wrong. The Republican majority in Pennsylvania could be neither more nor less than Hayes' majority in that State. It was 9,339. The Republican majority *over the Democratic vote* is, like Hayes' majority *over Tilden*, quite a different thing. When not qualified as in the sentence last above, "majority" means a majority of all the votes cast.

C. P. H.—We keep no record of such performances, for the very good reason that they amount to but little in the absence of a standard as to the size of pockets. Again, one man will pocket the balls on a 5½x11 table, and another on a 4½x9. The latter would never say anything about the size of the table, but leave us to find it out the best way we could.

J. W. B. 147.—1. £1,200, with gold at 106 and computing a sovereign as worth $4.84, amounts to $6,156.48. 2. £250, $1,403.60. 3. The English law sittings are as follows, and we presume the same rules govern the Irish courts: Hilary begin Jan. 11 and end April 12; Easter, April 25 to June 2; Trinity, June 13 to Aug. 8; Michaelmas, Nov. 2 to Dec. 21.

S. and L., Phila.—1. Two communications have been received, and a third seems necessary to explain why B, besides raising his own cards, also raised his opponent's. What did he propose to do with the latter? 2. All we can now say is that, on general principles, all points in play should be pegged before the cards are raised.

Old Fred, Uxbridge.—You are in error. Nothing of the kind has ever appeared in these columns. We have not, first of all, the exact area of Cincinnati, we have no later census of that city than the U. S. one of 1870, and the highest English authorities are not agreed as to the population of London.

Curious, Newark.—Rule 6 of the New York Rules for Cock-fighting reads thus: "No person shall be permitted to handle his fowl after he is fairly delivered in the pit unless he counts ten, clear and distinct, without either cock making fight, or shall be fast in his adversary, or fast in the carpet, or hung in the web of the pit or in himself."

Fred Wendling Jr., Pelham.—1. Jack Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, beat Burrows July 12, 1812, and Painter April 18, 1815. He was killed at Waterloo. 2. George Seddons, when last heard from, was night-watchman on one of the Jersey City docks. 3. We have not heard of the death of Harry Poulson.

Malt, Richmond.—1. We cannot say whether there will be a professional club in Jackson, Mich., or not. 2. Airguns and pistols will send slugs and darts with sufficient force to maim, but scarcely to kill, except at close range, or by hitting in the eye or neck. 3. We should say New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

J. O. L., Boston.—It will be returned as requested. 1. It is out of print. 2. Write to the manager of that theatre, inclosing a stamp for reply. 3. The late Charlotte Cushman was considered equally great in Meg Merrilies and in Lady Macbeth.

W. G. H., Fort Dodge.—1. One year's subscription to The Clipper is $4. 2. The Clipper Almanac, 15c. 3. "Medical Hints on the Production and Management of the Singing Voice," by Dr. Browne, London, will be found a valuable book of information on that subject.

M. M. K., Toledo.—By keeping watch of our foreign amusement summary you will be informed of the movements of Howorth's Hibernicon. When last heard from they were in Australia, and Dan P. Howard was with the company.

H. F., Toronto.—*The Field* is the largest and most comprehensive, but *Bell's Life* is the standard authority for the decision of bets on matters of a strictly sporting character, *The Field* being principally consulted upon matters relating to the farm and garden.

A. J. B.—We think not. But as your place of business is within almost a stone's throw of her down-town dock, you can easily satisfy yourself. She made a trial trip of her speed in the Summer of 1872, going to Albany, and last Summer she ran on Sundays to Newburg and back.

Reader, Keokuk.—Your own figures show that Tilden's majority in Missouri was 54,791, while that of Hayes' in Iowa was but 50,227. The plurality of Hayes in Iowa is greater than that of Tilden in Missouri, but plurality is not majority.

H. Q., Halifax.—If you can perform deftly the feats you name you should be considered a first-class contortionist. You should command from $50 to $80 per week, according to the length of the engagement and the increase of your reputation.

J. D. B., Brooklyn.—B and C are partners on their ace and deuce, and A and D are partners on their five and seven, which are high. The ace is lowest card in a cribbage pack.

C. H F., Colorado.—The "cut" was a shuffle. The dealer can shuffle them again, and anybody in the game can insist not only upon their being cut, but also upon their being cut properly.

G. B. Z.—1. They have separated and Charles Seamon is now with Andy McKee. 2. The Reynolds Brothers—George and Charles—were performing in San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1.

Billy, Providence.—1. We are not acquainted with the particulars of those forfeits. 4. We have not heard of Gantley for some time. 3. Billy Edwards, with and without the gloves.

Wm. Robinson, Washago.—1. We know nothing about him, except that he is not "the best 150-yards runner in America." 2. From $2.75 upward, per pair. 3, 4. Send $1.25 to Ed. James for Watson's Annual.

Frank Maguinnis, Waltham.—A having been told by the referee that he need not continue walking (B having given up), he is entitled to the stakes, and C loses his wager.

B. P., Pittsburg.—1. Ed. James can supply you with juggling-balls. 2. Such an entertainment might prove successful. 3. About $20 each per week would be the salary of beginner.

Fresh, Elizabethport.—There is nothing that will beat four aces and a deuce at poker except a straight-flush, which is played by agreement. Of the standard hands, that with four aces is the highest.

Cracker Tom, Wooster.—The only cement of that kind known to us is a patented article. Such being the case, you would be liable to prosecution for making it even for your own use.

Dr. L. D., Detroit.—1. Your opponents were out on the call. 2. There is no precedence in points. Cassino is not seven-up or all-fours. "First call, first out;" and a false call forfeits the game.

Bingo, Belleville.—We know of no Walter. William H. Hamblin, son of Thos. S. Hamblin Sr., is dead, and young Thomas S. is said to have been residing *incognito* in Paris at least as late as February, 1875.

Club-room, Springfield.—1. Sexton has never won first prize in a tournament in this city. 2. The two Dions gathered in first and second prizes between them in the tournament of November, 1875, in this city.

A. P. E., Cleveland.—This correspondent wishes to learn the number of railroads now running into Denver, Col., and also its estimated population. Some well-posted Denverite will please drop us a postal-card.

J. W. P. and W. L. P., Biddeford.—A could not make the exchange before drawing, and consequently could not exchange on that deal. A player must have six cards in his hand when he attempts to exchange at sixty-six.

Spring, Pittsburg.—A's partner can "order him up" and go alone, or he can "order him down" and go alone; or C can go alone without ordering his partner either up or down.

C. E. F.—"Life of Peg Woffington" is published by Harper Bros., Franklin square, New York, price 50c. 2. An advertisement in any leading paper would be the most effective way.

R. E. H., Phila.—In the international rifle-matches, any sights were allowed except telescopic, magnifying, and such as conceal the target so as to prevent the danger-signal from being seen.

H. P. H., Middletown.—As the answer is not to decide a bet, we have no objection to stating that, viewed from one standpoint, the man goes around, while, viewed from another, he does not.

G. W. W.—1. There is no work published containing an accurate list of the theatres in the United States. You can glean them from The Clipper. 2. There is no list of dramatic authors with their addresses in print.

Freeport.—In ninety-nine places out of one hundred in this city, the dealer would pay the bet. But when *will* people learn that faro is an arbitrary game?

Constant Reader, U. S. S. Minnesota.—Daniel E. Sickles shot Philip Barton Key on Feb. 27, 1859, in Washington, D. C.

Pills, U. S. S., New Hampshire.—He could turn up but one card. Having turned the joker, he could name the trump.

Quin Nunc.—1. At raffles, three aces will beat two sixes and a five. 2. In throwing three raffles, the same principle should govern. But why throw three *raffles*?

Belfast.—We regret that we do not know what "orders" the Grand Trunk Railroad engineers and conductors have to sign.

W. J. S., Phila.—A seems to have won, but we cannot so decide until we have been told what B bet. It might be that he bet that the box was more than a foot long.

Charley Ross, Springfield.—J. Dion beat Garnier in the last public game they played together in 1875. It was on Nov. 18, in the tournament at Tammany Hall.

M. Sota, Boston.—We have not been able to find the sketch yet, and, unless you can give the title, do not think that we can afford the time to search further.

Snowball, Little Falls.—B, in betting that the weight was not 164lb. loses. Had he bet that it was more than 164lb., or not exactly 164lb., he would have won.

W. A. McG., Sterling.—It is a draw. They were the same boots in part, while in one respect they were different boots.

A. W. T.—Belt & Cilley, 184 Chambers street, N. Y.; C. G. Gunther & Co., 19 Union square; F. Booss & Bro., 449 Broadway; John Ruszits, 75 Mercer street.

R. R. R., Baltimore.—1. Four sevens and an ace count twenty-four. 2. Four sixes and a three have necessarily to count the same.

Old Reader.—The propositions are identical. B assumed the negative of A's proposition, and, the negative being sustained, A loses.

C. Faulkner, Colorado.—Send to Ed. James for "De Walden's Ballroom Companion," 60c.; "Ferrero's Art of Dancing," $1.50; or "Hillgrove's Ballroom Guide," $1.

Owen Howard, Memphis.—Nat Langham defeated Tom Sayers, £200, 61 rounds, 2 hours 2 minutes, near Lakenheath, Eng., Oct. 18, 1853.

J. L., Phila.—Fiddler Neary was beaten by W. Matthews, £10, 13 rounds, 25 minutes, Worcestershire District, Eng., Nov. 14, 1859.

Clinton De Witt.—We would advise that you write to *The* (London, Eng.) *Sunday Times* for the information wanted, as we have no reliable data whereby to answer.

Inquirer.—Rob Brettle arrived in New York from England Sept. 7, 1866, and sailed again for Liverpool May 15, 1869.

Joe, New Orleans.—W. M. Ward is at present engaged at the New Broadway Theatre (late Wood's Museum), in this city.

J. C. R., Baltimore.—1. Homer Lane defeated J. H. McLaughlin at Oneida, N. Y., some years ago. 2. Cannot say when Miss Mary Anderson will visit your city.

Clipper Reader, Wilmington.—The size and weight of dancing barrels vary according to the fancy of the performer using them.

B. G. M.—1. The proposed match between the leapers Stickney and O'Brien for the championship never took place. 2. It is now said that he was not killed.

White Lead, Fort Edward.—Any dealer in whips and canes can order them for you from some wholesale house in this city.

Foxy R., Boston.—Their names are Robert Garnella and Dick Garnella. When spoken of together they are called the Garnellas.

G. W. B., Buffalo.—We have made a thorough search for the past two years, and fail to find any letters advertised for you.

R. and S., Harrisburg.—You can get it at almost any paint-store. Write to Devoe's, corner William and Nassau sts., New York.

J. A. D., Lewiston.—As we understand your statement, C will win $10 if Hayes is elected, and lose $10 if Tilden is chosen, which makes it an even thing.

H. D., Camden.—Three are counted when the last card makes fifteen at cribbage; when the last card makes thirty-one, only two are counted.

W. H. C., Canton.—1. There are schools. Address James Munson, Park Row. 2. We prefer not to recommend any particular system.

Big Injun, Dover.—It is probably a simple cold, and nature will relieve itself if the animal is kept in a warm, dry place.

Mitchell, Canada.—The old experts on skates included Frank Swift, John Engler, and Goodrich. We have not heard of their whereabouts this season.

M. K. H., Jamestown.—A letter addressed to John Denier in care of this office will reach him. He was in town a few days ago.

Subscriber, Terre Haute.—Ventriloquism can be learned without a teacher. Send for book instruction to Ed. James, as per advertisement.

Declined.—"Yacub, His Mule," "The Answered Prayer," "Two Irish Roses," "Flirtation," "Will You Miss Me, Little Darling?"

C. and H.—1. You cannot use the deuce for that purpose. 2. He should call out at once.

M. C. W., Pittsfield.—McVey and Spalding will be catcher and pitcher of the Chicago nine of 1877.

Louisville.—There is no book published explaining such feats.

W. H. B., Sing Sing.—The partner hands over his best card only.

A Reader.—Tilden did not receive 30,000 majority in this State.

Hotel Clerk, Indianapolis.—B, with his ten-spot, can make a sweep.

Old Sport.—Address him simply as Secretary Driving Park Association, Elmira, N. Y.

Trainer, Long Island.—A letter addressed in care of this office will probably reach him.

H. C., Muscatine.—1. High wins the deal. 2. The highest euchre card, which is jack.

Wm. E. C., Leavenworth.—Cannot say which of you it is for, as there is no line of "biz" given on it.

A. S., Marshall.—See The Clipper Almanac for 1877 for fast time.

Davy, St. Louis.—Frank Mayo is not the husband of Josephine Laurens. His wife is a non-professional lady.

Frank, Chicago.—Stevie Rogers died in this city March 3, 1876.

Constant Reader.—The statements we made were correct. Ladies' ages are a mystery.

Romeo, Chicago.—We do not publish biographical sketches in this department.

Rex, Kenosha.—Your card will appear three times for amount sent.

Saratoga.—1. A is wrong. It is not customary to use rifles in pigeon-shooting. 2. Not that we are aware of.

F. S. M., Boston.—We do not decide wagers as to the ages of ladies in private life.

St. Charles, Norwalk.—A is entitled to count anything from 10 upwards.

J. S., Boston.—A is entitled to five—three for a sequence, and two for thirty-one.

O. H. P., Providence.—Tilden's majority over Hayes in this city was 53,969.

Constant Reader, E. Cambridge.—We cannot call it to mind.

G. M., Springfield.—We cannot spare the time to write a history of "The Forty Thieves."

Gis, Wilkesbarre.—Address H. S. Van Fleet, printer, 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

J. M. H., Wooster.—It is a matter of opinion, and we cannot decide for you.

F. Lee and E. McGean.—A deposit is required to insure an insertion of the challenge.

J. C., Galveston.—We have no means of procuring the bills you name.

G. K.—The Big Four—Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron. Also the four Dailys—two adults and two youths.

W. E., Prescott.—Write to Joseph T. Brown & Co., 292 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Old Reader, Nashville.—The R. E. Stevens Combination disbanded in Detroit, Mich., Jan. 6.

E. D., East Saginaw.—We never procure engagements for professionals. Write to some dramatic agency.

Horace.—Manhattan, Long and Staten Islands are all in the State of New York.

J. R. P., Boston.—Obviously we cannot recommend an agent. You had better advertise for one.

F. W., Phila.—1. You were out on the call. 2. No one point has precedence over another.

Cribbage, Phila.—Three threes and a nine count six by pairs and six by fifteens—twelve.

S. M. M., Syracuse.—The difference is shown by subtracting fifteen from fifty, which leaves thirty-five.

Bartender, Westerly.—Three sixes beat three aces at dice.

J. P. S., Indianapolis.—You have passed the age. Take our advice and let it alone.

Mac.—The bondsmen are responsible until the civil suit is discontinued. The criminal suit has no bearing upon it.

W. C., Detroit.—1. See The Clipper Almanac. 2. Probably about three knots per hour.

J. M., Baltimore.—The sweep is as "solid a point" as any other at cassino, and C and D could call out on it.

A. Rosenthal.—We mail The Clipper to you regularly every week.

J. A. C.—Flora Temple was foaled in 1845, and is living yet.

O. W., Oregon.—Apply to Hermann Sonntag, 9 and 11 Park place, New York.

T. B.—The City of Peking is not so long as the City of Berlin, but in other respects she is larger.

J. M. S.—C, who cut jack, which is the highest euchre card, wins.

Redd.—A flush, when played in poker, will beat three of a kind.

V. R., Cincinnati.—The Prince of Wales was in Canada in August, 1860, and Prince Arthur in September, 1869.

G. W. P., Boston.—It is a "skunk." Your "game" does not count.

C. C., Phila.—1. Dinks'. 2. Address Ed. James, as per card elsewhere.

M. E. A., Boston.—Sexton the billiard-player was born in Burlington, Vt.

H. D.—James Murray has gone to South America with the Carlo Brothers' Circus.

S. C. C., Troy.—Not yet; you have hardly allowed sufficient time.

Don, Galveston.—See The Clipper Almanac for 1877.

Miss L. T. N., Newport.—Yes; they have been sent for.

Davie, Springfield.—We have no knowledge of the lady.

Skinny.—It is so much like "the other" that we omit it.

John Crack.—Your card costs $10.92 for three months.

W. Simmons, Chicago.—Sixty cents for each insertion.

A. P., Albany.—They are residing in Toronto, Ont.

Secretary, Jacksonville.—Yes; send them along.

W. G. M., Cleveland.—Address him in our care.

J. P. Tracy.—The other date is out of print.

Enquirer, Montreal.—There is no method.

W. A. S., Leominster.—Cannot remember.

Tunisburg, Chicago.—Alonzo is his name.

A. B. C.—See The Clipper Almanac.

J. W. D., Woonsocket.—Cannot say.

R. F. P., Dennison.—It is out now.

R. H. B., Norwich.—Out of print.

H. N. McJ.—It is in this issue.

Lewiston.—You cannot.

UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

Regular as the seasons roll comes the Unappreciated Genius to the surface. We speak of him with reverence and with capitals. He is multifarious and multitudinous. To-day we see him climbing up the steep stairs that lead to some unfortunate editor's sanctum, carrying under his arm a formidable roll of manuscript, which he has already inflicted upon half a score of publishers. We know that presently he will descend those stairs with a look of intense and bitter disappointment upon his pale face. It is not necessary to inquire the cause. To-morrow he will buttonhole you in the street, and in the seclusion of some friendly and adjacent beer-saloon, over a mug of the German beverage, for which it will be your sweet privilege to pay, he will recount to you the story of his wrongs. To-day, to-morrow, yesterday and forever, the Unappreciated Genius is the same. The years come and go, generation follows generation, the East-river Bridge approaches completion, Brother Talmage invites the theatric profession to hear him preach, the Presidential muddle is settled, Astor, Stewart and Vanderbilt die, but the U. G. flows on for ever. He is what the Hon. Bardwell Slote would epitomize B. T. S.—bound to stick. Since the days when Cain's agricultural efforts failed to meet with as ready a recognition as he believed they deserved, the Unappreciated Genius has claimed existence among men; and that existence will continue so long as the descendants of Cain's father walk the earth.

Perhaps the most commonly known and easily recognized specimen of this class is the Unappreciated Genius of literature. It is he who haunts the offices of newspapers and magazines, who submits the cherished offspring of his brain to the flinty-hearted editor, and who is prone to the belief that the world is composed chiefly of blockheads, because, forsooth, the world entertains a similar belief respecting him. The productions of other writers are printed and paid for; his go down to the oblivion of the waste-basket, or are returned to him, in thick envelopes, with the brief but chilling words: "Not available." Slowly it dawns upon him that there is a mighty conspiracy to shut him out from the domain of letters. His conviction is strengthened by every fresh refusal of his literary wares. And so, while his hopes of fame are blasted, he seeks solace in the thought that the world is not able to appreciate his illustrious talents. He remembers how Milton was glad to sell "Paradise Lost" for five pounds; how Goldsmith was received, when he first went to London, with jest and jeer; how the genius of Keats was denied by the critics; how Hawthorne wrote when there seemed none who cared to read; how Poe's beauty of song failed to bring him more than the bare necessities of life. And, remembering these things, his temper becomes soured, his linen soiled, and his mind gloomy. He loves to think of himself as an Unappreciated Genius. He is pleased to trace points of resemblance between himself and the men whose pens made them famous. Like Byron, he is fond of strong coffee and soda water; like Goldsmith, he lives in an attic; like Sheridan, he finds it convenient to avoid certain streets where importuning creditors abide; and like Poe, he is able to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl. So far, then, the resemblance is striking; but, upon further inspection, we fear the likeness will not hold. Despite the strong coffee and soda-water, the Unappreciated Genius does not produce a "Childe Harold." With all his unpaid debts, he has never given us a "School for Scandal." His lofty place of habitation has not inspired him to write another "Vicar of Wakefield;" and although his capacity for spiritual beverage is unquestioned, we cannot hope for a new "Raven" while he makes "fine" rhyme with "time." In the quality of his work alone the Unappreciated Genius differs widely from the authors whom he would fain resemble. And the great pity is that he never discovers this point of difference. So he lives and dies—dies regularly, only to return to us in another form—and clings to the belief that the light of his candle has been hid under a bushel—a bushel of oppressive and unappreciative publishers.

Fortunate would it be if the Unappreciated Genius was confined exclusively to the world of letters; but he isn't. We find him with bedaubed fingers in front of an easel, wondering why it is that the public will not buy his pictures. Does anyone question his talents as an artist? Has he not a palette and brushes and long hair? Does he not wear a broad-brimmed hat and use yellow ochre and Vandyke-brown with lavish prodigality? Interrogate him, and he will tell you that his works are equal to those of Gerome, Meissonier or Troyon, but the world refuses to acknowledge it, because the world has entered into a mighty conspiracy against him! We find him, still again, on the stage, and perhaps in no other place does he contrive to make his presence more conspicuous. It would seem that the theatre is a veritable tomb for geniuses whose merits have never been recognized. Ten thousand Keans have gone down to the grave unknown and unwept. There is not a town in all the land but that could furnish a Macready, if only the pig-headed managers would offer an opportunity. The Unappreciated Genius of the stage will tell you that it is jealousy, petty professional jealousy, that keeps him down. He will point out the men who have achieved success, and tell you that patronage and luck made them what they are. He will recite many startling examples of the unjustness of managers and the uncharitableness of artists who have won distinction. And then he will repeat to you the old, familiar story, that the world has entered into a conspiracy against him.

Moved by none other than a spirit of kindness, we have a word to say to the Unappreciated Genius. And it is this: The world has entered into no conspiracy against you. When you shall have established your right to distinction, you will be distinguished. Make up your mind to that, once and for all, and then go to work patiently and perseveringly. Somebody has said that there is no genius like hard work. There is a world of wisdom in the saying. Outside of the realm of romance we do not meet with many of those gifted beings who are able to dash off a poem in an hour which will bear the imprint of immortality. Our writers and actors and painters must win their laurels by laborious toil, if they win them at all. Perhaps merit is not always recognized upon the instant, but where it exists it will surely be discovered in good time. And if now and then a charlatan succeeds in forcing himself into prominence, there is little danger of the world's preferring oriode to gold when once it has learned to detect the difference between the two. Martin Tupper has found more readers than did Shelley while he lived, yet because of this fact few would care to assert that Tupper is the greater poet. Every publisher is glad to buy the best literary wares he can get. Every theatrical manager seeks to secure the services of the most meritorious artists. There is no prejudice against a man simply because he is unknown to fame. There is only the demand that he shall prove himself worthy of recognition, and then he will be recognized. Long hair and soiled linen and an inordinate craving for tobacco and beer are not necessarily the indications of genius. It is at least possible for a man to win renown in literature, art, or upon the stage, who keeps his hair cut, his shirt-front clean, and who drinks water instead of beer. To do it, he must work long and patiently. And that is the advice we would give to every Unappreciated Genius.

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A List of Theatres Destroyed by Fire.

Racing Calendar.—Winners of the Derby since 1822, Oxford and Cambridge Eight-oared Boat Race since 1829, English Championship for Professional Oarsmen.

Illustrations—

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The Mill of Devers.
The Course of True Love.
The Dancing Girls.
The Mad Poet's Monument in Greenwood.
The Chase in Old Gaul.
The Raw Material—"My Only Comic Song."
The Dog of Montargis.
Our Art Studies—No. 1, Music; No. 2, Tragedy; No 3, Comedy.
The Pilot's Monument in Greenwood.
The Infant Prodigy.
Falstaff Reduced.

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My Only Comic Song—Poem.
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Statistics of Population.
Simple Mode of Computing Interest.
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FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.
P. O. Box 3,860.

REDUCTION OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscriptions for The New York Clipper are now received at the rate of four dollars per annum, and the time of all unexpired subscriptions now on our books has been extended in conformity with these rates.

As soon as the May-Bennett sensation is over, we will all go for Charley Ross again.

The True Story.

The poets sing of "gentle *May*"
With joy that never tires;
But J. G. B. declares that he
Believes they're falsifiers!
Miss Carry May, the gossips say,
Young Polo sought to marry,
But, owing to eccentric acts,
He saw his plans "*Miss Carry.*"
A quiet spot the young men sought
With great determination,
And fought a *duel*, as we know,
In *dual* agitation.
Moral: If you're by chance "engaged,"
Keep doubtful actions "shady;"
Or, better still, reform them all,
And live to love the lady!

Pool-selling.—The evils arising from pool-selling on elections has at last engaged the attention of our Albany legislators. Mr. Hammond of Dutchess County has introduced a bill which provides that it shall be unlawful for any person to sell or bid off any auction-pools, or conduct, manage, or in any way carry on any French or mutual pool, or combination mutual pool, for the purpose of betting upon the result of any Presidential, Congressional, State, County, city or other municipal election to be held hereafter in this State, or upon the number of votes to be polled by any candidate at such elections. The penalty is a fine of not less than $1,000, nor more than $5,000, and imprisonment, not less than one year nor more than five years. Should the doors of the pool-room be closed, it shall be lawful for the Sheriff or magistrate, or whatever other official may have the proper authority, to break in and arrest the participants in the proceedings. Mr. Hammond, in introducing the bill, declared that he has no objection to betting on race tracks, where it is, in a measure, circumscribed; but pool-betting in large cities on such exciting subjects as popular elections has a clearly demoralizing tendency.

The last words of great men are treasured up like recollections of the halcyon days of sunny childhood, and frequently afford texts for sermons, subjects for lectures, and topics for the stump-orator to dilate upon. Commodore Vanderbilt died a few days ago, and the papers allege that his last words were: "That's my son Bill." We fancy that our contemporaries have misapprehended the facts, and given to the words a meaning which it was not intended they should possess. It is well known that the Commodore was a great reader of newspapers, and up to the last he had the news of the day read aloud to him when he could no longer read himself. At the time referred to, William, the Commodore's son, picked up the former's favorite paper, and was going off with it, when his father said: "That's *my* 'Sun,' Bill." And then he passed away. Country papers will please copy.

The examinations which have been going on in Brooklyn in reference to the destruction of life at the burning of the theatre there have not reached the bottom facts, it is thought; and is not yet settled who shall be held to accountability. It is said that some of the relatives of those who lost their lives in the conflagration contemplate the commencement of suits against the parties in possession of the theatre at the time, but we are unable to trace the report to an authentic source. Guess some people will try to bury the whole thing out of sight as soon as possible.

If wealthy men "pan out" no better than Astor and Stewart and Vanderbilt have done, they might as well continue to live. Not being able to carry their riches with them, the trio we have named confided their wealth to the keeping of those who will use it as a sort of family sugar-plum. What have our public charities gained by the decease of the millionaires? Nothing; and, as we have said, their death is of no earthly benefit.

The result of the late duel should convince the lawless and depraved that "we" are not to be snubbed with impunity by any party who may consider himself aggrieved by some innocent act of ours. We are slow to anger, and loathe to gird on the weapons of war; but, once aroused, we will die with harness on, rather than cringe to base ingrates!

In reference to the slaughter at Slaughter Point, Del., *The Herald* had a fine chance to get ahead of its contemporaries in furnishing "the latest news from the seat of war;" but it failed to avail itself of the opportunity, and treated the whole affair with silent contempt.

The pistols, inside and out, were washed with tungstate of soda, and that is why they did not go off. This will account for the mystery attending the "exchange of shots," and the going-off of the duelists in such an unaccountable manner.

Notwithstanding that duelism seems, for the time, to have thrown pugilism in the shade, we can assure our readers that there are thousands of people in all parts of the country quietly engaged in *boxing matches*—at the factories.

It takes but little in these fast times to effect a change of seasons. A few days ago we were shivering with December frosts; but that duel at Slaughter Gap seems to have brought on the last of May!

Weather-wise, or otherwise people who have made probabilities a study, assure us that the great quantity of snow which has fallen this Winter will make things hop next Spring!

"The Old Lady's Home."—Well, we are glad to hear it; that's the proper place for her.

It is quite *befitting* that America should furnish *beef-eating* England with her most savory joints.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On Jan. 8: James Gordon Bennett and Frederick May fought a duel near Slaughter Station, Del., the latter, it was reported, receiving a slight flesh-wound somewhere......In the U. S. House of Representatives a resolution was offered for fitting out an Arctic expedition......Commodore Vanderbilt's will was read. It leaves all but $15,000,000 to William H. Vanderbilt, his son, no bequests being made for charitable or public purposes......The British Foreign Office sent relicts of the Polaris Expedition to the United States Government......Two Governors were inaugurated in Louisiana, and a mob attacked the Metropolitan Police at the State House......The steamer Seminole of the Boston and Savannah line arrived at Boston, Mass., and reported that on the morning of the 7th she collided with and cut down the steamer Montgomery, from New York for Havana, off Cape May, N. J. The second officer, eight of the crew and four Spanish passengers were lost......A mail-train was thrown from the track by a broken rail near East Wallingford, Vt., seven persons being injured......James Farrell, a burglar, shot and seriously wounded Officer McDonnell in this city......The roof of a building in Springfield, Mass., was crushed in by snow, John Lovett being killed and five others injured......$48,421.50 accrued from the sale of pews in Henry Ward Beecher's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*** Jan. 9: John Campbell, charged with the killing of T. W. S. Langdon, was convicted at Pottsville, Pa., of murder in the second degree...... A committee was appointed by the Ohio Legislature to investigate the disaster at Ashtabula......An ice-gorge in the Ohio River at Ironton, O., caused a loss of $60,000 to the Ashland Coal Company......The Nicholl's Government (Democratic) took possession of New Orleans, La., Packard and the Republican Legislature occupying the State-house. Secretary-of-war Cameron sent orders to Gen. Auger not to recognize either government, but to preserve the peace......In the House of Representatives, Mr. Orton, president of the W. U. Telegraph Company, was declared in contempt for not appearing to testify before a committee. His arrest was ordered..... J. Wesley Smith, a contractor at Colt's Armory, Hartford, Ct., died from the effects of a pistol-shot wound, self-inflicted......Matthew F. Walsh was killed by falling from a scaffold in Jersey City, N. J. ....A boiler explosion at Donner's saw-mill, Austin, Mich., caused the death of John and Charles Snider and one Rea....An article signed "Cassagnac" in the Paris newspaper *Le Pays* attacked the Government and prophesied the return of the Prince Imperial to France in three years......Fires: J. R. Stevens & Co.'s furniture manufactory, at Denison, Texas—loss $22,000, insured for $16,000; Cobb & Smith's clothing store and adjoining property, at Lewiston, Me.—loss $15,000, partially insured; Hunter & Brother's tea store and H. H. Haslett's hat store, at Lancaster, Pa.—loss $12,000; Jones & Conahan's soap and candle factory, at Cincinnati, O. —loss about $7,000......At the last-named fire Robert Florence was probably fatally injured......A railroad train was thrown from the track near Lancaster, N. H., the engine and tender being wrecked. ......Congress passed the bill to abolish the Board of Police Commissioners, transferring their duties to the District of Columbia Commissioners......The contest over the James Lick estate in California was concluded, John H. Lick receiving $533,000, from which he pays $72,000 to other heirs, leaving the trustees in a position to carry out the conditions of the trust deed.

*** Jan. 10: Henry Gravlin, tried at Woodstock, Vt., for the murder of Herbert A. White, was found guilty of murder in the first degree......Dr. Charles Phelps of this city was committed for contempt in refusing to answer questions in relation to the Bennett-May duel......Judson Woodworth, a prominent citizen of Pittsfield, Mass., was indicted for incest......The Suez Canal Company ratified the convention with the maratime powers......N. H. Williams of Bath, Me., obtained a verdict of $7,000 against James E. Preble for the seduction of his daughter......A train ran off the track at Gilbert's Station, Ky., eight persons being injured......A rail misplaced by wreckers threw a train from the track near Pensacola, Fla., M. Butler being fatally injured and Stephen Ledvetter badly hurt......The Republican Legislature at New Orleans, La., elected ex-Gov. Kellogg United States Senator. ......It was reported that, on the 9th, at Okolona, Miss., Oscar Pollard killed J. M. Carlisle, a prominent lawyer......Smallpox was stated to be on the increase in London, Eng., the hospitals on Jan. 6 containing 859 patients against 823 a week previously......A petition from the Boston Board of Trade in reference to remonetizing silver was referred to the U. S. Senate Finance Committee......William Woods of Waterbury, Ct., was acquitted of the murder of Daniel Hayes......The notorious slaver brig Carl was reported wrecked at Bluff Harbor, South Australia......S. H. Shafer was killed and several others badly hurt by a falling wall at Newton, N. J......Losses by fire: Several buildings in Jacksonville, Fla.—loss $70,000, insured for $20,000; Demorest & Clark's furniture and undertaking store, at Newton, N. J.—loss $16,000, insurance covering it; the South-street Presbyterian Church, at Morristown, N. J.—loss $30,000, insured for $20,000......John Madden died from injuries caused by being struck by a locomotive in New Jersey......President Norton of the W. U. Telegraph Company, was placed under arrest.

*** Jan. 11: A railroad train was thrown from the track by a broken rail near Manassas, Va., two sleeping-cars going over an embankment, and fourteen persons being wounded......A similar accident occurred near White Sulphur Springs, Va., one coach rolling down a thirty-foot embankment, and being completely demolished, but no one was killed, and only eight persons were hurt, one seriously.... Augustus Laine committed suicide by taking laudanum, in this city......The Pope received the students of the American Colleges, who read an address and presented a sum of Peter's pence, and in reply the Pope dwelt upon "the marvelous progress Catholicism was making in America."......Messrs. Snow, Taylor & Sherwell, silk merchants of Bristol, Eng., failed—liabilities, £80,000......A three hours' battle, in which four hundred were killed and a much larger number wounded, was reported to have taken place at Galte, Ecuador, S. A., between the constitutional army and the revolutionary forces, the former being routed and their commander, Gen. Aparisio, taken prisoner......Tim McCarthy was killed by a falling bank at Franklin, Mass. ......Moses A. Baldwin died in Brooklyn, N. Y., from injuries inflicted by an unknown negro...... John King received fatal injuries by falling through the hatchway of the steamer Clyde, lying at this port......Great excitement prevailed in Roumania in consequence of the plundering of an outpost and the killing of two Roumanian soldiers by Bashi-Bazouks......News was received at Gloucester, Mass., that ten schooners of the fishing fleet from that port were missing, and had probably been lost, with all on board......Henry Brown of Middletown, R. I., perished in the flames which consumed his residence. Foul play was suspected......The Merced County (Cal.) Supreme Court reversed the decision of the lower court, and released Granice, who killed Madden......Henry Gravlin, convicted of murder, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat at Woodstock, Vt......The defendants in the libel suit brought by Rev. Stuart Robinson against the proprietors of the old *St. Louis* (Mo.) *Democrat* agreed to pay $30,000 damages and costs of suits......Sargent, Bros & Co., drygoods-dealers of Boston, Mass., failed; liabilities $167,000, assets $242,000......Fires: Haight, Simpson & Co.'s woolen-mill, at North Salem, Mass.—loss $13,000, insured; Fletcher Tarbell's brick block and Edmund Bullard's house and barn, at Swanton, Vt.—loss $10,000; the Central Hotel, at Long Branch, N. J.—loss $40,000.

*** Jan. 12: The Russian frigate Svetland, Rear-admiral Boutakoff's flagship, commanded by the Grand Duke Alexis, arrived in Hampton Roads, Va. ......The steamers Calumet (value $24,000, insured for $17,000) and Andes (value $24,000, uninsured) were sunk by moving ice at Cincinnati, O......Five oyster-boats were sunk in like manner at Baltimore, Md......The Supreme Court in this city affirmed the judgment of the lower court in the $6,000,000 Tweed suit......The Mechanics' Savings Bank of Boston, Mass., suspended......President Grant renominated Mr. Murtagh president of the District of Columbia Police Board, in the face of charges pending against him......23 plates of glass each 2x10 feet, forming part of the roof of the Grand Central Depot, this city, were broken by a snow-slide. Nobody hurt........The Russian journals were stated to have commented in extremely hostile language in regard to the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India......Eighty firms were said to have failed at Warsaw, Russia, with liabilities estimated at 2,000,000 rubles......Daniel Haggerty of this city was killed on the railroad...... Fires: Isaac Davis' grocery store, Brockport, N. Y., and other property—loss $40,000; seven business houses in Omro, Wis.—loss $25,000, insurance $14,000; the Union Church and James Bratton's saw-mill, at Easton, O.—loss $11,000.......George Morton was run over by a railroad train near Oldtown, Me., receiving fatal injuries.

*** Jan. 13: Ex-District-attorney Chas. G. Fisher of the District of Columbia was pardoned by the President. He was afterwards taken to an insane asylum......John B. Mullings of Brooklyn, L. I., committed suicide by shooting....Exchange Block, Scranton, Pa., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $100,000, fully covered by insurance. Other fires: Twenty-two buildings in Edenburg, Pa.—loss $100,000; the Welland Vale Company's Works, at St. Catherine's, Ont.—loss $120,000; the Irvington House, near Indianapolis, Ind.—loss $12,000, insured for $5,000......While defending his mother, George Krisk of this city inflicted injuries which will probably result in the death of his father. ......William W. Crawford died in Williamsburg, L. I., from a dose of corrosive sublimate.......At Carlisle, Pa., several incendiaries were sentenced to the penitentiary, John De Huff, the leader of the gang, receiving ten years.......During a row between soldiers and teamsters at Sydney, Neb., James Keith of Co. C, Fifth Cavalry, was shot dead......Mrs. Clara Friedman was stated to have committed suicide in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 12th. ....Mrs. Sarah Osborn was fatally burned in the same city while trying to kindle a fire with kerosene......The schooner Adeliza was cut down by ice and abandoned outside of Sandy Hook, N. J.... Fred Heckerland was run over and killed at a railroad crossing in Newark, N. J......Mary McCallis, aged 16, was burned to death by the explosion of an oil-lamp at Bordentown, N. J......A telegram from Havana stated that the captured Spanish steamer Moctezuma was burned to prevent her being retaken.

*** Jan. 14: The breaking-up of the thick ice in the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers caused great destruction of property from above Pittsburg, Pa., to Louisville, Ky. Several steamers and a large number of heavily-laden coal-barges were sunk, the loss aggregating over $1,000,000......Augustus B. Hill was knocked down and killed by a runaway horse at Boston, Mass......The wife of Judge Maynard was burned to death at Hillsdale, Mich., her clothes taking fire from a stove......The committees of the two houses of Congress were said to have agreed upon a plan by which the electoral questions may be settled......Cable news: The Constantinople Conference had not yet resulted in anything of a decisive character. Gen. Tchernayeff has been expelled from Bohemia by the authorities, in opposition to the will of the people. Gen. Ignatieff was reported to have consented to modifications in the terms proposed by the Conference, and it was believed that, at the last moment, the Porte will accept the compromise now offered by the Powers. Minister Simon intimated that the French Government intends to pardon Communists more freely......Michael Stock's cabinet-shop, residence and barn, John O'Connor's grocery, and other property, at Rondout, N. Y., were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of over $20,000; insurance $12,000.

*** Jan. 15: Further particulars regarding the breaking-up of the ice-gorge in the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers placed the loss of property at over $2,000,000. Fifty or more steamboats were reported crushed to pieces......A rumor, which was generally discredited, prevailed in this city to the effect that Fred W. May had died from a wound received in a reported duel with James G. Bennett, who was stated to have sailed for Europe in the steamer City of Richmond on the 13th inst......A cable dispatch stated that from the name of George Green, printed upon portions of wreckage drifting ashore on the Devonshire coast, England, it was believed that the American ship of that name has been lost......Dr. Phelps of this city, arrested for contempt in refusing to answer questions referring to the Bennett-May case, was discharged upon his own recognizance to appear before the Grand Jury at 11 o'clock A. M. on the 16th inst......William Giggley and John Feeney were killed, and Owen Dunphy, Harry Edwards and John Jackson badly hurt, by a railway accident at Byron, N. Y.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ARMAGER, Jesse—Served in the War of 1812—Baltimore, Md., Jan. 11, aged 78.

ALTHORF, Dr. Hermann—this city, Jan. 14, aged 41.

BAIN, Alexander, LL.D.—A Scotch philosopher of marked erudition. He was the author of many works on philosophical topics, and his text-books covered meteorology, electricity, astronomy, grammar, rhetoric, etc. He was also a contributor to "Chambers' Encyclopædia," and had occupied several chairs of learning in England and Scotland. Aberdeen, Scotland, was his birthplace, and his education was acquired at Marischal College—Death announced from London, Eng., Jan. 11.

BARKSDALE, Hon. William R.—Represented Grenada County in the Mississippi Legislature—that State, Jan. 10.

BARNARD, H. B.—Of Albion, N. Y., and general agent of the Syracuse Agricultural Works. Found dead in the snow—near Jamestown, N. Y., Jan. 11.

BIRDSEYE, Charles D.—An old lawyer of this city, and in past times Clerk of the Marine Court—this city, Jan. 9, aged about 66.

BROWN, James A.—Superintendent of Construction of the new State-house, Hartford, Ct. He was a well-known builder. Suddenly—Essex, Ct., Jan. 8, aged 51.

BULOZ, Francois—Founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris, and from 1838 to 1848 Royal Commissioner to the Comedie Francaise—Paris, France, about Jan. 12.

BLACKBURNE, William—An old Philadelphia fireman, having manned the rope of 'Diligent.' During three months of 1861 he served in the Rebellion—that city, Jan. 10, aged 42.

BURTON, Edward—Of the shipping firm of Penrose & Burton, Philadelphia—there, Jan. 11.

CARNES, Robert—For thirty-one years sexton of Charles-street Presbyterian Church, this city. Found dead in the vestry of that church—of old age and kidney disease, Jan. 13, aged 76.

CASWELL, Rev. Alexis, D.D., LL.D.—A graduate of Brown University, with which he was connected for upwards of half a century, becoming its president in 1868. At one time he was professor of languages in Columbia College, Washington. He was the author of "A Memoir of John Barstow"—Providence, R. I., Jan. 8, aged 78.

CAMPBELL, Neil—Chief of the Caledonia Club of Jersey City, and one of the vice-presidents of the Burns Club. From 1869 to 1871 he was an Alderman in that city. He was a native of Argyleshire, Scotland, and came to this country in his boyhood—Jersey City, N. J., Jan 10, aged 57.

CARLISLE, J. M.—A leading lawyer of Okolona, Miss. Killed by Oscar Pollard—there, Jan. 9.

COYLE, Mrs. Kate Adele Underwood—Wife of John F. Coyle, for many years editor and one of the proprietors of *The National Intelligencer* of Washington, D. C. The lady was born in Rome, Ga. Her grandfather was Judge Underwood, and her father a lawyer and a Member of Congress—this city, Jan. 7.

COX, Henry N.—Prominent in Westmoreland County, Va., prior to the late war—Baltimore, Md., Jan. 9, aged 63.

DE LARA, W. D. Laurent—Illuminating artist to Queen Victoria, and credited with being the introducer of modern illuminating into England—London, Eng., recently.

DU GUINY, Mlle. Pauline—One of the two sisters who in 1832 gave refuge to the Duchess de Berry, before her betrayal to the Government of Louis Philippe—Nantes, France, recently, aged 90.

EVEREST, Rev. Charles William—Of Hamilton—Waterbury, Ct., Jan. 11, aged 63.

FAY, Mary—Wife of John E. Fay, and daughter of the Rev. J. B. Hagany, D.D.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 14.

FELIX, Sarah—Sister of Elisa Rachel (Felix), the great French tragic actress, and herself an actress. (See Drama)—Paris, France, about Jan. 10.

FLEMING, Susan Spencer—Daughter of the late Dr. Oliver H. Spencer—Elizabeth, N. J., Jan. 11.

GOINES, Rev. George W.—Colored, and a licensed preacher of the Baptist Church. He had been a barber in Philadelphia, and had also resided in California—Philadelphia, Jan. 4, aged 65.

GOOD, John—An old undertaker in Philadelphia—that city, Jan. 11, aged 79.

GRIFFIN, Squire—Of Sing Sing, N. Y.—there, Jan. 12, aged 65.

GOLDSMITH, Joseph H.—A lawyer of long practice, and formerly treasurer of Suffolk County, and at his death secretary of the Suffolk County Mutual Insurance Company and counsel for the Southold Savings-bank—Southold, L. I., Jan. 11, aged 77.

HALLAM, Rev. Robert Alexander, D.D.—Born in New London, Ct., Sept. 30, 1807. He was graduated from Yale College in 1827, entered the Theological Seminary of New York in 1829, was ordained deacon in 1832 in Hartford, and assigned to St. Andrew's Parish, Meriden. On Jan. 4, 1835, he began the pastorate of St. James's Parish, New London, Ct., and there he died on Jan. 4 last, aged 69.

HEMYNG, Jane Sophia—Wife of Bracebridge Hemyng, author of the "Jack Harkaway" series of novelets. She was a native of London, Eng., and came to this country with her husband about four years ago—Clifton, S. I., Jan. 13, aged 40.

HENSEL, Luise—Poetess, and sister of the deceased historical painter and poet Wilhelm Hensel—Paderborn, Germany, Dec. 17.

HOLE, Orson G.—A prominent young lawyer in the vicinity of Clinton, Ia.—Lyons, Ia., Jan. 5.

HOPPER, George J.—A native of England, but since his boyhood a resident of Utica, N. Y., of which city he was Treasurer at one time and Alderman at another. His politics were Democratic—that city, Jan. 7, aged 78.

HOUSE, Samuel—A lover of books, a talented amateur musician, and until twenty years ago a prosperous lumber-merchant in Baltimore, Md.—that city, of want and exposure, Jan. 11, aged about 67.

HUBBARD, Mrs. Eliza S.—Widow of Thomas Hubbard of Middletown, Ct.—Brooklyn, Jan 13, aged 85.

JUVENAL, William W.—Of the legal firm of Juvenal & Brown, Philadelphia. He was admitted to the bar on Oct. 14, 1841—Philadelphia, Jan. 9, aged 57.

LINDSAY, Joseph—Connected with the U. S. Quartermaster's Department, Philadelphia—there, Jan. 11, aged 66.

LEDWARD, James—Born in England on Dec. 14, 1823, came to the United States in 1845, and was employed at mills in Manyunk and Upland, Pa. In 1853 he went into the mill business on his own account, and in 1866 purchased the Sunnyside Mills at Chester, Pa. where he died on Jan. 9 last, aged 53.

MARX, Dr. Frederick—A leading physician of Richmond, Va., and educated at William and Mary College, also in Philadelphia, and finally in Paris and London—Richmond, Jan. 8, aged 73.

MATARAN, Antoine—A resident of this city for nearly half a century, and for about thirty-five years a leading down-town restaurateur—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 11, aged 64.

MILLER, Charles M.—Born in Hudson, N. Y., and there learned type-setting. After a residence of several years in California he returned to the East, and for the past twelve years had worked as a compositor on *The Tribune* of this city—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 10, aged 44.

McCOLL, Margaret—Relict of Alexander McColl, a farmer of Argyleshire, Scotland—Dumbarton, Scotland, recently, aged 102.

McGUIRE, Thomas C.—Maryland agent for the Travelers' Insurance Co. of Hartford, Ct. He was a Mason and an Oddfellow, and also a member of the Knights of Pythias and the Red Men. During the Civil War he was a clerk in the Commissary Department in Baltimore, and in 1863-4 he was a member of the first branch of the City Council—Baltimore, Jan. 6, aged 40.

MOIANA, Emmanuel—The great diamond merchant of Paris, France—there, recently, aged 71.

NEAVES, Lord—The oldest Judge on the Scottish bench, having been called to it in 1822. He was born in 1800—Scotland, recently.

OWENS, William H. A member of the City Council of Baltimore, Md., in 1868-9, and at one time a director of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—Baltimore, Jan. 11.

PERRON, Mme.—An old Parisian who bequeathed 85,000 francs to the municipality of Marseilles for founding an asylum for unfortunate dogs and horses—Paris, France, recently.

PHILLIPS, Archibald William—Probably the oldest printer in New Jersey. He had served his apprenticeship in Philadelphia, in the book-and-job printing-house of Mr. Fry, who was at that period the publisher of *The National Gazette*. The deceased was long a printer in Trenton, N. J.—there, recently, aged 84.

PETERSON, Pearson S.—Philadelphia broker and banker since 1854. Prior to that he was in the drygoods commission business—that city, Jan. 7, aged 48.

POST, Peter A.—A veteran of the War of 1812—South Branch, Somerset County, N. J., Jan. 11, aged 84.

REILLY, Hugh.—Pugilist and boxer. Known as "Butt" Reilly—of consumption, Bellevue Hospital, this city, Jan. 14, aged 36.

REDSTREAKE, Lieut. Edward S.—Formerly first-lieutenant in Co. C, Twenty-third Regiment Penn. Vols. He was a school-director in Philadelphia for many years, and one of the founders of the Southwark Institute—Philadelphia, Jan. 10.

RIDDLEBERGER, Samuel—He had weighed 543¾lb, and at his death he weighed 473lb—Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 6.

ROBERTS, P. Porcher—Son of Rev. John J. Roberts—this city, Jan. 13, aged 18.

SENER, Gotlieb—Extensive lumber-dealer in Lancaster, Pa.—there, Jan. 11, at an advanced age.

SCATTERGOOD, Charles—A soldier of the War of 1812—Philadelphia, Jan. 11.

SCHUMAN, Mrs.—Noted among the Hebrew race for her charities. She was the mother of Philip Schuman of the Boston clothing-firm of Schumann & Co.—this city, Jan. 13, aged 70.

SAUCIER, Judge—Of the Sixth District Court of New Orleans, La., which was lately abolished by the Republican Legislature—that city, Jan. 8, of bronchitis.

SHERIDAN, Mark—Ex-Alderman and Police-commissioner of Chicago, Ill. Born at Waterford, Ireland, in 1826, and came to this city in 1848, going hence to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Afterwards he was a bridge-builder in Missouri, then a railroad clerk in Cincinnati, and in 1856 settled in Chicago—there, Jan. 8, aged 50.

SPALDING, Augustus E. A native of Chelmsford, Mass., and about 1861 removed to Lowell, where he was a member of the Common Council—that city, Jan. 10, aged 55.

SUTTERLEY, Charles—A school-teacher in Trenton, N. J., from 1811 until superannuated—there, Jan. 11, aged 86.

STUART, John M.—An old merchant of this city, and second vice-president of the Mutual Life-insurance Company, with which he had been connected for many years—here, Jan. 9, aged 66.

SHEPLEY, Ether—Ex-Chief-justice of Maine, and U. S. Senator from 1833 to 1836—Portland, Me., Jan. 15, aged 87.

WALKER, Joseph—A member of the Maryland Legislature from Baltimore County for a number of years, and Sheriff from 1861 to 1863. He served as a soldier in the War of 1812—Parton, Md., Jan. 8, aged 83.

WARREN, William E.—An accountant in this city for many years, where he was Deputy-comptroller under both Haws and Brennan. He was at one time secretary of the Erie Railway Company and treasurer of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company. He was born on March 20, 1817, in Bethany, Ct.—this city, Jan. 13, aged nearly 60.

WALLWORK, Nathan—Provision dealer in Central Market, Philadelphia, and in past times president of Warren Hose Co.—that city, Jan. 10, aged 51.

THE TRIGGER.

National Rifle Association.—The fifth annual meeting of this association was held in this city, Jan. 9, Major-general Shaler occupying the chair. In his annual address, the president, after referring with pardonable pride to the achievements of the riflemen of America during the year 1876, recommended that the Range be made self-sustaining, the charges for admission to and the use of the same being placed as low as possible. He also stated that the property of the association was unencumbered, and that the organization was practically free from debt—a statement verified by the report of the treasurer, which was then read, and from which we learn that the receipts of the year were $22,613.04 (including balance on hand at commencement), expenditures $21,946.24, leaving a balance on hand of $666.80; assets $103,633.79, liabilities $2,878.07. The vacancies in the board of directors were filled by the election of Col. H. A. Gildersleeve, Capt. Joseph G. Story, Hon. N. P. Stanton, Col. George D. Scott and Major Joseph Holland. The meeting then adjourned, and immediately afterwards the directors held a meeting and elected the following officers for the ensuing twelvemonth: President, Hon. N. P. Stanton; vice-president, Col. George W. Wingate; secretary, George S. Schermerhorn Jr.; treasurer, Major Daniel D. Wylie. Executive committee—Major-gen. Alexander Shaler, Col Henry A. Gildersleeve and Major-gen. Thomas S. Dakin.

United Scheutzen Corps.—The annual election for directors of this corps was held on the 9th inst., with this result: New York Corps—John M. Brunnie, John C. Huser, H. H. Hingstage, Fred Harenburg, William Jose, Carl Mahnken, Henry R. Meyer, Charles Pirovano, John F. Rottman, C. O. Tietjen, B. H. Timken, J. H. Wellbrock, L. Timmerman. New Jersey Corps—Nicholas Crusins, John C. Duhrkeep, August Emerisch, Henry D. Gerdts, Frederick Hansen, John Horsman, Andrew Krollman, L. A. Lienau, J. F. W. Naugels, Henry Offerman, John Raschen, W. F. Schumann, Martin Stelljes.

Sweepstakes Shooting.—A pigeon-shooting sweepstakes of $25 each, between three members of the Long Island Gun Club—Messrs. B. West, W. King and Dr. W. Wynn—was shot at Dexter Park, L. I., on Saturday, Jan. 13. The conditions were ten double birds each, 21 yards rise, ground-traps, 100 yards bouns, each shooter being allowed a pair of birds as trial. Mr. King won in easy style, killing 17 birds, while Mr. West scored but 10, and Dr. Wynn 8. The winner's last pair were scored as a miss, owing to his gun being charged with powder only.

A rifle-match for $80 a side, 1,000yds., forty scoring and two sighting shots, between A. G. Fitzgerald and A. W. Maher, was decided at Bay View Park, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 2. The match was won by Maher, by a score of 154 to 153, the highest possible count being 200 points. The winner used a Sharpe's rifle, Fitzgerald's being a Remington. Judges: H. J. Burns and A. Heintz; umpire, G. Rogers; scorer, R. A. Hanson.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Sportsman's Club last week elected the following officers: President, Robert Dalzell; vice-president, D. C. Phillips; treasurer, John A. Harper; secretary, Oliver F. Wharton; assistant secretary, Howard Eaton; naturalist, Dr. E. Dyer; solicitor, H. J. Bigger; directors, F. H. Kennedy, J. C. Brown, Dr. F. W. Fundenberg, Col. J. J. Lawrence and J. V. Long.

In a match with sporting rifles, distance 100 yards, ten shots each, off-hand, between Judge McC. Lawrason, Wm. J. Fort and Jules Piffant, contested near New Orleans, La., recently, the two latter scored 46 points each to Lawrason's 44, and in shooting off the tie, two rounds each, Piffant won by a score of 9 to 8, bull's-eyes counting five.

The officers chosen at the annual meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, held Jan. 8, were: President, Clinton Gilbert; vice-president, Robert B. Roosevelt; secretary and treasurer, Thos. M. Cuthbert; counsel, C. E. Whitehead; executive committee, H. C. Fahnestock, H. T. Carey and S. A. Main.

The "Hobcaw" Rifle Association of Charleston, S. C., reorganized Jan. 5, the following officers being elected for the ensuing year: George H. Cordes, president; John W. Petermann, vice-president; A. W. Ristig, treasurer; John A. Bulwinkle, secretary; J. F. Kuhlandt, John Packhaber, A. C. Linstedt, W. P. Oppel and John Neumann, directors.

PEDESTRIANISM.

HOWES DEFEATS O'LEARY.

The three-hundred-mile walk for £100 a side, between Daniel O'Leary of Chicago, Ill., and William Howes of London, commenced at the Victoria Skating Rink, Cambridge Heath, in the east end of the British metropolis, on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 26. The result was the defeat of the American champion, in consequence—as is apparent from the following account, taken from *The* (London) *Sportsman*—of an unfortunate attack of sickness: "The place chosen was not one of the best for the purpose, as the roofing was only of canvas, and not sufficiently proof against the drenching rain, which prevailed at different periods of the race, to make the position of the onlookers very comfortable. The track, too, being exposed, was not calculated to favor any good performance, and, as the weather from the outset was altogether against those interested in the venture, the affair was hardly such a financial success as it might otherwise have been, although on the first two days there was a gate of nearly two thousand. O'Leary's style of going at the outset pleased good judges, as he went very upright, in fair style. He had been suffering on the previous day from diarrhœa, and soon after he began to walk it again troubled him. Consequently several intervals were necessitated, even at the start, and, when twenty-four hours had elapsed, Howes, who was not pushed, had only done 95 miles and 5 laps, while O'Leary's total was 77 miles 8 laps. The American on the second day still had to leave the track at frequent intervals, while Howes went queerly at one period, having the great toe of one of his feet swollen from an overtight shoe. At the close of forty-eight hours, Howes was credited with nearly 163 miles, and O'Leary was just finishing his 141st mile. During the evening, Howes had his toe lanced, and he was greatly eased. At 7h. 57m. 47s. yesterday (Friday) morning Howes finished 200 miles. O'Leary had throughout gone at a very regular pace; but his constant retirements caused him to get farther behind, and at four o'clock yesterday afternoon he was near the completion of his 191st mile, while at that time Howes was in his 221st mile. At 10h. 12min. 19sec. last night O'Leary, after having completed 209 miles and one lap, mounted the box allotted to the press, and announced that he gave in the race to Howes, who had then just finished his 241st mile. Howes was anxious to walk out his full distance of 300 miles, but after doing five more laps he was stopped."

E. P. Weston fell far short of accomplishing the task of walking 505 miles in six consecutive days, the distance covered being but 460 miles and one lap. Perceiving that there was a chance to relieve the Londoners of more money, however, he, after making a speech at the close of the exhibition, announced that twenty-four hours later (at 12:05 A. M. Dec. 25), he would commence an attempt to walk 400 miles in the same time and at the same place—Agricultural Hall, London, Eng. Those who are aware of the result of similar tactics pursued by him in this country will be more surprised to know that the English public continue to countenance Weston's exhibitions, than to learn that he, on this occasion, made a still greater failure. No one questions his wonderful physical powers of endurance, but when he takes advantage of public confidence by pretending to honestly undertake feats which he knows he cannot perform, his actions deserve only condemnation. W. Vaughan and P. Crossland were engaged to walk with him, each going twenty-four hours at a time. In the previous walk the total distance covered by Ide, Barry and Crossland was 486 mile and two laps. Since the foregoing was written, we have received *The Sporting Life* of Jan. 3, from which we learn that upon completing his 267th mile, at 11:27 P. M., Weston stopped for good. He walked the 255th mile in 9min. 49sec.—his best time for one mile in England. *The Life* says: "On the last day it was anticipated that he would throw off the lethargy that had characterized his movements on the previous four days, and go in for a good day's walk, as he appeared fresh and well. In the morning, however, he took a longer rest than was anticipated, and only finished his 230th mile at thirty-three minutes past ten o'clock, and 235th just before noon. Shortly afterwards he retired for another rest of nearly two hours. With regard to Weston's performance, it is plain, for some reason best known to himself, that he did not persevere in his attempt to walk 400 miles in the five days after the first twenty-four hours."

Six-mile Championship Race.—The championship of Great Britain, at six miles, and £50 were contended for by those speedy English and Scotch runners George Hazael of London (six to ten miles champion) and James McLeavy of Alexandria (champion at from one to four miles), at the Vale of Clyde Recreation Grounds, Glasgow, Scotland, Dec. 23. The weather was not inviting, but nevertheless about five thousand persons gathered upon the grounds, among whom the betting ruled at 6 to 4 on Hazael. When the pistol was fired, McLeavy jumped off with a lead of about two yards; but, before going 150 yards, Hazael was at his shoulder, and kept there till about a mile and a quarter had been traveled, when he shot past and took up the running for about 300 yards, when McLeavy again took the lead, but only for a short distance, when the Londoner once more went to the front and forced the pace. From this until two miles and a half had been covered there was no other change; but then McLeavy rushed up alongside of Hazael, who shook him off, and again went away with a lead of two yards. On the completion of the three and three-quarters miles the Scotchman attempted once more to assume the command, an attempt which only resulted in causing Hazael to increase the speed. At four miles and a quarter McLeavy began to show signs of fatigue, and before the next quarter had been completed he suddenly stopped, leaving Hazael to go on alone and finish by himself in 31min. 44sec.

Bill Brown's Legs.—A correspondent writing from Providence, R. I., on the 14th inst., says: "William Brown the pedestrian commenced at the Theatre Comique, here, Jan. 8, at 8 o'clock A. M., the task of walking 135 consecutive hours, being allowed five minutes for rest or sleep at the end of every hour. Last night the theatre was crowded, and at 11 o'clock it was announced that he had accomplished the feat and won the prize of $400."

The All-England 203yds. £100 Christmas handicap, run at Hyde Park, Sheffield, was won by G. Hines (77½yds. start) by a half yard; J. W. Lomas (78¾) second, R. Rowell (77½) third, and J. Franklin (77¾) fourth. The winner took £80, and the second man £12 10s. There were but fifty-seven acceptances —a great falling-off from the usual number.

Charles Westhall (son of the late Charles Westhall, who walked twenty-one miles in three hours) and Nat Perry ran 110 yards (the latter with 2½ yards start) for £25 a side, at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Eng., Dec. 23. Westhall won by a foot, in 12½sec.

O'Leary and Weston have, we are informed per cable dispatch of Jan. 13, been matched to walk for six consecutive days, for £300 a side, in April next. Sir John Astley finds the money for Weston.

George F. Avery, Wm. Brown, John Oddy and Wm. E. McCann are notified of letters awaiting them in our care.

HANDBALL.

CASEY'S COURT vs. COURTNEY'S.

Quite a rivalry has sprung up recently between the players of the respective handball courts, in Brooklyn, of Messrs. Phil Casey and Will Courtney, the representative amateur players of the former court being Belford and McEvoy, and of the latter young Courtney and Grady. On Wednesday, Jan 10, these four players met at Casey's Court in Douglas street in a match of best four out of seven, and the contest led to a crowded court, and a very well played and, at times, exciting series of games. The match opened very promisingly for a close contest, the first game being won by the Casey graduates by a score of 21 to 20. In the second, however, these players fell off in their returns, Courtney's fine service telling on them badly, as did Grady's returns, the latter two winning by 21 to 5 only. In the third and fourth games the contest was closer, but still the Courtney side proved too strong for their Douglas-street opponents, and "Brady stock" went up, the latter winning by 21 to 19 in both games. After this the Casey players rallied with good effect, and finally closed the sixth game with an even score—3 to 3. The seventh game was then commenced, and it stood at 4 to 0 when time was called, and it was agreed to finish the match another day. The play at times, both in service and returns, was first-class, especially in the inner court where some close fighting was done. In long low cuts in returning the ball Courtney excelled, but in general service Grady took the lead, McEvoy being second in effective service. The full score appears below.

ACES BY SERVICES.

						Total
Belford	3	0	2	6	3	1—15
McEvoy	5	2	4	5	6	7—29
Grady	5	5	7	6	7	4—34
Courtney	6	7	5	3	2	3—26

ACES BY RETURNS.

						Totals.	P. O
Belford	7	3	9	2	7	6—34 49	31
McEvoy	6	0	4	6	5	7—28 57—106	26
Grady	7	6	5	5	4	4—31—65	27
Courtney	4	3	3	7	5	8—30 56—121	37

Referee, P. McCarty. Time of match, 2h. 10m.

Bicycle Racing in England.—Two interesting contests between prominent bicyclists took place in England on New-Year's Day. The more important event was a twenty-five miles race between David Stanton and Camille Thuillet, which came off at the Star Grounds, London, unfavorable weather limiting the attendance to about two hundred. The race was won by the Frenchman by about two feet, he having got level twenty yards from home. Time, 1h. 18min. 44¾sec. The contestants in the other match were John Keen and W. Cann, the latter being allowed a start of 1min. 15sec. in ten miles, for £25 a side. The race took place at the Queen's Grounds, Sheffield, and Keen won, his opponent giving up on the twentieth round of the course (500yds. to a lap), and Keen, who had covered five miles and a little over two laps, not being obliged to go on. The winner's time for five miles was 22min. 27sec.

The Brooklyn Skating Rink.—The Rink in Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, was opened on Jan. 9 for roller-skating purposes. Since then it has been well patronized. There is a concert every evening, and the newly laid asphalt floor presents a good surface for skating, and therefore the attractions are considerable. The Rink is run by a wealthy banker of Wall street, who will be satisfied if the institution pays actual expenses. The leading Sunday-schools of the city have been invited this week.

G. F. Grace of cricketing renown met with quite a severe accident at Downend, Eng., Jan. 2. While mounting a horse to proceed to the meet of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, the animal took fright and ran away, and, swerving at the moment, he jumped to take a breast-high stone wall, fell heavily into the field with its rider, who was not fairly in the saddle. Mr. Grace was badly shaken, and received a painful wound in the leg, but luckily no bones were broken. The horse had to be killed at once.

C. Morgan, the well-known courser and owner of Magnono, the 1874 Waterloo Cup winner, died recently in London, Eng., and was buried in the Colney Hatch Cemetery Dec. 30.

A clergyman has just united in marriage a couple whose names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" asked a friend. "They appeared both Anniemated and Bennefited," was the reply.

"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

BASEBALL.

THE LEAGUE AND ITS WORK.

It has ever been the rule of THE CLIPPER to comment with impartiality on the doings of the baseball world, and this we have the better been enabled to do because we have never been the "organ" of any association, club or set of players connected with the national game. It may be that, at times, we have been led into unintentional error in our comments on occurrences in baseball circles; but whenever this has been the case THE CLIPPER has never hesitated to do full justice to the association, club or player that has been wronged in the matter. With this brief preamble, and utterly disregarding the vulgar partisan comments of those Western papers which, unauthorized, assume to be the mouthpieces or "organs" of the League, we proceed to lay before our baseball readers the result of a personal interview we have had with one of the delegates to the recent convention in Cleveland, and this is the first time that the League has proffered to THE CLIPPER officially any full and direct information regarding the objects of the institution, and the methods by which it proposed to carry them into effect. Had the course now pursued been followed a year ago, the League would not now have had to "rise to explain"—as its friends have very wisely selected to do—through the medium of THE CLIPPER.

Last week we were called upon by "a gentleman from Chicago," whom it is not now necessary to name, who came to see us in order to present to us with "the true story" of the League movement from its inception to the close of its first annual convention. First, we were informed that it was never the intention of the League to be burdened with any newspaper organ; secondly, that the original movement of the organization was not made outside of the National Association, but while in that Association; and it was not until the justice demanded was denied that the action taken by the League was decided upon. Thirdly, that the expulsion of the clubs at the last convention was not simply because of their failure to play their quota of games, but for a combination of violations of the League laws, some of which involved the question of something less venial than a failure to play the quota of games. But, without further reference to the details of the personal interview, we proceed to lay before our readers the statement in behalf of the League—made unofficially, however—simply prefacing the letter with the announcement that it is the first information in regard to the real purposes and objects of the League Association which has appeared in print, despite the statements of so-called "organs" of that institution:

CHICAGO, Jan. 10, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. CLIPPER.—Inasmuch as THE CLIPPER has claimed that it aims to lay before its readers the facts regarding the League, I ask the privilege of presenting in its columns a statement, as comprehensive as a due regard for brevity and the value of your space will admit, of the origin of the League, its aims, what it has accomplished, and its plans for the future, as defined by the Cleveland convention.

As soon as clubs departed from a purely amateur basis, and employed players at a salary for the purpose of achieving supremacy in play over rival clubs, the necessity arose of having some central organization, the object of which was to bring the clubs into friendly and business intercourse; to establish uniform playing rules for the exhibition of the game; system in the arrangement of contests between clubs; the enforcement of penalties for the violation of contracts by clubs or players, or of agreements made between clubs for playing games so as to warrant the expense and risk involved in organizing and maintaining clubs; and, generally, to protect and promote the common interests of clubs and players the best interests of the game, and to command the approbation of the public, upon which the clubs must depend for substantial support. Some of the best-known clubs, having large local support and costly organizations to maintain, found it impossible to secure from the old national association some of the more important of these guarantees. The hybrid composition of some of the clubs, as they were generally known, the same association in different years—being made up of amateur, semi-professional and wholly professional clubs—all striving to appear to the public as "amateur" organizations in deference to their existing prejudices; and, later, the absolute imbecility of the central body in the matter of enforcing its rules, controlling its clubs or its players, or determining disputes between clubs in accordance with the letter of its own laws and the dictates of justice, drove these clubs, by the instinct of self-preservation, to try the experiment of independent organization and action. Thus a few clubs banded together a year ago, and formed what is known as the "League." They consisted of but a small number, so that the experiment might not be jeopardized by the indiscriminate union of strong clubs with those of doubtful stability, and were selected from those likely to observe their engagements with each other, and maintain the declaration of fundamental principles announced to the public by the League as the guide of its conduct. This declaration of principles was worded in the form of a written constitution, and has been communicated to the public by THE CLIPPER and other leading journals of the country. To enforce the observance of the principles thus announced, the League constitution was made to prescribe, among other regulations, three fundamental requirements, which, with the penalties for their infraction, were substantially as follows:

1. *To prohibit dishonest play on the ball-field*, or other disreputable conduct, especially "revolving," by debarring any League player, convicted thereof, from thereafter playing in any League club; and by entailing loss of membership on any League club that should play any other presenting in its nine a player expelled from a League club for any of such offenses.

2. *To compel each League club to pay its players* for the services rendered by them to such club, by entailing the penalty of loss of membership upon any League club delinquent in this particular.

3. *To compel the fulfillment of engagements to play games*, promised to other clubs, and, consequently to the public, by entailing loss of membership upon any League club failing to fulfill such engagement with any other League club.

With each and every League player convicted of violating any of the above requirements has been expelled from the League. Every player belonging to every club now in the League has received from such club the compensation to which the terms of his contract entitled him for all the services which he has rendered to such club. An unexampled number of match-games has been played between the principal clubs, in which has been exhibited unprecedented skill, as well as unparalelled club discipline. Notwithstanding intense rivalry and the exceptional evenness of strength of the leading nines, all clubs now in the League have maintained the closest and friendliest relations with each other, and the degree of harmony and zeal for the best interests of the game, that was displayed by the delegates at Cleveland, has never before been found in a baseball convention.

The League has not made money in its first year, but money-making is not the primary object of any club in its ranks; nor, so far as I know, of any club in the entire baseball arena. It has, however, achieved a fair degree of success, and has fulfilled its pledges to the public, and it will, I confidently believe, accomplish a still more important mission in baseball, and long survive the assaults of prejudice and selfish hostility.

In addition to providing for the admission of new clubs, strengthening the provisions of the League constitution, regulating the intercourse and business relations of League clubs with each other and with players, framing more stringent rules and penalties prescribed for the violation of any of the rules affecting the integrity of the League and of the game, the Cleveland Convention devoted much thought and mature deliberation to a matter of considerable importance to the baseball fraternity at large, viz., the attitude to be assumed by the League towards non-League clubs.

On this subject the League, in its address to the public, says: "With reference to the attitude of the League towards clubs which are not its members, we desire to state that it is our wish to promote the prosperity of such clubs, and to see them attain a high degree of skill in play, and we earnestly desire their co-operation in our efforts to elevate the game of baseball. To invite them as a class to join our League under equal obligations with ourselves would be to invite them to bear financial burdens that many of them would be unable or unwilling to assume; while to invite them to join us, and at the same time deny them, or any of them, equal participation in our games, or in any of the rights and privileges which we enjoy, would be a proposition unworthy of ourselves, and disparaging or disrespectful to them. It seems to us, therefore, that the mutual interests of both classes are best subserved by independent organization. We have, however, in evidence of our good-will towards other clubs, adopted such regulations as our annual meeting seemed to us conducive to substantial advantages as far as legislation affecting clubs beyond our jurisdiction appeared proper to us."

I have stated in this letter the principal advantages to be derived from a central organization of clubs, and I have also stated why the founders of the League deemed it wise to make the League structure with but a limited number of clubs. These advantages of a central organization are, however, of as much relative importance to non-League clubs which hire players as to clubs in the League; and the experience of the past season has demonstrated that the same to be derived from occasional games between League and non-League clubs of the class described is valuable to the former and almost indispensable to the latter.

While, therefore, it was considered that very few if any non-League clubs could or would be willing to bear the heavy expense necessary to comply with the rigorous rules of the League regulating the playing engagement of its clubs, the convention endeavored, in the legislation referred to in its address, to confer upon such non-League clubs the substantial advantages of League membership, free from the burdens referred to, and, at the same time, leave them to manage the internal affairs of their clubs independent of League control.

The following are the features of this legislation:

1. Offering to such clubs a uniform system of playing rules.

2. Prohibiting League clubs from capturing their players—a kind of piracy heretofore indulged in by every association of clubs upon those outside of its ranks.

3. Offering the formula of a non-League championship, with the tender of a League membership, to any eligible club that may win it, and choose to accept such membership.

4. Offering the League Board of Directors as a tribunal for the adjudication of disputes between such clubs.

5. Offering the services of the League, through the medium of its secretary, for the supply of all information at its command that may be of interest or value to such clubs.

6. Leaving such clubs free to arrange with League clubs, as well as with clubs of the other, such games as they may wish to play, upon such special basis as may be mutually satisfactory to each.

7. Leaving to such clubs the exclusive management of their own internal affairs.

There is but one provision of value to such clubs that this legislation does not include, i. e., the "revolving" of players from one non-League club to another. It is manifest that this cannot be accomplished by any legislation of the League, but it can readily be effected by a written agreement between such clubs, which the machinery of the League can, with the co-operation of such clubs, be employed to enforce, including written notice by the secretary of the League to all such clubs of all engagements, releases, and expulsions of players by League as well as by non-League clubs.

Clubs of the class which I have described would, I am satisfied, derive far more substantial advantages from this arrangement than from any experimental association that they might organize independently, besides avoiding the expense and inconvenience incident to the latter, and establishing intimate and advantageous relations with a powerful organization already firmly established; and I happen to know that some of the more substantial and best known of the non-League clubs are already seriously considering the expediency of such an arrangement.

The League has fairly stated its objects and outlined its future policy in its "Address to the Public," already published by THE CLIPPER; and, having no authority to speak for that body, I have only undertaken in this article to present a statement of facts regarding its action which have come under my observation or are within my personal knowledge, and which, whatever misrepresentations may be made by interested parties concerning the League, cannot be truthfully disputed by anybody.

VERITAS.

THE PLAYERS OF 1876.
The Third-basemen.

In our previous article on base-players we remarked that the position of each of the three requires a special line of duties to be attended to, differing materially from that of the other, and this is especially so in the case of the third-baseman. A player may excel at first base who could only play at second base tolerably well, and be entirely unfit to discharge the duties of third-baseman properly. Base-players have learned the important fact that they are not placed in their positions only to field balls hit to them near their position, or to catch balls thrown directly to them; they have been taught to know that to excel in their positions they must learn to make it a point to study the batting of their adversaries, and to stand in the field accordingly, and, above all, to stop balls thrown to them badly, even if they cannot hold them. These essentials are especially applicable to the third-base player's position, for he generally has the poorest throwing and the hardest hitting to attend to of the four infielders.

In commenting on the catchers and pitchers we forgot to mention one thing, and, as it equally applies to base-players, we will refer to it now, as it cannot be too plainly or forcibly impressed upon every member of a well-trained professional nine. It is that element of weakness which prevailed in prominent nines last season known as "chaffing," which some prominent base-players, as well as catchers, freely indulged in during the campaign of 1876. Out of this grows the peculiarity known as "kicking," a reputation for which, to a certain extent, is as damaging as that for suspected or loaded play, inasmuch as it always indicates the presence of a very discordant condition of things in a team, and the utter want of that important element of success—thorough harmony. Joking on the field is all very well in its way when it is indulged in good-naturedly; but when the so-called jokes are characterized by sarcastic allusions to a companion's weaknesses, or by irritating comments on your adversaries' style of playing, it becomes an annoyance which managers should promptly suppress. In some nines of 1876 several base-players would not speak to other players of their team, while another of the class would make ill-natured comments on every play made by his companions in the field. Indeed, a spirit of faultfinding—which is death to harmony in a nine—prevailed in nearly every League team, and is very prevalent in the co-operative nines, especially among base-players. While we would not wish to see a nine play like a party of men devoid of the powers of speech, there is a value in the rule of silence, as far as "chaffing" and "kicking" are concerned, for which it should be generally enforced in the professional arena. Where too much talk is permitted there is sure to be bad play. Every player in a professional team should play his game quietly. The game needs all a man's wits about him and his full force. All fault-finding talk should be prohibited, as the only result is to bother and confuse players, especially those who have to guard the bases, and to frequently lead to errors of play which otherwise would not be committed.

Anson takes the lead in having the smallest percentage of errors in playing third base during 1876, Battin being next in this respect, and Ferguson third. Next comes Schafer, Nichols and Hague. Sutton did not play the position to any extent, he being forced to play at first base on account of a lame arm. Meyerle, too, did not play it regularly, and Foley, in picking up low ground-balls which came hot from the bat Ferguson and Nichols he decidedly excelled, as also in taking high fly-balls. Battin played the position last season better than he ever did before, and Hague did some quiet, steady work at third base, which was very satisfactory to his club. That faithful player Shafer also handled the ball well at third base for the Bostons. This season the position will be more difficult to play by the League-team third-basemen than ever before, as the ball will come red-hot from the bat, and will "go through" the players more frequently. When a batsman gets a good crack at a ball, and the swing of the bat meets the ball well in front of the base, and low down, it requires pretty strong hands to stop such a ball, and pluck to face it. If a failure to hold the ball should follow in such case it ought not to be recorded as an error. It is a good play to partially stop such a hit ball, thereby preventing more than one base being made on it. Good, swift and accurate throwing is an essential in third-base play, and after a ball has been handled it should be promptly thrown. It will not do to hesitate much. And, by the way, the utter mistake of throwing too quickly should be avoided. In throwing to bases from the infield, observe Davy Crocket's rule—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead." A second-baseman, short-stop or pitcher may try a quick throw after muffing a ball, but the first-baseman is reliable in stopping wide balls, not otherwise; but the third-baseman should never throw a ball to first base after failing to hold the ball on the first dash in fielding it, as the chances are ten to one he makes a wild throw of it. It is very showy to get a ball in time to first base which has bothered the baseman to hold, but it is risky work. Ferguson gets them over quicker than any other player we know of. On a ball to short-field which is fumbled there is frequently time to rectify the error by a sharp and accurate throw; but at third base the distance is too great and the time too short. Third-basemen have to study up the position of the field so as to be ready to play the right point at the right time, more than either of the other infielders. When there is no one on the bases, there is, of course, but one play to be made by a third-baseman in the case of a ground-ball hit to him, and that is to throw the ball to first base; but when two bases are occupied, then he needs to be on the lookout for points. "Save the run" is the rule, even at the sacrifice of an out at first base, except when two men are out—then make the surest play. Third-baseman, and in fact all the infielders, should make it a point always to complete the play at command, no matter how many are out. We have seen a third-base player stop short in putting out two players at a time, because the first out ended the inning. Always make the play, even if four hands are thereby put out. It is a good habit to get into. Triple-plays were frequent last season; and when the bases are all occupied and the pitcher forces the batsman to hit a short ball, a triple-play to an infield, ready for all points, is easy of accomplishment.

ST. LOUIS vs. CHICAGO.

These two clubs have selected their teams for 1877, and one of them has been placed for the season, and the other is so fixed as to make it the same as placed, except in one or two positions. In 1876 the St. Louis Club defeated the Chicagos in six out of the ten regular championship games, and in four out of the five exhibition games which were played afterwards, thereby unquestionably showing themselves to be the strongest fielding team of the two. Since then the two clubs have made important changes in their nines, the St. Louis losing the efficient services of Bradley, Cuthbert, Pike and Mack, and the Chicago those of White and Addy. In the place of these, St. Louis has secured the services of Nichols, Hall, Remsen and Force, and Chicago those of Bradley and Waite, the new men in the two clubs being Dargan and Bennett, both of whom come from outside nines of 1876. The new teams of the two strongest and most intense rivalls of the Western clubs are as follows:

St. Louis.	*Position.*	*Chicago.*
Clapp	Catcher	McVey.
Nichols	Pitcher	Spalding.
Dehlman	First-baseman	Bradley.
McGeary	Second-baseman	Barnes.
Battin	Third baseman	Anson.
Force	Short-stop	Peters.
Hall	Left-fielder	Glenn.
Remsen	Center-fielder	Hines.
Blong	Right-fielder	Wale.
Dorgan	Tenth man	Bennett.

The question the respective friends of the two clubs are most interested in is, which of the above nines is the strongest? This is a difficult question to answer, because it involves the taking into consideration certain elements of strength in a team outside of the respective playing strength of the two nines. Judging by the relative strength of the competing teams as regards reliability, we should prefer the Chicago nine; but, estimating the teams by their skill as fielders and batsmen alone, it would seem to be about as near a toss-up as can be. There is one thing about the St. Louis, and that is, that their new pitcher, with the fine support he will now have, will undoubtedly disagreeably surprise the St. Louis Club team's opponents.

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The convention to organize an International Association of Professional Clubs, which is to include clubs which do not find it possible to accept the League offer of membership, has been appointed to take place at Pittsburg, Pa., on Feb. 20. The Allegheny Club have come to the front with a liberal offer of a hall for the purpose, and they no doubt will take care of the club delegates. We hope the convention will find it to their interest to adopt the League code of playing rules, so that there may be but one code governing all the clubs as far as the mere playing rules are concerned. The following is an extract from a letter sent to Mr. Waite from an influential club-manager out West:

DEAR SIR.—Let me give you a little idea of what kind of an association we ought to form. It would take in all clubs in the United States and Canada who hire part or all of their players, on the broad ground of protection to clubs and players alike, and allow them a full representation in the convention, say about two votes each, all of whom should be governed by the constitution and by-laws of the Association. Then have a ring within the ring, composed of clubs who desire to compete for the championship, who should be governed by a code of rules something like the League's. This would allow and bring under some kind of restraint and responsibility the vast number of clubs who play as they please, under such rules as they please, with what men they can get, and a new nine every game. This peculiar kind of play and club tactics has a demoralizing influence on the rising players, upon whom we have to depend in the future. It would also be beneficial in fostering good nines at various points, who would be able to keep them up, knowing they could not be broken up every day by secession of players, inveigled away by wealthier clubs.

ACME CLUB OF CHICAGO, ILL.

The record for 1876 of this club (who propose to enter for the amateur championship of 1877 with a greatly-strengthened nine) is as follows; games with clubs outside of the Chicago Amateur Baseball Association being omitted:

May 9, Acme vs. Chicago University (6 innings)	15	to 9
May 20, Acme vs. Live Oak	21	7
May 27, Acme vs. Lake Shore Red	22	16
June 3, Acme vs. Franklin	13	3
June 24, Acme vs. Brady	11	1
June 30, Acme vs. Franklin	15	9
July 12, Acme vs. Liberty (7 innings)	9	2
July 15, Acme vs. Brady	11	1
July 19, Acme vs. Liberty	14	11
July 22, Acme vs. Fairbanks	14	2
July 26, Acme vs. Active (7innings)	27	7
July 31, Acme vs. Pioneer	20	10
Aug. 5, Acme vs. Lakeside (10 innings)	13	7
Aug. 19, Acme vs. Pioneer	13	6
Oct. 2, Acme vs. Chicago University	9	6
Oct. 18, Acme vs. Chicago University	9	6
June 10, Acme vs. Lakeside	10	14
July 29, Acme vs. Dreadnaught	16	18
Totals	282	156
Averages	14 6-10	7 6-10

FORFEITED GAMES.

June 17, Lakeshore Red	9	0
July 8, West-end	9	0

THE CHELSEA CLUB RECORD.

The champion co-operative team of the metropolis in 1876 was that of the Chelsea Club of Brooklyn, which was also the most reliable of the gate-money nines of all which entered the semi-professional arena in New York City and its vicinity. They had a first-class catcher in Clare, a very effective strategic pitcher in Rule, capital base-players in Dunne and West, a good short-stop in McCabe, and active outfielders in Hayes, Cassidy and Hourigan, all of whom were reliable. Hayes' left-fielding was a feature of the displays made on the Union Grounds last season. In batting, Clare took the lead, Dunne being second and Rule third. The club will put a strong team in the field, on a regular professional basis, for 1877. Their full record for 1876 is given below:

May 7, Chelsea vs. Picked Nine	9	to 6
May 13, Chelsea vs. Brooklyn	5	3
May 13, Chelsea vs. Concord	34	4
May 19, Chelsea vs. Brooklyn	4	7
May 20, Chelsea vs. Madison	21	0
May 26, Chelsea vs. Brooklyn	10	14
May 27, Chelsea vs. Madison	29	0
May 30, Chelsea vs. Olympic of Paterson, N. J	4	1
June 5, Chelsea vs. Star of Newark, N. J	15	1
June 8, Chelsea vs. Alaska	4	1
June 16, Chelsea vs. Olympic of Paterson, N. J	16	10
June 20, Chelsea vs. Resolute of Elizabeth, N. J	4	1
June 23, Chelsea vs. Arlington	17	9
June 28, Chelsea vs. Hoboken	19	6
July 1, Chelsea vs. Nassau	13	4
July 4, Chelsea vs. Arlington	2	5
July 15, Chelsea vs. Osceola	15	6
July 18, Chelsea vs. Hoboken	8	2
July 21, Chelsea vs. Star of Paterson	13	3
July 26, Chelsea vs. Alaska	17	3
July 28, Chelsea vs. Carbondale of Carbondale, Pa.	7	3
July 29, Chelsea vs. Alaska	23	0
Aug. 1, Chelsea vs. Witoka	15	2
Aug. 4, Chelsea vs. New York Nine	6	1
Aug. 8, Chelsea vs. Mutual	17	1
Aug. 15, Chelsea vs. Active of Reading, Pa	9	8
Aug. 16, Chelsea vs. Harrisburg of Harrisburg, Pa.	7	6
Aug. 17, Chelsea vs. Wilkesbarre of Wilkesbarre, Pa.	7	2
Aug. 18, Chelsea vs. Athletic of Honesdale	10	6
Aug. 19, Chelsea vs. Delawares of Port Jervis, N. Y.	4	2
Aug. 21, Chelsea vs. Delaware of Port Jervis, N. Y.	13	6
Aug. 22, Chelsea vs. Cricket of Binghamton, N. Y.	8	2
Aug. 23, Chelsea vs. Ithaca of Ithaca, N. Y.	4	10
Aug. 24, Chelsea vs. Auburn of Auburn, N. Y.	7	4
Aug. 25, Chelsea vs. Star of Syracuse, N. Y.	7	9
Aug. 26, Chelsea vs. Elton of Elton, N. Y.	11	2
Sept. 13, Chelsea vs. Amity	13	3
Sept. 15, Chelsea vs. Our Boys	9	8
Sept. 19, Chelsea vs. Hudson	3	0
Sept. 29, Chelsea vs. Alaska	4	1
Oct. 3, Chelsea vs. Resolute of Elizabeth, N. J	8	1
Oct. 17, Chelsea vs. Olympic of Paterson, N. J	6	0
June 2, Chelsea vs. Princeton College, N. J	7	9
June 15, Chelsea vs. Princeton College, N. J	4	10
July 3, Chelsea vs. Harvard College	8	5
PROFESSIONAL GAMES.		
Aug. 11, Chelsea vs. Mutual	1	9
Oct. 10, Chelsea vs. Mutual	2	4
Total's	439	237

The Chelseas intend to have a strong nine next season.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	Games.	*BH.*	*Av.*		*Games.*	*BH.*	*Av.*
Clare	43	54	1.26	Duffy	21	24	1.04
Dunne	49	57	1.16	Hourigan	41	41	1.00
Rule	47	54	1.15	West	40	37	.93
Hayes	37	40	1.09	Cassidy	45	37	.83
McCabe	46	48	1.08	Brennan	19	14	.74

THE WRONG HORSE.—George Wright came near being the subject of a coroner's jury, recently. It happened thusly: A friend of his, learning that he wanted to drive a new pair of horses, offered to loan George his nag—a played-out old horse, sure, but very slow. Of course a joke was intended at George's expense, but it came near ending seriously. When George went to the stable to get the horse, a pretty lively animal was placed in the sleigh, and it was only with difficulty that George could get his wife into the sleigh, so anxious was the horse to be off. Away went George along the Cambridge road, and in vain did he strive to restrain the pace of the animal, who displayed a remarkable desire to pass every other team on the road, and, when he had the chance, would do so. Finally, after a twenty-mile ride—George hoping to tire him out—the horse and its driver returned home, and, fortunately, George reached the stable without accident, greatly to the satisfaction of the livery-stable proprietor, whose hostler had given George the wrong horse. Viz., a noted trotter able to do his mile in 2:20. George's arms were nearly paralyzed with the pull he had to submit to, and it is probable that he has had enough of fast horses for the time being. Fond as he is of lively balls in batting, he decidedly prefers a non-elastic horse for sleighing purposes.

THE ALLENTOWN (PA.) CLUB reorganized Jan. 11 by the election of the following officers: President, N. M. Orr; vice-president, A. T. Frederick; secretary, James F. Gallagher; treasurer, James F. Miller; manager, James Kinery; directors, Thomas B. Metzger, Jr., Jos. Gross and Thomas Wilson. The nine for the season was constituted as follows: Zach. Handschuh, catcher; M. Gorman, 1st b.; A. E. Ward, 2d b.; C. Barrett, 3d b.; A. Fry, s. s.; W. Wetherhold, l. f.; James Kinery, c. f.; Edward Mellon, r. f.

HOW'S THIS?—A member of the Eureka Club of Camden, N. J., writes to us, saying that a statement in the columns of the Philadelphia Club of Wilmington, Del., that the latter thrice defeated the Eurekas last season is incorrect, as the clubs played but two games—the first at Camden, which was won by the Eurekas by 14 to 10, and the second in Wilmington, which the Quicksteps won by 10 to 4.

THE INDIANAPOLIS CLUB.—The management of this Western professional club is for the coming season good men for their team. They have obtained a very fine short-stop and a hard-working and reliable player in Mack of the St. Louis Browns of 1876. Over thirty professional clubs will enter the arena in 1877.

LETTERS for the following baseballists are now in care of this office: Thos. H. Gill of the San Francisco B. B. C., and Mr. Fulmer of the Louisville B. B. C.

THE RING.

DEATH OF "BUTT" RILEY.

Hugh, more familiarly known as "Butt," Riley died in this city on Sunday evening, Jan. 14, the cause of death being consumption. He had been a sufferer from this dread malady for a long time, and on Jan. 6, thinking that he would receive the benefit of better medical treatment there than elsewhere, friends sent him to the Bellevue Hospital, in Philadelphia, where he breathed his last, at the early age of 33 years 6 months and 17 days. Though having seldom appeared as a principal in a ring contest, he was probably better known personally, as well as by reputation, than any other member of the pugilistic fraternity of his years in this country. He was an excellent trainer, and a most efficient, faithful second, and his services as such were sought after by pugilists and their backers in all parts of the States, and none ever had occasion to say that Butt failed to stand by his man to the last. He frequently officiated as umpire or referee at encounters in the squared arena, and, being thoroughly conversant with the duties of those important and responsible offices, and a man who could not be intimidated, a person better qualified to properly fill either position could not be easily found. In a jovial disposition, socially inclined, and free-hearted as any man ever was, the dead boxer was a general favorite with the sporting public, and there are very many, of rough as well as of polished exterior, who will sincerely wish that "poor Butt," in whose society they have spent many pleasant hours, were still present in the flesh. Deceased was born in June, 1843, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and his inclinations running in the fistic channel, he became when yet a youth very handy with his fists, as well as noted among his school companions as a pretty rough and tumble fighter, for by fighting gained for him the nickname which clung to him through life. He gained considerable local reputation as a sparrer in this city and Brooklyn during the War of the Rebellion, and had a lively turn-up with Andy Leonard prior to taking his departure in the early part of 1865, and in company with the little "Dreadnaught," Denny Horrigan, for New Orleans, La. Matters in that section were not to the liking of Riley, however, and he packed up his traps and journeyed up the Mississippi to St. Louis, Mo. Here he was matched to fight Jack Looney, who matched him against Dutchy Engle. They fought for $400, March 29 of that year, and Butt won in 10 rounds 20 minutes. Riley was seconded by Looney and Tim Monaghan; and so well pleased was the former with the way in which his man had performed, that he offered to match him for $1,000 a side against Tim Monaghan, Johnny Lafferty or Hugh Monaghan, but the challenge was not accepted.

After remaining in the Mound City a few months, Riley returned to New York, and made his next appearance in the ring—a rough-and-tumble fight—at Pleasant Valley, Dutchess county, N. Y., on January 16, 1866, in Pike County, Pa., where Jim Dunn and Bill Davis exchanged compliments in May of the previous year. The battle, in which he met Johnny McGlade, occurred in the ring erected in the snow for the especial benefit of Jim Kerrigan and Mose Phalen, which appearance was delayed for some hours through the unwelcome attentions of the Port Jervis authorities. It was an off-hand affair, growing out of some rather rough skylarking, and no money was at stake. A dozen rounds were fought in twenty minutes, when a draw was declared. So far as it went, Riley had the best of the milling, and proved himself to be the superior boxer. Butt's seconds were Barney Aaron and George Leese (Snatch'em), while Kit Burns and Johnny Roche waited upon McGlade. Both principals and one of the seconds (Kit Burns) are now dead. The rivalry between Riley and Johnny Dwyer led to an impromptu meeting between them in a well-known sporting house in Brooklyn Jan. 4, 1867, a desperate encounter, occupying about an hour and ten minutes, being the result. Each was badly punished, and the honors were regarded as easy at the close, though both parties claimed to have had the upper hand. Sometime afterwards they again met in a saloon on East Houston st., New York, in a rough-and-tumble fight ensuing, in which each was roughly handled. We next hear of him Oct. 28, 1868, as a principal in an off-hand encounter with Abe Hicken, the noted English light-weight pugilist, who arrived from England a year before. The fight grew out of a quarrel between Butt and the late Cooney Dwyer, Hicken taking it up for the latter, and they fought in a yard in the rear of a Broadway saloon, in this city. After a struggle lasting about 50 minutes the police made a descent, and all hands were placed under bonds to keep the peace. Some months subsequently Butt was attacked by several parties in Philadelphia, who beat him terribly with weapons, and left him for dead on the street. He was found in an insensible condition by the police, and prompt medical attention then, and the careful nursing of friends afterwards, restored him to apparent health, but he never fully recovered his strength. He had been gradually failing for two years or more past, and at intervals was confined to the house for weeks at a time; but a naturally strong constitution enabled him to get upon his feet again. He was very much emaciated at the last, and suffered greatly; but the kind offices of his old friends Patrick Byrnes, Johnny Murphy, Ed. Matthews, Johnny Saunders, Johnny Carman, and others, did much to smooth his pathway. His remains were brought to the residence of his sister, Mrs. Glennon, 69 East Houston street, in charge of Mr. Murphy, Jan. 15, from whence he will be buried on Wednesday afternoon, 17, at one o'clock. Friends are invited to attend. Besides this sister, deceased leaves a mother and two brothers, who reside in Brooklyn.

BEN HOGAN has concluded to once more try his luck in the show business, and has just completed a variety and concert hall, capable of seating 700 persons, at Elk City, Clarion Co., Pa., the present centre of the oil excitement. Prospects of success are encouraging.

BILLY EDWARDS and PATSY SHEPPARD drew such a crowd of people to the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., Jan. 9, and gave so much satisfaction that the manager engaged them to do it over again on the following evening, when another big house assembled.

KELLY AND THE MOUSE.—The popularity of Jim Kelly and Seddons' Mouse as exponents of the art of self-defense was demonstrated in a way most satisfactory to themselves on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 11, when the holding capacity of Harry Hill's establishment was fully tested by their admirers. The sparring was particularly good, too, the several sets-to bringing to the front, in rotation, Johnny Saunders and Johnny Riley, Pete Croker and Jack Bowles, George Siler and Gould, Prof. Whitney and Warry Edwards, Miller and "New York Bob," and Field and Collins, besides the winding-up between the beneficiaires, who performed even better than usual. The performances by the variety artists belonging to Hill's corps also gave much satisfaction—in short, though some of the volunteers announced failed to appear, everybody went home at the close well pleased with the afternoon's entertainment. Uncle Bill Tovee acted as Master, and his seasonable salutation upon making his first public appearance in 1877 called forth hearty applause.

STEVE TAYLOR had a fair house upon the occasion of his benefit at the Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, Jan. 13. Those who set-to were Lew Chambers and Young Manning, Mason and Johnson, Mike Gillespie and Dan Hickey, Murphy and Bill Buzby, and Taylor and Joe Goss in the wind-up, the last-named couple making their best set-to in Quakerdom. A number of volunteers also appeared in addition to the regular troupe.

MIKE GILLESPIE of Philadelphia has been tendered a complimentary benefit, which will take place at the Parisian Varieties, in that city, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 16. The following volunteers are announced to appear: Joe Goss, Steve Taylor, Jim Murray, Fred Smith, Harry Hicken, and others, with the wind-up, in ring costume, between Gillespie and Lew Chambers.

HARRY HILL is just able to be about again after a severe attack of congestion of the liver and inflammation of the bowels, with which he was seized on New-Year's night, and which confined him to bed for some days. His numerous friends will be gratified to hear of his convalescence, and wish him a speedy restoration to complete health and vigor.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Joe Goss (3), Prof. Wm. Miller, Johnny Aaron and Billy Edwards.

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.—The once famous thoroughbred racehorse Judge Durell (formerly called McCloskey), by Lexington out of Laura Gray, by Leviathan, who won the Jockey Club Handicap at Jerome Park in 1871, when owned by John Coffee of this city, is now the property of Messrs. P. and C. Horton of St. Thomas, Ontario.....A. Belmont's imp. broodmare Non Pareille, by Tomgston, dam by Glencoe, died recently, a few days ago, at that gentleman's Stud Farm, near Babylon, L. I., slipped twin foals by the imported horse The Ill Used. A similar accident befel Thomas Puryear & Co.'s broodmare Minnie Minor, by Lexington out of Julia, who was in foal to Narragansett.....The trotting match for $250, mile heats, in five, in harness, saddle, between W. Bishop's b. g. Myron Perry and E. Doty's b. g. Leon (formerly called Colo), Messrs. Dunn Walton and Dan Mace to add $100 if Pilot's time of 2:35½ (the fastest ever made at Gilroy, California) was beaten, came off at that place on Thursday night, Jan. 11. It proved a great disappointment to those who expected to see fast trotting, for 2:44½ was the best heat made, Myron Perry winning the race.....The trotting stallion Italian Boy, owned by J. W. Leech, Hennepin, Ill., died recently. He had a record of 2:28, and was valued at $2,000.....Pierre Lorillard of this city has sold his fast team of trotters, Princess and Belle of Hartford, to Col. Lawrence Kipp.....W. Moore of this city has purchased the fast-trotting gelding Judge Briggs, by Andy Johnson, for $1,000.....Jas. Hickey, of Lexington, Ky., has lost by distemper a fine bay weanling colt by Waverley out of Cordova by Lightning.....A half-interest in the trotter Trampoline has been sold to ex-Mayor McCord of Nevada, by S. J. Schemmerhorn, for $5,000.....The fast horse Dick Swiveller has again changed hands, this time for $8,000, Mr. Hilliard Foote being the buyer.....The sorrel mare Lizzie Lewis, by James Golden of Hoboken, was driven coming in the rooms of A. R. Samuells, Brooklyn. That house, by-the-bye, has had a contribution-box for the relief of the sufferers by the fire at the Brooklyn Theatre, and at last accounts it had turned $20 into the relief fund.....Joseph Cairns, of the New York Hotel, in this city, and will take cognizance of all cases arising in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, New Jersey, Maryland and the District of Columbia.....The number of races run this season in the British Isles shows a falling off of the previous year by two. The number of races of half mile and under has increased, while in those exceeding a mile there is a decrease. In all, 2,054 horses ran last year against 2,084 in 1875. The highest number ever known was in 1870, when 2,569 ran.....The Ascot Cup this year will be worth $5,000 in gold.....Colonel McDaniel offers for sale the thoroughbred racemare Mattie A., who recently ran second for the California Oaks, four-mile heats, and more recently ran in the two-mile-heat race at San Francisco. She is by Lexington—Amanda.....The $1,000 purse, free for all, four-mile heats, is to be run over the Bay District Course, San Francisco, on Washington's Birthday. There are already seven entries, conspicuous among them being Molly McCarthy, the winner of the California Oaks, who has never yet been defeated.....A remarkably small Nepali pony, only eight inches in height, but a perfect miniature of a well-bred horse, has been presented to the young Maharajah of Patiala.....Major Glover of Alabama has recently purchased from J. G. Wynne of Tennessee the six-year-old thoroughbred horse Planeroid, by Planet out of Florence Nightingale, for $1,200.

TWO-MILE-HEAT RACE IN CALIFORNIA.—The great two-mile-heat race, free for all, for a purse of $2,000, came off on the Bay District Course, San Francisco, on Dec. 30. The weather was delightful, and the attendance immense. Seven horses came to the post, viz., Simpson's b. m. Lady Amanda, Allen's c. g. Overland Pat, Regan's br. g. Target, Winters' b. m. Bonnie Lass, Walsh's ch. g. Bradley, Armstrong's c. m. Mattie A., and Rose' br. g. Henry. Lady Amanda was the favorite, selling for $200; Overland Pat, $80; Mattie A., $50; Ballinette, $35; field, $55. The start for the first heat was a bad one, the favorite getting off some lengths in front, while Mattie A. and Henry were far in the rear. After going a mile and a half, Mattie A. had gained second place, but waited until fairly into

MEMORIES.

Written for the New York Clipper and Dedicated to Mr. Emile Ames,
BY LILLIE ——.

A look, a ring, a favorite song,
A bunch of faded flowers—
How eloquently, yet how sad,
They tell of bygone hours!

Perchance the giver's far away,
'Neath weeping-willows sleeping,
Or wandering in some distant land,
For you no love-thought keeping.

Dead, false—'tis all the same;
We touch with trembling fingers
Their precious relics of the past,
Round which a halo lingers.

We close our eyes, and, like the dew
On drooping flowers falling,
These mem'ries steal into our hearts,
Their olden bloom recalling.

Again we read that pencilled look,
At evening, with the giver,
Whose spirit-boat long years ago
Sailed o'er the Lethean River.

Again—O memory! blest of all,
Round which the heart may linger—
You hear her words while *this* you placed:
Love's vow upon her finger.

You press a kiss upon her cheek,
Beneath your love-glance flushing;
Another on her brow is pressed,
To keep her sweetly blushing.

Once more beside her light guitar
Your manly form is bending,
And with her own low, trembling notes
A richer voice is blending.

Once more you wander forth with her
'Neath green and shaded bowers,
And, twining for her brow a wreath,
You crown her "Queen of Flowers."

O memories! memories! how like stars
On troubled waters gleaming,
You lift our hearts, until in tears
We sigh, and whisper: "Dreaming!"

HANDSOME ANDRE;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE QUEEN'S RUSE.

Night came into the little cell at last. Andre threw himself on his rough cot in the hope that sleep would come to calm the agitation to which he was the prey.

Presently he heard the chains clatter and the rusty bolt of the lock turn in obedience to the jailor's key.

At such an hour as this? Could it be? What did it mean? He trembled. A horrible thought flashed across his mind. Did they come to lead him to secret execution?

He had often heard that certain prisoners whose cases were embarrassing had been executed at night, and their bodies buried secretly in the moat of the chateau. A cold terror took possession of him. Was this fate in store for him? He fixed his wild gaze upon the heavy door. It was opening slowly and noiselessly. There was no longer any doubt. He was doomed. His last hour had come. If it were otherwise, why these useless precautions? Why did the jailor open the door with such mysterious secrecy?

He saw the man appear, and step aside to make way for the entrance of a figure which in the obscurity he could not perfectly distinguish. Certainly it was either a woman or a magistrate, for he could plainly make out the outline of a long dark robe.

"Shut the door," said this personage to the jailor in a tone of command.

Andre took new hope. The voice was that of a woman. And, better still, it seemed to be the voice of the Queen.

He raised himself slightly, and leaned on his elbow as she came towards him.

"Do you recognize me?" asked the woman in a whisper.

"Your majesty here?" said our hero in unfeigned astonishment.

"Silence, and listen to me," said Ann of Austria. "Monsieur Treville has sent us to-day his report on the circumstances of the unhappy rencontre which resulted in the death of the Count de Laumirail. We have read it with the utmost interest, and have come to the conclusion that your friends were right in throwing all the blame on the Count for provoking the quarrel. The witnesses are unanimous on this point, and Captain Treville himself has warmly advocated your cause and solicited our clemency."

"I know not how to thank the captain and my friends for the zeal they have manifested in my behalf," replied Andre.

"But it is none the less true that your crime is clearly defined and undeniable," said the Queen, "and that your Judges will be obliged to pronounce the sentence of death on you, however much their sympathies may be enlisted in your behalf."

"It is well," said the prisoner between his clenched teeth. "I see it is only left me now to die like a brave man. I promise you I will, madame."

Ann of Austria smiled.

"Die?" said she. "Not yet awhile."

Andre sprang to his feet. The secret hope he had been hugging to his heart throughout the day returned with invigorating warmth. If, indeed, he was doomed to death, thought he, would the Queen have come to announce this sad news in person?

"What mean these words, your majesty?" he asked breathlessly.

"If you cannot be protected judicially from the fate which is inevitable when a court of law and justice has to deal with you," replied the Queen, "there are other means by which you can be saved."

"But," observed Andre, "unless some power can melt away the bolts and bars of this gloomy prison, I do not see any hope for me. Unless, perhaps, your royal prerogative might be employed to draw these bolts and fling the doors wide open to me."

"That is not possible, monsieur. Such an act would create a dangerous scandal in these unsettled times. I could not, as regent, risk the stability of my son's throne by so daring an act of favoritism."

"True," said the prisoner; "you are right."

"The only chance you have for saving yourself is in making your escape from your prison."

"Very well; but that is not easily done," replied the prisoner in gloomy discouragement.

"Do you think so?" said the Queen. "Try it."

"I am willing enough to do that," said Andre, moving towards the door.

"Oh, not that way," said his visitor; "you haven't the slightest idea of how to escape from prison, my poor boy. You are very awkward at it."

"I agree with you, madame; I have had no experience."

"Let me show you how the thing is usually done," said the Queen. "A friend—let us say, for instance, the Baron de Jouy—sends you a loaf of white bread like this I have in my hand, as a luxury in place of the black bread given you in the prison." As she spoke she handed Andre a loaf of bread, which she had concealed under her mantle. "You break this loaf," continued she, "and you find in it a coil of strong silken cord, a poniard, and a well-filled purse."

Andre began to understand. As the Queen had directed, he broke the bread, and found in it, as she had said, the coil of silken cord, the poniard, and the purse.

"Armed with this poniard," continued the Queen, "you will throw yourself upon the jailor when he enters, and threaten to kill him if he makes any outcry."

The Queen spoke the last words in a loud tone. The jailor entered.

"Now," said she; but Andre did not move.

"Go on, I tell you," she whispered. "There stands the jailor."

The prisoner understood her now, and seized the jailor by the shoulder.

"The poor man is frightened by your sudden attack," said the Queen, "and you will find no difficulty in gagging him with your handkerchief. When that is done, you may bind him tightly with the silken cords."

Andre did everything as he was directed.

"Now, then," said the Queen when she saw the jailor lying securely bound and gagged on the floor of the cell, "you may escape. With the money that is in the purse you may buy a horse, and hasten with all speed to Paris. You can reach there in an hour, and be in a place of safety before your escape is discovered. And this is the way, monsieur, that a prisoner who knows what he is about may regain his liberty."

Our hero eagerly proceeded to put these instructions into execution.

"But stop," said she. "There remains but one formality to make your success certain. You must learn the countersign, in order that you may pass the sentry at the gate of the chateau. The soldier on duty will challenge you, and you will stop. You will answer to his challenge the word 'Turin.' He will answer 'Turene,' and you will pass on; but on no account attempt to pass the sentry before he has given his reply, or you will find yourself in trouble again."

"Ah! your majesty," exclaimed Andre, falling on his knees before the Queen-mother, "in what terms can I express the gratitude that is in my heart? How can I ever repay you?"

"You owe me nothing, monsieur. I am only repaying to-day the debt of the Cardinal to you, and the obligation I was put under by your gallant rescue of the two Sisters of Val de Grace. Now, however, that the debt is paid, save yourself. Think of this wretched man," she said, pointing to the jailor; "he must remain a whole hour in this position before the night-rounds will come to relieve him."

"Your majesty is right," said Andre; "but permit me to say before I go that my life and my life's blood are ever yours for sacrifice in your behalf."

With these words he dashed from the cell into the corridor.

* * * * * * *

The next morning there was great excitement in the Chateau of St. Germain. Nothing was talked of but the audacious escape of Handsome Andre.

He had performed all the details of his work so conscientiously that they found the jailor half suffocated; but this fact simply gave color to the probability of the daring youngster being able not only to devise, but to carry out such a plan to a successful end. Meantime Andre had followed the advice of the Queen to the letter. He had taken a horse and galloped at breakneck speed to Paris.

It was a little after ten o'clock when he dashed through the gate of St. Honore. At half-past ten, after having stabled his horse at the first inn he met on his way, he presented himself at his uncle's house.

"You here again?" cried Laberlue. "Is it for good this time?"

"I hope so, uncle; for, thank Heaven, Robert and Irene have nothing more to fear from Count de Laumirail."

"He has consented to their marriage, then?"

"No; he is dead."

"Dead? Why, how did he die?"

"In a duel."

"But who killed him?"

"I did, uncle."

"You? Wretched boy!" said the Syndic, utterly dumbfounded. "You have killed a gentleman in a duel!"

"Yes, uncle, and in the courtyard of the royal chateau at St. Germain, at that."

"But you are a doomed man! That is a crime against the King himself, and is punishable with death."

Andre laughed joyously, to the horror of poor old Laberlue.

"Yes, that's the crime, uncle," said he nonchalantly; "and for it I have been lying in the most dismal cell in the chateau, and have been within a hair's-breadth of execution."

"You have escaped from prison, then?"

"Yes; but not without trouble, I can assure you."

"But how have you managed to evade the vigilance of the jailors and pass the guards, and escape from the chateau and get to Paris? How have you managed all these things? Speak! Tell me!" said the trembling draper.

"Ah! I had an accomplice," answered his nephew mysteriously.

"An accomplice? Who?"

"The Queen."

"The Queen?" repeated Laberlue, thunderstruck. "Do you mean to tell me that her majest ——"

"Her majesty can refuse me nothing, my dear uncle," said Andre with an all-conquering air. "It was she who, with her own hands, furnished me the poniard, the silken cord and the money, thanks to all of which I made my escape and am now here."

He went on from this point to relate how Ann of Austria had devised and managed his escape. The unprecedented favor shown by her majesty for his nephew made a profound impression on Laberlue, and made Andre considerably greater in his estimation.

"Now, uncle," resumed the returned prodigal, "here I am, back again, in obedience to the promise I made when I saw you last, quite disgusted with my trade of knight-errant in search of adventures, and consequently disposed to make myself useful. You are drawing near the age when most men are not sorry to retire and rest in peace on the fortunes they have acquired through long years of industry. Nothing is more natural—eh, uncle?"

"Ah! you have recognized that fact at last!" said the Syndic in a tone of triumph.

"Yes, and I am ready to spare you all the fatigue of the shop. But in this new path which I have chosen my life will be very monotonous, I fear. I must have some society at home, since I can have none abroad as formerly. What do you say to a wife and children for me, uncle—don't you think they would answer?"

"Nothing would suit me better, my boy," said Laberlue. "We must find some honest, tidy, thrifty young woman for your mate."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, uncle. The honest, tidy and thrifty young woman is already found."

"Indeed! Let's know who it is? She is none of your fine-lady imitators, let me hope?"

"She is a model of beauty, virtue and household economy."

"Her family is respectable?"

"Her father was one of our best friends, and in two months' time her brother is going to open, a short distance from this house, on this very street, the most magnificenty-appointed wig manufactery and hair-dressing establishment in all Paris."

"Has she any fortune?"

"Very little beyond a half interest in the new establishment."

"That will not be much," said the shrewd old uncle, shaking his head gravely.

"Not much, uncle? Isn't seven hundred livres much? It seems to me almost a fortune. Just remark; three years ago she had nothing, she was almost starving, and this sum she holds to-day is the fruit of her economy."

"Is it? Well, I must say that a young woman who can put aside savings to such an amount in so short a time must be a treasure to any man. What is her name?"

"Jeanette."

"What! The daughter of Pointu the barber?" exclaimed Laberlue, disappointed. "Do you still think of that little minx?"

"Think of her? Yes, more than ever, uncle."

"But she is an actress, and I have seen her surrounded by gay gallants."

"For that, uncle, she is a good, honest girl, and no one knows it better than yourself. Even Captain Treville of the King's musketeers will bear me out in that."

Andre here launched into a long and ardent explanation of the reasons that had induced Colombine to hold a levee daily at her house, and court the friendship of influential noblemen, together with a most glowing eulogy on her devotion to the object of her life—the reopening of the shop her father had formerly occupied.

The draper gave way little by little before these arguments. To be sure he would have preferred that Andre had chosen a wife better provided for in regard to fortune; but after all he could not expect to have everything his own way, and he owed his nephew some few concessions at least.

"Well, well," said he at last, "bring your Jeanette here, but not while she is still Mlle. Colombine. She must drop that at once and forever."

"Agreed," replied Andre, "and in three months, at the most, you shall dance at our wedding."

Our hero was beside himself with joy. What a change in his situation! And all this in two hours' time. He retired to his little room and dreamed all night of wedding-rings and the golden gains of trade.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

The next day our hero hastened to tell Jeanette and Jerome the good news.

"But isn't it too bad now," said he with a sigh, in conclusion, "that we must wait three long months yet?"

"Why, haven't you heard?" asked Jerome in surprise; "but of course you haven't, for we have not seen you for over a week."

"What is it?" asked Andre.

"Why, our manager has given up the theatre and gone to Chartres, where his brother died recently, leaving him a large fortune. So he paid us all our three months' salary and released us from our contracts. Now we're free."

"Why, then you have the sum necessary to open your shop?"

"The house is leased already, and the carpenters and painters are already at work."

"Then in a month ——"

"In a month Jerome Pointu will reopen his father's shop, and Jeanette will be the wife of Handsome Andre," said Colombine.

"Let's make a festival of to-day," said Jerome. "To table, and we'll celebrate this happy day."

At this moment the door opened.

"Without me?" asked a well-known voice. "May I not make one of the party?"

"Robert!" exclaimed Andre. "You here? I did not hope for such good fortune."

They seated themselves, and made a jovial family-party indeed. Robert alone seemed to be struggling to repress a mysterious sadness. His friend remarked this.

"What ails you, Baron?" he asked. "Why this sombre visage when you see us all so happy? Is Mlle. De Laumirail ill?"

"Oh, no. Notwithstanding the shock occasioned by her brother's sudden death, she is regaining her health and strength from day to day."

"Then why this troubled look of yours?"

"You are the cause of my worriment," answered Robert.

"I? Explain."

"I should think you would be troubled too, and that you should not need an explanation. Your escape occasioned a great excitement at court, and this morning, when the Queen gave audience, it was considered in detail. I was present and heard every word that was said."

"Well, what did they say?" asked Andre curiously.

"They declared that you must have had an accomplice."

"And they were right. I had."

"They thought it was I. It was even hinted to her majesty that I was the guilty party; but she answered that I had no position of trust in the chateau, and therefore could not have known the countersign which Handsome Andre's accomplice had given him to make sure his escape."

"Good! Then no suspicion can possibly rest on you, Baron."

"On the contrary, the Queen has shown herself much better disposed towards me, and has several times conversed with me about Irene."

"So much the better," said Andre.

"Yes; and even that surly Captain Treville has had a pleasant word to say to me."

"And what was that?"

"I'm glad of the escape," he whispered; "and if you furnished Andre the means to get out you did well, for he deserved a better fate than the Judges would have given him."

"Well, then," said Andre, "why are you worried?"

"Because the hiding-place you have chosen is no hiding-place at all," replied Robert. "Suppose the Queen and the Cardinal put their heads together to devise means for your recapture? What will they do the first thing? Why, they will send two parties of soldiers, one to the house of your uncle, the other to the house of Colombine the actress. They know your haunts and they will be sure to recapture you."

"In Paris? Now?" cried Andre. "Don't be alarmed, my dear Baron. There's not a King's soldier who dare venture here yet. And in proof that I could not have chosen a safer hiding-place, my accomplice chose my uncle's house as my retreat."

"But who is the mysterious accomplice of whom you speak?" asked Robert. "I have racked my brains all the morning and I have not been able to select a person at St. Germain, except myself, who would be friendly enough to you to risk his liberty, and even his head, in doing such a service."

"Don't rack your brains any longer, my dear Baron," said our hero with a smile, "for you will never guess who it is."

"But will you not tell me the name of the person who is so devoted to you?"

"I will tell you hereafter, Baron, when the noise of this adventure of mine has been swallowed up in the clamor of war and politics; but at the present moment I am pledged to the greatest secresy as regards the person who proved so great a friend."

"I respect such a pledge too much to press you further on the subject," said the Baron. "I see you are so tranquil and so confident of your safety, that I feel that I have been alarmed without cause. It only remains for me to congratulate you on the boldness and courage you have displayed in this gallant adventure. I have hastened here to find and felicitate you on your lucky escape."

"I thank you, Baron, for the flattering interest you have taken in me."

"Oh, if there are thanks owing," said Robert warmly, "they are due from me alone. For months you have performed prodigies of activity and valor in my behalf. You have devoted your time to me; you have risked your life and liberty in my quarrels. And finally, you have done me the inestimable service of ridding me of the Count by means of an honest duel. Sooner or later I should have been forced to have met him, and, had his death resulted, Irene and I must have been estranged forever. Now, thanks to you, she is free, and may give me without scruple the hand I have striven for so long. But all this happiness is your work. And I wish to proclaim that for the future, Andre Duval, otherwise Handsome Andre, is more than my friend—he is my brother."

The two young men grasped each other warmly by the hand.

"Well, then," said Andre at last, "if you are my brother, Jeanette is your sister-in-law, and you may embrace her."

He pointed to Jeanette, who was very much abashed, and yet very proud of the prowess of her lover. She bravely offered her cheek to the gentleman's lips.

Vaguely suspecting that Andre's air of security could result from nothing but the certainty that he was no longer in any danger, the Baron banished from his mind all the gloomy premonitions which had before made him sad, and entered with a zest into the spirit of the happy occasion. After the breakfast was finished he excused himself, on the plea that Irene expected to meet him at St. Germain, and departed.

Just as he was about mounting his horse, Andre laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Since we are brothers," he whispered, "I have no longer any reason to withhold from you the name of my accomplice—especially as you have sworn never to harm her."

"Her. It was a woman, then?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"The Queen-mother," whispered Andre in a very faint tone.

"I understand," answered the Baron as cautiously as his friend had made the revelation. Andre placed his finger on his lips in token of secrecy, and the young nobleman with a reassuring gesture mounted his horse and cantered away.

* * * * * * * *

Some months after the Treaty of the Pyrenees was signed the Cardinal returned to Paris more powerful than ever, and the enormous perukes of the Parliament bowed humbly before him. Even Conde himself bowed and accepted his pardon.

Thus ended the pretensions of the Princes.

But, the storm having been succeeded by a reinvigorating calm, prosperity smiled on Paris, and things rapidly assumed their normal condition. So, in the early part of the year 1653 the passer-by would notice that the shop of the draper Laberlue had been newly and grandly fitted up, and that it had a new golden sign, on which was proudly inscribed: "Draper, by appointment of his Majesty the King."

At the door of this now pretentious establishment might have been seen, on a cool evening in the Spring-time, a loving couple cooing happily—and the reader will have no difficulty in recognizing in them the Handsome Andre and beautiful Colombine of our narrative. They smile and salute a neighbor who stands proudly with folded arms before a hair-dresser's shop. It is Jerome, who is realizing his dream at last.

Old Laberlue, surrounded by a little knot of his ancient comrades, is enjoying himself with hearing himself prose about the politics of the day. Nothing seems to be lacking to insure the happiness of this family party.

Andre has not, however, all the gayety that such a plenitude of pleasure should insure. From time to time he raises his head and studies with a vague look the sky and the perspective of the narrow street, then he relapses into the deep reverie over which the caresses of his young wife do not always triumph. Suddenly his face brightens up. A handsome coach-and-four rattles down the street, and draws up before his door. A young and elegantly attired gentleman alights and offers his arm to assist a young lady, dressed in sombre robes, to do the same.

"Robert, at last!" cries Andre, hastening to meet him. The two friends salute each other warmly, while Jeanette conducts the Baroness de Jouy into her neat little shop. Andre has now recovered all his gayety of manner and look.

Robert relates to him how, after the death of her brother, Irene asked of the Queen as a boon that she should be permitted to retire to the chateau of the Barons of Laumirail; how, this permission having been granted, Robert had gone to his own chateau at Jouy; and at last, how Irene, after formally mourning for six months the death of her brother, had given her hand to him she loved. The same priest who had been designated by the Baron on his death-bed to perform the ceremony had united them. The dangers she had passed and the days of suffering she had endured in Paris had made Irene defer this visit until the very last moment; but the demands of friendship were too powerful to prevent this reunion on the anniversary night of the first meeting of the Baron Robert and Handsome Andre, when the latter made a friendship that endured through generations.

THE END.

LUCILLE WESTERN—Died January 11, 1877.
For Biographical Sketch see elsewhere.

GOT 'NOTHER.

A South Hill schoolma'am, the other day, while working an example on the board, detected an urchin directly behind her in the unlawful act of devouring an apple. She said to him: "Tim, what are you doing?" "No'hin," said Tim, with his mouth so full that his cheeks stuck out on either side like aldermen's stomachs. "Yes, you are," paradoxically insisted the teacher; "what have you in your hand?" "Napple," said Tim, with some surprise, as he looked at the fragment of the apple in his hand and wondered who had bit it while he was studying. "What has become of the rest of it?" "Dunno," said Tim, looking around in an amazed effort to discover who had the rest of it. "Somebody's been eatin' it." "Have you any more?" demanded the teacher. "Yes'm," said Tim dolefully; "got 'nother." "Where is it?" relentlessly pursued the teacher. "'n my desk," sighed Tim, as he began to suspect that the teacher was going to demand it of him. "Well, take it out and go stand on the platform and eat it." "Eat 'em both?" queried Tim. "Yes, eat them both." "Eat all I got?" demanded Tim in a subdued tone of countenance. "Yes, eat all you have," impatiently responded the teacher, and, turning to the board, continued: "And don't you leave that platform while you have any apple uneaten." Silence reigned in the schoolroom. The paper pellet pursued its tranquil transit unobserved. The busy hum of the studious made more noise than the cautious smile of the indolent. Tim stood at his post. The fragment in his hand soon disappeared, and he fell upon the other apple silently, but determinedly. Quickly it followed the first. Then he put his right hand into his pants pocket and took out an apple, and, after a cautious reconnoitre, during which he wiped it on his trowers, he began the attack. He carried the fort. Down went the hand again and another apple was brought to light. It was quickly dispatched. A third fellowed. Then he changed his position, and, resting the weight of his body on his left leg, sighed as he drew from his left breeches-pocket another apple. When it was gone he drew on the commissary for another, and by the time he produced the eighth apple he was silently being observed by two-thirds of the boys in the room. The teacher turned and saw the boy still standing in the attitude of one who was reaching for something in his coat-pocket. "Aren't you through yet?" she queried in some astonishment. "Got 'nother," stoically responded Tim, producing it and falling to work on it. In surprise the teacher saw him reach for still another, and, when that was gone, surprise grew to amazement as his unwavering hand again sought the gaping mouth of that pocket. As the boy ate he grew in dimensions, and the teacher became alarmed. There seemed to be no end to the apples that he had in his clothes. "Tim, for mercy's sake, have you any more apples?" "Got 'nother," said Tim indifferently. "How many more apples have you?" "Dunno," said Tim; "guess got two or three more." The teacher did not dare to let him proceed, and appointed herself an investigating committee to look after the back counties. The boy never changed a muscle of his countenance nor moved an inch while that teacher pulled apple after apple from his coat, and stacked them up upon the desk, until there was something less than a peck piled up, with Dade County to hear from. The matter hasn't been laid before the school-board yet, but the exhausted schoolma'am declares that the next time she will learn how much of a crop of apples a boy has about him before she issues any orders.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

QUILL QUIBBLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY R. THURF RENCH.

Men's Ulsters are like charity—they cover a multitude of (sins) rents.

Banged hair with the girls and banged eyes with boys are quite in vogue.

If a man sells his goods at *bottom* prices, can he expect to come out *top* of the heap?

Ice on the sidewalk is like poverty—a good many people suddenly *come down* to it.

Many a young man will have to forego his Spring overcoat by taking his girl a-sleighing.

The average youth when coasting goes "belly-gutter," and his *slam* is wonderful in the extreme.

Base-burner stoves are the foes of genuine lovers—they are worse than a lighted kerosene lamp.

Snow-shovel agitators and pickpockets are alike—their business is all in the *lift*.

A gold chain will keep a girl's neck warmer than a dozen old-fashioned tippets—and let her tell it.

Bridgeport, Ct., has three corset-factories whose business is running to *waste*—though, in spite of the *tight* times, they will manage to *squeeze* through.

AN IRISH SPELL.—A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell hostility. "H-o-r-s-e," began Pat. "Not horse tility," said the teacher, "but hostility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say hoss? Be jabers, it's one thing wid ye one day, and another the next."

ARSENE HOUSSAYE quotes Nestor Roqueplan as saying: "God gave blonde hair to Northern women to console the men for the absence of the sun."

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give us the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night!
And hearts have broken,
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with curse impatient!
Ah! brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

THE MUSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TRUE STORY.

About half a century ago there lodged in two small, very badly-furnished second-floor rooms in Carnaby street, Golden square, a middle-aged German musician, named Bernhard Vellinger and his daughter Bertha. He had resided in England for several years; and, until stricken down by paralysis, nine months previous to the opening of this true tale, he had held an engagement as one of the *repiano* violins in the orchestra of her majesty's Theatre, which, at that time, was the only opera-house in London.

The two rooms which they inhabited were, though remarkably clean and tidy, wretchedly bare of furniture; for during his long and disastrous illness every available thing they had formerly possessed had been sold at a sore sacrifice from time to time, to provide daily bread and supply medical necessities for the poor, helpless invalid, and as he now lay, with one side completely paralyzed, on a small truckle-bedstead, with its hard, cold mattress, covered by nothing save a sheet, one thin blanket and an old grey duffle dressing-gown, with his daughter toasting the remains of a stale loaf—the only food they had left—at a scanty fire, it formed, in all truth, a sad—sad picture of undeserved but unrepining human suffering.

Through the kindness of Signor Spagnoletti, the *chef d'orchestre*, there had been a handsome subscription got up for him among the members of the band, although Bernhard Villinger knew it not; for he was as proud as he was poor, and would have starved outright rather than have permitted his daughter to touch a penny of it; but the poor girl felt that she was not justified in refusing such kindly proffered aid; and, unknown to her father, she had gratefully accepted it. But the last shilling of this carefully economized gift had been spent, and Her Majesty's Theatre was closed for the season. The members of the orchestra were scattered about in all directions until the house opened in February, or perhaps not until March, and parent and child were quite destitute and penniless. She had no friend on earth to whom she could apply for the slightest assistance, and not even bread in the house to contribute to the most necessary wants of the fast-coming morrow.

There was nothing, literally nothing whatever in their rooms on which she could raise a single penny. Two common rush-bottomed chairs, a deal-table, the truckle-bedstead with its coarse mattrass on which her father lay, and an old guitar that hung against the wall, constituted all the furniture that now remained to them. Even her own little couch, which stood in the outer room, she had, unknown to him, sold a fortnight before to procure food and pay a month's rent to their stern landlady, and she had slept upon the hard boards ever since.

Poor Bertha! As she sat toasting that last morsel of stale bread, which, with a cup of week tea, was to form her father's last meal for the day, she might well be pardoned if she gave way to feelings of utter despair.

She had hitherto borne her burden bravely; and though, through all the long, tedious months that had worn their dreary course along since he was stricken down, she had scarcely ever left his bedside, but sat hour after hour, day after day, week after week, cheerful and apparently content; she now felt herself sinking under the complete hopelessness of their future prospects. She pressed her poor little thin hands convulsively to her forehead, and wept bitterly.

"Bertha, dear," moaned the sufferer in weak, plaintive tones—having evidently awoke and caught the sound of her sobbing—"Bertha, dear; what's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing, father!" replied she, pressing back and wiping away her tears as she came to the bedside with his evening meal of dry toast and tea—all, alas! she had to offer.

"But I thought I heard you crying?"

"Oh, no, no, father dear! You—you must have been dreaming!"

"Ah, well!—yes—perhaps I was! What's o'clock, my child?—but I forgot, I forgot—the timepiece has been sold; yes, I remember now—I gave you leave to sell it last week!—so I did—yes!—last Tuesday."

"Last Tuesday!" murmured she to herself; "and it is nearly two months ago! My poor father!—his once strong memory seems of late to fail him utterly.

"Ah! this tea is very nice, my darling," said he, as he swallowed it eagerly from the cup which she, with some difficulty, held steadily to his trembling lips, and fed him with the dry toast which she had soaked in it—"and so is the toast—but where's the water-cress, child?"

"I—I couldn't ——. The woman did not call this afternoon, father dear; and there's no green-grocer now in this street, and I didn't like to leave you alone."

The truth was that the woman had refused to let her have the penny-worth of water-cress without the money; and though there were three green-grocers in the street, none of them would trust her. But would not Heaven forgive those two falsehoods? Ah! yes.

"Yes, yes; never mind, dear," said the poor invalid; "I know you would get it if you could—I'm sorry I asked for it. I'm a sad trouble—a sad tie to you, my child; I know that, too."

"Nay, do not say so, dear father; it is not only my duty, but it is the greatest pleasure I have left on earth to be able to minister to your wants, and alleviate your sad sufferings by every means in my power."

"I know it—I know that, too. I am sure of it, my Bertha—my own—my darling—my only blessing—the sole comfort that Heaven has left me!" and the poor helpless musician burst into tears.

"Father—father! do not weep; it kills me to see you weep!" murmured the poor girl as she mingled her tears with his in a long, passionate embrace.

"I'm not forty yet, my child," continued he, as he vainly tried to wipe away her tears with his only unstricken hand, while his own were rolling down his pale, furrowed cheeks faster than ever. "I'm not forty yet, but I'm very old—so old that I'm going to die soon, my Bertha; I know *that*, too. I'm well-nigh dead now—half of me *is* dead; I wish I was quite dead. The only thing that grieves me is the parting with you, my darling."

"Father—father, don't! my heart will break!" she murmured.

"I must—I must say it, my child! I have never spoken thus plainly to you before, Bertha; but now I feel—I somehow feel as if—as if the end was near!"

And with these sad words he sank back upon his hard flock pillow, for the moment completely exhausted. He spoke truly; he had never until now so plainly laid before her the certainty he felt of so speedy a termination to his life; and she, poor girl, had buoyed herself up with the hope that he might after all ultimately recover.

But Bertha Villinger was not one of those shallow, weak-minded girls who allow themselves to be totally overwhelmed by unlooked-for ill tidings. She had served a long apprenticeship in the grim school of adversity; and now, though her tears still flowed fast, she sat down to reflect, as calmly as she could, as to how the "daily bread" was to be provided for the morrow. After a few moments these thoughts were interrupted by the tremulous accents of her father.

"Bertha, darling, I feel half inclined to sleep; go to your pianoforte and sing me that sweet song of Weber's that I so love; it will lull me to rest."

"You forget, father dear, that our piano is—is disposed of."

"Eh? disposed of, child?—ah! true—true! I did not remember it. I recollect now. But you still have your poor mother's guitar; you have not parted with *that?* I always strictly forbade you ever to part with *that!* No; I see you have not. There it hangs in its old place."

"Yes, father; I myself would rather starve than part with this last relic we possess of my loved mother, and of those dear old times when we were all so happy!" said she, taking the instrument down from the wall, and tuning it with a precision and truth of intonation that betokened a thoroughly practiced hand. "Which song of Weber's am I to sing? You love all his songs, you know?"

"I do—I do! Sing me the one to which I adapted Lord Byron's beautiful words—the 'Farewell' one, I mean."

"That melody is better fitted for a pianoforte accompaniment, I think, father."

"Nonsense, my Bertha! you are mistaken; it is very well fitted for a guitar. You remember the harmonies and progressions, and, if you cannot improvise your own accompaniment, I have taught you vainly."

"Very well, dear father, you know best," replied she, with a tender smile.

"Of course I do, child. I know better than you what you can do, my Bertha. You have had no chance yet, darling; but, some day or other, when I am gone, you will be a great singer, and, what is quite as needful, a good musician into the bargain."

"But Signor C—— rather threw cold water on my musical capabilities."

"Signor C—— is a conceited musical ass! These Italians may be tolerable *voicers*, but you must go to Germany, my child, for true art. Now, begin—begin."

And she commenced the short symphony of the "Farewell" song, and managed the necessary variations in the accompaniment, and got out the light and shade of all the main effects so admirably, while watching her father's poor withered hand unconsciously beating time on the old gray duffle dressing-gown, and sang the words in a fine, rich mezzo-soprano voice with so much expression that it seemed as if Bernhard Villinger's prophecy about her future celebrity would turn out to be no idle dream. At the end of the song she found him fast asleep; with a smile upon his rugged old face that absolutely made him look young again. She laid down her guitar on the old deal-table, rose softly, and gazed on his calm and apparently pleasant slumber with ineffable fondness—kissed him with a scarcely perceptible touch on his lips, and again sat down by the now cold fireside to reflect on the best means of procuring a crust of bread for their next morning's breakfast. And her thoughts and reflections, poor girl, were gloomy enough in all conscience. She went and rumaged through all her little nick-nacks in the hope of finding something by which she could realize even a single sixpence—but the search was vain.

Once more she sat down in complete despair, until at last her eye chanced to fall on the old guitar which lay on the table at her elbow. She could not sell *that*, her father's commands—which had ever been a law to her—and her own feelings, rendered such a sacrifice impossible. Yet could she not make use of it in some way? Ah, yes! she could.

She had never thought of *that* before; and yet, the idea seemed so inexpressably distasteful—so degrading—that she tried to banish it from her mind. But she tried in vain!—it forced itself again and again upon her so persistently that, at last, after many struggles, she made up her mind that for once, at all events, she would put it in practice. Although it might expose her to unspeakable personal discomfort—to degradation in the eyes of the world—there was nothing dishonest in it; she would put it in practice that very evening.

It was neither more nor less than this: she would take her guitar and go into some quiet, respectable street in the neighborhood—some street in which there were old-fashioned gentlemen's houses—and sing one or two of her German *Lieder*, and trust to Providence for something to be bestowed on her by the residents.

Her father scarcely ever woke up for some hours at this part of the evening; and even if he did, he would only think that she had gone to get some provision for the morrow. Yes, it must be so; there was no other possible course left.

The few slight preparations that were necessary were soon made. She put one of the rush-bottomed chairs, as usual, by his bedside, and placed a cup of cold tea on it; imprinted one more fond kiss on his lips, and murmured an ardent prayer to Heaven for her success and his recovery. And then, putting on her close-drawn bonnet and her ample mantle, which, though very old was very large, she concealed the guitar under it, and, closing the outer door softly behind her, sped downstairs rapidly, and went forth into the street on her *holy* errand. For HOLY it was, although not perhaps what the world would call respectable!

She made her way first into that part of Regent street which abuts on Portland place, and, passing Langham Church, went a short distance down that little frequented, but palatial thoroughfare, for it seemed to give promise of the sort of residences that she thought would best suit her purpose. But their vast dimensions half frightened her, and the almost entire absence of light from their large, gloomy-looking windows soon caused her to retrace her steps and seek for some less pompous, but more comfortable looking street. Wending her way back she turned to the left down New Cavendish street, and on reaching Great Portland street, up which she turned towards Oxford street, she soon found herself near to Portland Chapel, two or three doors from which she noted several good private houses on the right-hand side that she thought would perhaps answer her purpose. One of these had lights in the parlor; and all of them looked as if they belonged to well-to-do respectable occupants.

She had already half determined to make her first essay before the door of the parlor-lighted house, when a middle-aged, quiet-looking, old-fashioned man-servant, in very plain brown livery, came up with a dish of oysters in his hand, and entered the house in a way that seemed to indicate that he belonged to the family. She very much liked the staid demeanor and serious but good-tempered countenance of that servant, and that decided her.

The house was 91 Great Portland street, and—although she little dreamed it—in that house she was about on that very night to meet her fate.

This is a *true* story, and the above is a *true* address; and all the main incidents which have been and will be related are a series of *facts*, and not a parcel of *fictions*.

The street happened at that moment to be unusually quiet. There was nobody passing as she brought out her guitar from beneath her mantle and took her station in the road, close to the curb-stone, immediately in front of the house. Her father had appeared so pleased with her improvised guitar accompaniment to the song which she had sung to him just before she left home, that she resolved to commence with it, and though she felt no little tremor as she struck a few preluding chords, yet that soon wore off; and before she had finished the short symphony which led into the song, both hand and voice were as steady as if she had been playing and singing to her father in the second-floor back room of Carnaby street, Golden square. Ah! But if she had dreamed *who* had risen from his scarcely-tasted dinner and was listening to her intently behind those parlor window-curtains, would she not have felt a tremor? Yes, indeed! there is no doubt of that.

When she had finished the first verse of the song she found that a little audience of twelve or fourteen persons had gathered round, and, much to her secret delight, she received one or two gifts of sixpences, and three or four of pence. She noticed, too, that the parlor window of the house before which she stood had just been gently raised a few inches, as if to enable its occupants to hear more distinctly; and this gave her good hope of a somewhat larger contribution in recognition of her efforts. This idea inspirited her greatly; and, having completely conquered her nervousness, she gave the concluding stanzas with such mingled energy and pathos that quite a little shower of silver and copper from her now increased audience rewarded her exertions. And at this moment, although she knew it not, came the crisis of her fate.

The door of No. 91 opened—the pleasant-looking old servant in brown livery came up to her, with a request to walk in, as his master wished to speak with her. Much to the disappointment of her small audience, who had hoped to hear at least another song, she, after a moment's hesitation, followed him, and was ushered into the back-parlor where she found two gentlemen evidently waiting to receive her.

One of them was a rather short, somewhat gray-headed, spruce, dapper little man, who wore the (even then) old-fashioned drab-colored knee-breeches and long gaiters to match. He spoke, for the most part, through his nose, with a most decided snuffle. The other was taller and dressed in black, in much more modern fashion. He was remarkably thin; had high cheek bones, the flesh of which had fallen in and, with his prominent Roman nose and pale face, this gave him a melancholy and almost unearthly aspect. His eyes also were unnaturally bright; and altogether he looked, alas! as if destined for an early grave.

Although Bertha had hesitated for an instant when she was asked to enter the house, she now, when she saw the two occupants of the parlor, felt quite reassured. They neither of them bore the remotest resemblance to gay deceivers.

"H'm!" said the little gentleman in the drab breeches and gaiters, eyeing her narrowly through his gold spectacles, and taking an enormous pinch of snuff from a large silver box which he unearthed from his waistcoat pocket. "H'm! sit down, please."

[Now, the compiler of this tale quite despairs of being able to jot down any form of letters that will give a proper idea of the pronunciation or effect of this exclamational nasal grunt, which he writes down, "*H'm!*" It was used by the little gentleman to express all sorts of different feelings; and yet he never opened his mouth when he uttered it—the sound came wholly through his nose. Sometimes it meant pleasure; sometimes disgust; sometimes approbation; and sometimes just the contrary; all depended on the mode of its emission. Never were the letters made to do duty in such a strange fashion; and it is but fair and just to say that they did that duty wonderfully well; for there was no mistaking the feeling intended to be conveyed. The present grunt was one of half dubious, half suspicious satisfaction, and clearly meant: "You sing remarkably well—you are young and good-looking; but what are you doing with such a voice in the streets? and, above all, why the *devil* have you pitched upon *this* house before which to display your talent?"]

The foregoing is a rather long paranthesis, but it really is absolutely necessary, in order that the reader may, to some extent, be able to gather the meaning of what follows.

"H'm!" said the little gentleman; "take a seat, please."

"Thank you sir," said Bertha, sitting down, and placing her guitar on the table beside her.

"H'm!" said he, taking another enormous pinch of snuff, and peering at her through his gold spectacles more closely than ever, "you sing very well—too well for a strolling street-singer—but how came you to single my house out, of all the thousand of houses in London, for a display of your vocal capabilities? *H'm!*"

"Sir, I came into the street by the merest chance. I know nothing of you or your house; and, as from your manner, I cannot but conclude that my singing has been distasteful to you, I will relieve you of my presence; and, depend upon it, I will not come near your house again!" and, so saying, Bertha rose, and took up her guitar, and turned to depart.

"*H'm!*" (this was a more satisfactory grunt, but there was still a strong flavor of doubt in it). "Stay—stay, my good girl; I did not mean to offend you; but, still, are you quite sure that you didn't know who lived here?"

"Quite sure, sir! I don't think that I was ever in this street before in my life."

"H'm!" (satisfaction increasing greatly). "You are not an English girl?"

"My dear mother was English; my father is a German."

"H'm!" (this was a long, thoughtful grunt). "You have been taught to sing?"

"I have, sir."

"Who taught you?"

"My father, sir."

"Is he a musician?"

"He is, sir."

"A singer?"

"Not a public singer, sir."

"What, then?"

"A professor of the violin and pianoforte."

"H'm!" (a still more satisfactory grunt). "And do you play the pianoforte?"

"I—well, yes—I may venture to say that I do, sir."

"Well, there's an instrument there. Will you oblige me by letting us hear you play?"

"I cannot decline, sir."

The tide turning rapidly, and it looked amazingly like fair weather—for the little, dapper man rose up with *empressement*, opened a splendid Broadwood's "grand" which stood beside the back window, drew out the music-stool, and turned it up to what he conceived would be the proper height, and then courteously motioned Bertha to take the seat.

"What on earth will this end in?" murmured she to herself, as she swept her fingers over the keys of the magnificent instrument, and broke into a waltz of Weber's.

Again Weber—always Weber! How did this come to pass? It came to pass because her father had really and truly taught her scarcely anything else. He had grounded her thoroughly in the scales, and placed all sorts of classical exercises before her; but, when it came to anything beyond that, it was Weber, Weber, Weber!—almost always Carl Maria von Weber! She knew nearly the whole of his works by heart, and played them as they deserve to be played. Nothing more need be said.

She had never in her life put her hands on such an instrument before. It was as perfect, in every respect, as human art could make it. The touch and tone left nothing to be desired. The Broadwoods of that day were pre-eminent in the manufacture of pianofortes, and this particular instrument had been chosen with the greatest care for a special reason, and had been sent in only a few weeks previous to the present eventful evening. It absolutely inspired her. She seemed to be in a seventh heaven of rapturous delight. On—on—on she went; modulating with artist-like precision and perfect accuracy from one subject to another (still all Weber, nothing but Weber) and seemed as if she was lost to all things around in the enjoyment of the sweet melodies and splendid harmonies which her deft fingers called forth. At last, as if suddenly brought back to the stern realities of her position (possibly by some chance, subtle progression of chords which reminded her of home and her poor father) she wandered back into the melody he loved so well, and sang it once more in a style that produced from the little gentleman in drab breeches and gaiters a "H'm" of unequivocal approval and wonder.

He was a thoroughly good-hearted man, and could no longer restrain his admiration! He had forgotten for the moment all about the "strolling street-singer," as he had contemptuously called her, and at the conclusion of her impromptu pianoforte recital, he addressed her thus:

"H'm!"—(this grunt now expressed unbounded satisfaction)—"You sing well, you play well; you're a musician; you know your business. Now, I am Sir George Smart, director of the music at Covent-garden Theatre, at the Oratorios, and at many other places besides. And if you can give me proof that you are a respectable young woman, and place yourself under my care and tutelage, I'll bring you out, and make your fortune."

Poor Bertha was fairly staggered at this announcement. The realization of such a prospect would bring back comfort, and, perhaps, even health to her dear father. She could scarcely believe that it was not all a dream. But what had become of the bright-eyed, emaciated, cadaverous-looking Roman-nosed gentleman during all this time?

He had sat in the corner by the fire, closely observant of all that had passed, and had not spoken a word. But now he rose slowly—and apparently with some little difficulty—from his seat, and in very broken English, with a strong German accent said to her:

"Your *fader* is German!"

Bertha, who from the pronunciation of the word "fader" (father) found that she was speaking to one of her own countrymen, immediately answered, "Ja mein Herr" (yes sir), and the conversation that ensued between them was thenceforth carried on in their native tongue; it was to the following effect:

"You have been taught music only by your father?"

"Only by him, sir."

"Both to sing and to play the pianoforte?"

"Yes, sir."

"You never had any other instructor?"

"Never, except for the guitar. My poor mother taught me that."

"Do you play on any other instrument?"

"A little on the violin, but not much. My father insisted that I should learn it to a certain extent in order to keep my ear in tune."

"Aha! Good! What age are you?"

"I am twenty-two, sir."

"And how long have you been singing about the streets?"

"To-night is my first time, sir."

"Aha! May I ask what caused you to take such a step?"

"Sir, my poor father is helplessly stricken with paralysis; we are penniless, and I did it unknown to him, to provide food for to-morrow."

"And where do you live?"

"In Carnaby street, Golden square."

"And what is your name?"

"Bertha Villinger."

"Villinger?"

"Yes, sir."

"Villinger, what is your father's Christian name? Tell me, I pray you?" (this question was put with great eagerness and no little agitation).

"His name is Bernhard Villinger."

"Mein Gott, it is surely the same! It is my old friend whom I have not seen for so many years! He is a violinist?"

"He is, sir; he was a member of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre until this sad dispensation of Providence disabled him."

"It is the same—it is the same! I am sure of it! Sir George, this is a countrywoman of mine, and I believe her father is a very old friend of whom I have lost sight for many years. I must claim the first right to see to their future welfare!"

"*H'm*, very well—very well! But anything I can do for them, I'm sure I shall be delighted to ——"

"No, no! many thanks, but no! I have your address, my child, and will call on you and your father to-morrow early, and make arrangements for your future well-doing; meantime take this, and spare no expense in making your poor father comfortable and happy."

And thus saying, he placed in her hand a purse which must have contained at least ten sovereigns.

"Oh, sir," said poor Bertha, scarcely able to speak, "how can I find words to express my gratitude?"

"Nay, nay, my child, say no more I entreat."

"At least let me have the pleasure of conveying to my father this night the name of the friend who has thus generously assisted us."

"Never mind that to-night. To-morrow, when I see him, you shall be told."

"H'M! No, no, no! Let them be made happy to-night. The name of this gentleman, my dear, is CARL MARIA VON WEBER."

* * * * * * *

This true story is ended; but our readers may be glad to hear that through the instrumentality of the great composer, and also, after his lamented death, of Sir George Smart, Bertha was most advantageously placed in the musical world, and obtained a high position on the Continent as a concert-singer. Her father survived long enough to enjoy her triumph, and died surrounded by every comfort that his daughter's kind care could bestow.

RECIPROCAL DISASTERS.—Only 800,000 bushels of peanuts were raised this year. The failure of several circuses last year dealt a severe blow to this industry.

IN THE COMMERCE of speech use only coin of gold and silver.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES, NO. II.

THE STAR SISTERS.

DEATH OF "THE PEARL OF THE AMERICAN STAGE."

A noted emotional actress expired at the Pierrepont House, Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. She began an engagement at the Park Theatre, in that city, on Monday night, 8th inst., as Nancy Sykes, played it at Wednesday's matinee, was too ill to play it that night, and at seven o'clock on Thursday night, Jan. 11, was dead. Pneumonia was scarcely ever swifter in its fatality. When she began her engagement at the Park Theatre, her voice was feeble, due to a severe cold attributed by her to the leakiness and dampness of her dressing-room at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, where she had finished an engagement on the Saturday night before. Her illness might not have terminated fatally had she thrown up her engagement at the Park, or even had not her ambition impelled her to appear at Wednesday's matinee in disregard of her physician's counsel. It is not likely, however, that either she or her physician regarded her case as critical. It is certain that none of those about her fancied that Death was nigh. It was a quiet ending of a life of many events and marked vicissitudes. Her final words, as she returned to the couch from which she had risen to partake of a trifling nourishment in the form of tea and toast, are reported to have been: "Rest at last!" It was an intonation indicative of resignation, more than the words themselves, that called attention to her as she laid her head upon the pillow. It was then discovered that she had lapsed suddenly into a state of coma. In five minutes she was dead.

Pauline Lucille Western, according to a biography that her family never publicly questioned while she lived, was born in New Orleans on Jan. 8, 1843; but we think she was born in 1841, if not in 1840. The name by which, through all mutations—inclusive of her marriage in St. Louis on Oct. 8, 1859, to James Harrison Meade—she was known upon the stage was that by which she was known as a girl. It descended to her in virtue of her mother's marriage to George Western, a variety comedian who was known, apart from his Yankee sketches and stories, as "Great Western." He died in Binghamton, N. Y., on July 25, 1857. Mrs. Western subsequently married William B. English, a playwright, and also a manager in the Eastern States and in Canada. He died in Stratford, Ct., on July 15, 1864. His widow, whom many New-Yorkers will recall as the manager of Jane English's Theatre (Laura Keene's) in the Summer of 1862, now resides in Malden, Mass. Lucille and Helen, her sister, came not alone of theatrical stock. They had themselves trod the stage from infancy. Helen's end was not unlike Lucille's. She also died at a hotel—the Kirkwood House, Washington, D. C.—on Dec. 11, 1868, while fulfilling an engagement begun in one of her sister's favorite pieces, viz., "Cynthia, or the Flowers of the Forest." Her complaint was also a pulmonary one, and her death unexpected. It emphasizes the coincidence to add that her father, George Western, was also the victim of pulmonary disease. Helen was the younger of these two very talented sisters. In 1852 she was playing Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Boston Museum. Four years before that, or in 1849, Lucille was dancing at the National Theatre, Boston, and appearing occasionally in juvenile parts. Later, both traveled for many years in the New England circuit with their mother; and we believe it was while they were so traveling that James Pilgrim, who was then manager of the National, Boston, having reopened it about January, 1857, as the People's Theatre, secured them for that house, where they appeared about March following. At that period they were playing in such pieces as "Asmodeus," "Charles the Second," etc., and at the same time were developing the art of jig-dancing among Boston newsboys for prizes offered by the National Theatre management. Shortly afterwards "The Three Fast Men," owned by William B. English, who had been managing them through the New England circuit, was brought out at the National. The success of the sisters in the protean characters both assumed in that play was pronounced. The reader can form his own opinion of both the moral and the physical calibre of "The Three Fast Men;" for among THE CLIPPER VARIETIES this week will be found a bill of its first production in this city, the occasion being also the first appearance in New York of the Star Sisters, as Lucille and Helen were then called. We shall merely remark of its production at the Bowery Theatre, this city, that it introduced a female-minstrel scene, which, though it has since been occasionally emulated on the east side of town, was then a novelty in the legitimate theatres of the metropolis, George Lea having theretofore almost monopolized female minstrelsy at his several Franklin Museums. Its first run at the National, Boston, led to its revival there on Nov. 9, 1857, and it proved as attractive then as before. Its next notable production was in Pittsburg, Pa., and after that came the Bowery Theatre, as already spoken of. Here it ran from March 29 to April 24, 1858, and on April 26 it was brought out at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, by Henry C. Jarrett. Its next production of note was at the Albany Theatre in June and July, where it was kept up for four weeks—a run of wondrous length for Albany. Afterwards it was played in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Lexington, Ky., and Pittsburg again, in which last-mentioned city it gloried in another four weeks' run in December, 1858, and January, 1859. The piece was carried by them into the Summer of 1860, having been meanwhile performed at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, in Buffalo, in Richmond, and again at the National Theatre, Boston, where its total representations reached nearly one hundred and fifty. It was also purloined by others, and English appealed to the courts for protection. The drama had not been written for the Western Sisters, by the way, and it is extremely doubtful if English bore any greater part in its authorship than touching it up here and there. It had been in his possession a long time, and it was originally brought out not only as an experiment, but also as a last resort in behalf of the failing business of the National Theatre, Boston. After the drama had been shelved finally, Helen took to riding horseback, male fashion, in the equestrian play of "Margaret Catchpole," while in 1861 Lucille was a successful star in "The Wizard Skiff," and unsuccessful in "The Angel of Midnight," which latter Miss Kate Reignolds made her own.

At the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Jan. 20, 1865, Lucille played Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist" to the Fagin of the late James W. Wallack and the Bill Sykes of E. L. Davenport; and in coming before the curtain the latter gentleman, for whose benefit the performance was, took occasion, while commending Miss Western's acting in a role that Charlotte Cushman had raised to the pinnacle of art, to claim that he had been instrumental in placing Lucille upon the legitimate stage. We assume, therefore, that she was of the stock at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, about 1856-7. Her first conspicuous success upon the legitimate stage, however, was achieved at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, in December of 1861, as Camille. But it was not until 1863 that she received the stamp of approval at the hands of a New York audience, and then it was during an engagement at the Winter Garden extending from March 23 to April 25. The terms of that engagement, made with the late A. W. Jackson, were that she should receive one-half the gross receipts, if they were over $700, while, if they were below that figure, she should share all above $350. The receipts were never so low as $700. She opened in the dual role of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in Clifton W. Tayleure's dramatization of Mrs. Henry Wood's much dramatized novel, best known as "East Lynne." Mr. Taylor had not intended the drama for her, but she purchased it for $100, and magnetized it into a valuable piece of property—"valuable to the owner only." It ran at the Winter Garden from March 23 to April 15, inclusive. She also kept it before the New York public from Aug. 8 to 27, 1864, at Niblo's Garden, in an engagement begun on July 11 as Marie and Ogarita in "The Sea of Ice," which of itself ran for one month. She again appeared in "East Lynne" at Niblo's from March 20 to April 1, 1865.

On Nov. 14, 1864, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, she began an engagement that but few stars have ever equaled. It lasted nearly three months. It was inaugurated with "Leah the Forsaken," followed by "Camille" (the Armand being J. A. Herne), and also comprehended "Masks and Faces," "Gamea, or the Jewish Mother," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Satan in Paris," and "East Lynne." During a portion of the time that she was playing Lady Isabel at the Walnut, Mrs. D. P. Bowers was enacting it at a rival house. Let us here pause to recount a remarkable incident in her busy life. On Feb. 25, 1863, she began at the New Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, playing two nights a week to the late Edwin Forrest's four. On Feb. 23 she had entered upon a new engagement at the Holliday-street, Baltimore, and for four weeks she oscillated between the two cities, her receipts at the Chestnut, in "East Lynne," being greater on the two nights of the week than Forrest's were on the other four. This was the first of Lady Isabel and Mme. Vine in Philadelphia. It had been produced as an experiment at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, in October, 1862, whence Miss Western transferred it to Leonard Grover's Theatre, Washington, where it ran about six weeks. At her benefit at the Walnut-street Theatre, Phila., March 22, 1867, she played it for the one thousandth time, and she afterwards played it probably as many times more.

On Dec. 25, 1865, she returned to Niblo's Garden, playing Miami in "Green Bushes" for the first time in New York. It held the boards for two weeks, and was followed by "East Lynne" for another week. It is worthy of mention that Mme. Celeste, who was the original Miami, had just concluded an engagement at the Broadway Theatre, where, on Feb. 19, 1866, Miss Western appeared for the first time, producing her since familiar "Child-stealer," adapted for her by Charles Gayler from the French, and then called "Atonement." Her dual role of Madge the Cadger and Margaret Rookley will long be remembered, if only for the repellent force of her "drunken business." At the same house, but under the late William A. Moore's management instead of George Wood's, she resumed on May 27, 1867, appearing successively as Leah, Cynthia ("Flowers of the Forest"), Peg Woffington ("Masks and Faces"), Nancy Sykes and Madge the Cadger, not closing until July 6. Her first appearance at Wood's Museum, this city, was on Sept. 4, 1871, with J. A. Herne in "East Lynne;" and her initial bow at the Grand Opera-house, to which she subsequently almost confined herself when appearing in New York, was on June 21, 1869, in the same play, which was followed by "Leah," "Oliver Twist," "The Child-stealer," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Handy Andy," "Green Bushes," "Rosina Meadows," "The Spy of St. Marc," "Flowers of the Forest," "Robber's Wife," and "Sea of Ice." The engagement lasted until Oct. 2, her final characterization being Donna Delores in Victorien Sardou's "Patrie."

We have enumerated Miss Western's different roles to show that her success in the metropolis was not wholly due to "East Lynne" or to "The Child-stealer." Her repertory was far-reaching. Even when she first brought out "East Lynne" in this city, she did not rely upon it wholly, but followed it up with "The Eton Boy," "The Loan of a Lover," "Actress of Padua," "Lucrezia Borgia," "French Spy," and "Don Cæsar de Bazan," she herself playing the martial Don, which was also a specialty with her sister Helen. Later, when to "East Lynne" she added "The Child-stealer," she still clung to all the other plays we have named, and the same engagements that saw the first production of "The Child-stealer" in New York also saw her playing Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger" and Juliana in "The Honeymoon." Her talents carved for her a handsome fortune, but she amassed nothing. Genius is prone to be impulsive, and cannot be methodical; and, while she could create, she could not control. She was liberal at all times and in many ways. Her time, her talents and her purse were at the command of fellow-professionals. They were also subject to the call of charities manifold. It has been stated that "The Pearl of the American Stage," as she was first called in 1862, died comparatively poo

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO A. D. L.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The birds, when Winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing skies in sunshine lie
And Summer breezes play.

'Tis thus the friends that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from Winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains
And chirrups 'mid the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song
And nestles on the heart.

ALICE F. G.

A LIFE'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY C. EDWIN DUDLEY.

"Help!"

It was a sharp, agonizing cry that rang out on the midnight air. And again, rising far above the tumult of the storm, came the despairing words:

"Oh, Heavens! is there no help?"

I awoke from the lethargy into which I had fallen at the first appeal; but so engrossed had I been with my own cogitations, that I had not fully comprehended whether it was a freak of my imagination or not.

I had been to the opera to witness the debut of a young soprano, whose beauty and talent had been the leading topic for weeks previous. It was very seldom that I visited a place of amusement, for I was a young, struggling artist, with barely "orders" enough to support myself and mother. Some unseen influence must have controlled my actions that evening, however, for it proved one of the most important events of my life. When the curtain had fallen for the last time, I arose and followed the surging mass of humanity to the street. The rain was pouring in perfect torrents. So, pulling my coat-collar up around my neck, I proceeded homeward through the terrific storm. My home was near the outskirts of the city: and, as I could make a short cut by going through a certain street not particularly remarkable for its respectability or safety to wayfarers, I determined to take it, for I flattered myself that my appearance was not of a nature essentially attractive enough to gentlemen of garroting propensities.

I had not gone far when I was startled by the cries of a female above me. Recognizing the voice as that of someone in distress, I hurried forward, and saw two men struggling with a female. They were apparently endeavoring to force her into a close carriage that was drawn up to the curbstone. It was very evident to me that it was a case of abduction.

Neither of the men seeing me, I crept up softly behind and dealt a series of stunning blows on the head of each with a heavy cane that I had carried with me as a slight preventive against the advances of any party I might meet betraying a warlike disposition. The men dropped to the ground like lead, and it was only the work of an instant to seize the woman, jump into the middle of the street, and run as I never ran before. On, on I went, through the blinding rain.

I was very soon made aware that my blows had not been very effective, for I could hear the muttered curses of my pursuers. I knew that unless I changed my tactics they would soon be up with me, for they were gaining, while I was losing ground. Swerving to the right, I dashed into an alley that I but faintly discerned through the awful darkness, and sank into the farthest corner, where I held my breath and awaited results.

I could hear nothing but the continuous pattering of the rain on the pavement. I then turned my attention to my unfortunate companion, who, during all this time, had not uttered a sound. I placed my hand on her heart; a slight pulsation was only perceptible. She had fainted away.

There it was, midnight, and I with an insensible female on my hands. She was, I certainly did not know. What she had been doing out so late, I could have even conjecture. Expecting every moment to be pricked by some rascally knife, or punctured by pistol-bullets, and not a single myrmidon of the law within reach of one's voice, was not, in my estimation, a pleasing position to be placed in. I kept to my corner, however, and to my position because I could not very conveniently change it. All my attempts to revive my companion had failed; so, taking her in my arms once more, I emerged from my hiding-place and started for home, which I reached, after a few slight interruptions, an hour afterwards.

My mother, who was sitting up waiting for me, stared as I staggered into the room. After laying my tiresome burden on our little old lounge, I turned up the light, and took my first look at her. I could hardly credit my senses; for lying before me was the beautiful creature I had seen but one hour before. I then explained my little adventure to my mother, while I clasped the fair girl's hands. Seeing that the restoratives which I had administered were bringing her to consciousness, I left her in charge of my mother and retired to my own apartment. In less than ten minutes I was in the land of dreams.

When I awoke the next morning I hurriedly dressed, and went down to the parlor, where, to my surprise, sat my companion of the previous evening, none the worse for being exposed to the drenching storm.

She was splendidly proportioned, and her face was of a very fine spiritual cast. Her dark tresses, tinged with the most delicate purple, rippled over a snowy, marble-like brow. Down in her deep, lustrous eyes gleamed forth a haunting look—the look that one sees in that exquisite picture that ever touches the heart to its innermost depth—the sweet, sad face of Evangeline.

She knew who I was instantly, for, gliding softly up to where I stood, she took both my hands in her own, and in a tremulous voice said:

"Your dear, kind mother has told me all. How can I ever repay you for the noblest, grandest deed that man ever done woman—in saving her from a fate that death would be a boon to?"

"Say not another word about it," I softly answered, leading her back to the seat she had just vacated. And when I had taken another beside her, she quietly asked:

"You think it strange, do you not, at the position I was in when you rescued me?"

"I must confess that it has seemed a sort of mystery to me," I replied.

"To make it perfectly clear, I will have to acquaint you with the history of my life. My name—that is what I know of it—is Mabel, for the rest I have adopted Blanchard, it being the name of the dear friends with whom I have been living."

Then, gazing dreamily into the glowing embers that brightly burned in the old-fashioned grate before her, she told me the story of her life.

"It is a very peculiar one," she said. "I have never known what it is to have a parent's love. My earliest recollection is living with an old woman called Hager, who would never give me the slightest information concerning my parents. She would keep me out in the streets all day in the bitter cold, without a mouthful to eat, begging for pennies from the passers-by. And if I had not been successful when I returned home at night, she would beat me until the blood streamed from my shoulders.

"Often I have sat on the piers gazing down into the placid stream below, knowing it was only a step to eternity, where the miseries of this world would be at an end forever.

But something witheld me, and I lived on with old Hager until I was twelve years old, when one day a carriage drove up to our door, and a man elegantly dressed alighted from it. As soon as Hager saw him she hustled me out the back-door, cautioning me not to come in until she called me. My summons came in about half-an-hour. As I entered I saw the gentleman who had alighted at the door. He eyed me very sharply at first, and then his face assumed a satisfied air.

"May, my dear," said old Hager, in the kindliest voice she had ever addressed me with: "This is your father who has been away for a long time, and now come to claim you and bring you home."

"My father!" I ejaculated, and rushing into his arms I kissed him over and over again. He seemed rather indifferent to my caresses I thought, for grasping my hand he led me to the carriage, which we entered and drove off. That was the last I ever saw of old Hager.

In about an hour we drew up to a beautiful residence, surrounded by grand old elm trees and wide sloping lawns, on which fountains of the most exquisite workmanship were throwing streams of water high in the air, forming the most beautiful colored rainbows imaginable. Pretty little fawns were basking in the glorious sunshine, who only seemed aware of our presence by lazily casting their soft, gleaming eyes towards us as we passed them.

We ascended the broad stone-steps, and entered the massive doorway. The richness of the interior dazzled me. I had heard of fairy palaces, but nothing in my estimation could equal the gorgeous splendor before me. The carpets were of the most costly velvet. The furniture was mahogany and velvet. Rare old pictures adorned the beautiful decorated walls; while huge mirrors, highly polished, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, were placed in opposite directions, making the effect one of rare beauty.

The housekeeper was the only person, beside ourselves, living there. She was rather a young-looking woman, with a sad, pensive face that never smiled. She very seldom spoke, and then under her breath as if afraid of her own voice. She was a decided mystery to me, as was my father also, who I saw very little of, as he was away from his home the most of the time. I was quite happy, however. A tutor came every day to teach me, and as I grew older I was taught music, of which I was very fond, with Latin and French.

When I had been there a little over five years, my father would come home, after being away for weeks, with a more careworn look in his face; and, consequently, I was pained to see that he had been drinking heavily. On one of these occasions there came home with him a person to whom I took an instantaneous dislike—Gaspar Wickloff by name. He was about thirty years old, and his features were of the most sensuous type. He dressed very extravagantly, and displayed on his person an unusual amount of jewelry. He seemed to feel as if he had as much right on the premises as my father. I often caught him furtively watching me through his half-closed, snaky eyes. I also noticed that my father seemed afraid of him.

One evening after retiring, for some unaccountable reason I could not get to sleep, and, thinking it would be better to occupy the time reading, I arose, hastily threw on a wrapper and descended to the library. I was about to enter when I was arrested from so doing by hearing voices inside. It was my father and Gaspar Wickloff. I listened and heard enough to convince me that my father was in that man's power. I almost sank to the floor with horror when I heard Gaspar Wickloff say:

"You are a murderer and a kidnapper, John Logan."

"Fool! Suppose the girl should hear that!" replied my father.

"Tis best that you keep a civil tongue in your head," quietly remarked Gaspar Wickloff, and then they conversed in lower tones, which I knew by the sound to be of an exciting nature. I then returned to my room dazed and bewildered by what I had overheard.

I saw nothing of either my father or Gaspar Wickloff during the next day. But in the evening, while I was sitting in my room sewing, my father entered, and locked the door after him, putting the key into his pocket. Staggering to the centre of the room he glared at me for a few moments and then said:

"I've got a little business with you, Miss. I won't dilly-dally, but come right to the point. You must marry Gaspar Wickloff!"

I was so completely frightened that my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could not articulate a word.

"Well, when will you be ready?" he savagely demanded.

"Never!" I cried, springing to my feet, for my indignation had now thoroughly overcome my fright.

"By the eternal Heavens! you shall!" he shouted, "or a fate ten thousand times worse will be yours!"

Can this man be my father I asked myself. Then the full force of the word "kidnapper" flashed through my brain. My suspicions were thoroughly aroused, and as I looked back on the past, I knew why he had never betrayed the slightest affection for me—why he had sullenly replied to my inquiries concerning my mother. "Your mother died when you was born," he had replied to my interrogations in reference to her death; and that was about the only information he would ever vouchsafe. I now knew the whole thing to be a most deliberate lie. John Logan had stolen me from my parents when I was a babe. I now knew what he meant by saying: *"suppose the girl should hear that?"* I was the girl meant, as there was none other in the house. Had he supported me all these years for the sole purpose of gratifying an insane revenge? All these thoughts passed o'er my brain quicker than I am telling it. Then in a voice ringing with the intensity of excitement, I cried:

"John Logan, you are a villian. All these years you have basely lied to me. I see you now in your true character. Instead of being my father you are my abductor; and why, God and yourself alone know."

At this he recoiled with horror, but quickly recovered himself and replied:

"You're right, I hated him," and a terrible look, very nearly like insanity, came into his eyes that were gleaming with venomous passion.

"He always stood in my way, even from boyhood. His soft tongue and womanish face robbed me of the only woman I ever loved. She refused me for him. My love turned to hate, hate! I swore to be revenged, and I have already had part. But not all—not all. You say you will never marry Gaspar Wickloff; then you will be my slave, and you will be glad to marry anyone. When I see you groveling at my feet, begging, beseeching to become the wife of the man you now spurn, then John Logan's revenge will be complete."

Striding to the door he unlocked it, and went out, locking it after him. As soon as I heard his footsteps departing down the hall I sprang to the door, and shot the heavy brass bolt into its socket to prevent any attempt to enter, not knowing how soon he would return.

My first thought was of escape. But the only mode of exit was locked. No, there was the window. I softly opened it, and peered out into the darkness below. I knew that the window was about thirty feet from the ground, and how to reach it was the question. I was trying to solve when my eyes lit on the bedclothes. I had found a way at last.

In half an hour I had formed quite a lengthy rope by adding thereon several old dresses. At one end I tied a satchel containing a few changes of clothing and some little trinkets that I dearly prized. The remaining end I securely fastened to the bedpost.

After putting on an old hood and shawl, I blew out the light, and went to the open window and listened. Not a sound could be heard but the wind sighing through the trees. Then placing the satchel, with the rope, out of the window, I let it slide slowly down. My heart stood in my throat for fear my improvised rope would fail to reach the ground. But suddenly I felt a slight thud, my rope became slack, and I knew it had reached the desired destination.

Offering up a short prayer to Him who watches over all, I commenced to descend. Excitement lent me strength. My progress was very slow but successful. When about half way down I heard the key grate in the lock of my door, and the knob turn. By the fearful imprecations which followed, I knew that it was Logan, foiled in his attempt to enter.

Hurriedly sliding down the remainder of the rope, during which I burned my hands terribly, I darted over the lawn, leaving my satchel still on the rope behind me. I soon struck the path leading to the street, and I ran until nearly exhausted. In the meantime the rain which had been falling all day had soon developed into a perfect deluge. I wandered on from one street to another, not knowing where I was going, never caring only to get as far as possible from that detestable house. Where I was going to spend the night never entered my head.

My clothes were soaking wet, and I felt that, unless I found shelter soon, I must fall in my tracks, for I was growing weaker each moment. The streets were entirely deserted, and the storm seemed to be increasing in its savage fury.

Oh, the misery of that night I can never forget. I beseeched God to let me die, but He had decreed otherwise, for a short distance in advance I saw a gleam of light. I staggered on, and saw that it came from a half-open doorway. I pushed the door open, and peered in on a long, narrow entry, with stairs ascending at the back. I entered, and tried to mount them, but my strength failed. I fell to the floor. My senses left me, and all was blank.

When I returned to consciousness I found myself lying in bed. The room I was in was very finely furnished, and the fragrant perfume of flowers was filling the atmosphere with the most exquisite and delicate of odors. By a large window where the golden sunshine was struggling through a half-open blind, sat a sweet-faced, middle-aged lady, daintily crocheting. My moving attracted her attention, and, quickly rising, she came towards me smiling, and poured a teaspoonful of dark-colored liquid from a small vial she had taken from a table close by, and bade me drink it. After I had done so I attempted to sit up, but fell back again dizzy-headed and weak.

How I came to be among such kind friends I know not; but I know that God had not forsaken me in my hour of trouble.

During these meditations the lady had been tenderly tucking the bedclothes around me. And in a voice that sounded very unlike my own, I faintly inquired:

"Where am I?"

"Wait until to-morrow, my dear," she softly replied, "and I will tell you everything you wish to know."

But in the morning I was down with brain fever, and it was many days before I knew anything whatever. My convalescence was very slow. But when the doctor said all danger was over the lady told me the whole story of my being there.

Her name was Blanchard. Her husband was a manager of one of the city theatres, and on the night of my escape he had been detained at the theatre until after midnight, owing to some complicated business matters which he desired to rectify. After everything had been arranged satisfactorily, he turned off the gas, and, was descending the stairs of the stage-entrance, when he espied me lying on the floor where I had fallen. He was startled at first, thinking that some one had died there. But feeling the beating of my heart, and, knowing no other alternative, he took me in his arms and carried me to his residence, which was only a short way from the theatre, and placed me in charge of his wife.

I then told her all my previous history. She sympathised with me deeply. And when I was able to sit up, she brought in Mr. Blanchard and introduced us, she remarking that it was under more favorable circumstances than when we first met.

He was a very fleshy gentleman and about forty-five years old. His eyes were continually twinkling with merriment, and his voice was the very extract of humor. A more genial nature I never saw. His remarks were very quaint and original, causing me frequently to smile. He had accumulated quite a handsome property during his managerial career, and his benevolence was widely felt.

During one of our conversations he asked me if I was fond of music. I replied in the affirmative.

"Do you play?" he inquired, jerking his head towards the piano in the opposite corner of the room.

"Sometimes," I smilingly replied.

"By George, Miss May, my little daughter wants an instructor badly. Now, if you will only accept, I will establish you musical-director of my household."

I thanked him from the bottom of my heart, for I knew his brusque offer was only a kind-hearted device to give me a home where I would not feel that I was a dependent.

One evening while alone in the parlor I sat down to the piano, and, forgetful of my surroundings, sang an aria from the "Bohemian Girl." As the last note died away I was startled to hear a voice behind me exclaim:

"Well done, by George! Why, my dear girl, with that voice you would surely drive the critics wild. You would, by George!" It was Mr. Blanchard who had entered unobserved. I did not know whether to feel flattered by his remark or not, and I smilingly replied that I did not think such a monstrous calamity would be likely to occur.

"Your voice only needs a little cultivation to make you one of the leading sopranos of opera," he rejoined, as he left the room. But, to my surprise, he soon returned, leading in his wife.

"Sing it once more, please," he said. I did so, and when I had finished he clapped his hands and cried:

"Bravo! Vive la Mable! Wonderful, by George!" and, turning to Mrs. Blanchard, he said:

"We must do something for that voice. It must be cultivated, by George!" and then playfully throwing his right arm around her waist they slowly sauntered out of the room together.

One day while in the parlor teaching Lillian, Mrs. Blanchard's little daughter, her first lessons in music, Mrs. Blanchard came in, and, after a few commonplace remarks, asked me if I would like to go to Italy and have my voice thoroughly cultivated.

"I should be delighted!" I answered joyfully.

"Mr. Blanchard and myself have been talking it over together, and we have decided to send you there for a few years. For, as he says, your voice is a fortune in itself."

"But the expense will be very great," I timidly said.

"Of course; but nothing compared to the value you will receive from it," she smilingly replied.

When I retired to my room that night I let my feelings have full vent. And with tears streaming down my cheeks, prayed that He who doeth all things well, would shower blessings on those kind-hearted people who had taken to their fold and tenderly cared for as their own, a poor, motherless girl, without one single friend in the wide, wide world.

So it was decided that I was to go abroad. And one fair June day I kissed my kind benefactors, who had accompanied me to the steamer, a fond good-bye. Amid the fluttering of handkerchiefs, creaking of ropes, escaping steam, and voices—some cheerily, some tinged with sadness—exchanging adieus, or giving kind messages to dear friends over the sea, we moved out from the pier and steamed slowly down the island-dotted bay, toward the beautiful land of flowers and sky.

I need not linger over my sojourn abroad. It is only necessary to say during that time I had heard nothing of John Logan. My return to America was attended by nothing of any interest. Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard were on the pier to welcome me home. The meeting was one of great happiness to all. After tea I seated myself at the piano and sang one of Mr. Blanchard's favorite ballads. He was very enthusiastic and profuse in his laudations of my singing; predicting a great success for me on the operatic stage, on which he had made arrangements for me to appear.

Last night was the time appointed for my debut. Everthing went satisfactorily. Mr. Blanchard was in ecstacies. At the end of the first act he came to me, and, taking both my hands in his, he shook them heartily, at the same time exclaiming:

"Didn't I tell you so, by George? Wonderful success!"

After the curtain descended on the last act, and I had gone to my dressing-room, I received a knock at my door. It was the old door-keeper who informed me that a boy outside had just handed him a note addressed to me, and said he was to wait for an answer. I tore it open nervously, and read something like the following:

DEAR MADAM: If you desire to know who your parents were, you must instantly come with the bearer of this note. John Logan is dying, and wishes to make a confession. Hurry, or a dark secret will die with him, as he will not confess to anyone but yourself. Yours, etc.,

H. F. MARTIN, M.D.

Hastily throwing on a heavy cloak, I left the theatre without a word to anyone. The boy was at the door, and, as soon as he saw me, he went striding on ahead, and I after him. I scarcely heeded the awful storm; for the hopes and prayers of years was to be realized at last. I was nearly frenzied with excitement. So much so that I did not stop and consider the advisableness of going alone, nor even suspecting the least particle of treachery. Besides, I knew the gentleman whose name was signed to the note, he being the family physician of Mr. Blanchard.

After walking nearly half an hour, my young guide turned into a dark, narrow street. Not a single light was visible, and I could barely distinguish the form of my conductor flitting on before. When we arrived in the darkest part of the street, he suddenly disappeared altogether. Before I had time to collect my thoughts, I found myself seized from behind by two men. It flashed through my brain that the whole proceeding was a ruse to get me into the clutches of John Logan. And, shrieking for help, I struggled with all the strength and power of despair to free myself. I cried out again, and very soon after heard the sound of blows, and then felt myself seized and borne rapidly away. Then my senses left me, and I knew no more until I awoke to consciousness in this room."

Then, withdrawing her gaze from the smoldering fire that had by this time burned itself nearly out, she turned towards me with a look that can never be forgotten, and said in a voice that sounded so mournfully sweet:

"This is the story of my life."

The events narrated above happened years ago. Mabel never appeared in public since that eventful night. The friendship between us which sprang from it soon ripened into love, culminating in marriage. Dear, genial Mr. Blanchard sleeps in Greenwood by the side of his kind-hearted wife. Logan went to England after his unsuccessful attempt to abduct Mabel, as the police were scenting his footsteps too keenly to be comfortable.

Shortly after his arrival there he was found one night in one of the lowest streets of London in a dying condition, his body being completely covered with knife-wounds. Although he knew who did it he never informed. Before he died he made a confession, which told the old, old story of a discarded love and revenge.

Mabel was the only child of Gilbert and Mabel Leigh, her father being a very wealthy banker. John Logan and Mr. Leigh were cousins, Logan occupying the position of private secretary to his cousin. It seems he had been a suitor of Mrs. Leigh's prior to her marriage, but she had rejected him for Mr. Leigh. His love then turned to the most bitter hatred, and he swore solemnly to himself to be revenged, though he skillfully kept up the guise of sincere friendship. When little Mabel was born he effected a plan to gratify his revenge, which he carried out to perfection a year afterwards, and that was the abducting of Mabel by her nurse, Logan's flatteries having made the poor, misguided creature think by so doing he would marry her, for she perfectly idolized him. At the same time Logan disappeared, taking with him fifty thousand dollars that had been placed temporarily in Mr. Leigh's private safe.

The shock of losing her child in such a manner Mrs. Leigh never recovered from, and a year afterwards she died. Mr. Leigh did not long survive his wife, being found dead one morning in his bed—"heart-disease" was the verdict. He left a will in which he desired the State to hold his property until his child came to claim it, although, if after a certain number of years his heir did not appear, it was to be bequeathed to some charitable institution.

Logan, knowing the above fact, came back to America from Paris, where he had lost nearly all the money he had absconded with in gambling, hired a noble residence, took Mabel from old Hager, with whom he had left her prior to his departing the country, eleven years previously, and brought her to this home, intending, when she had reached maturity, to make her his mistress, pretending to the outside world that she was his wife, claim her father's estates, and then forcing her to marry Gaspar Wickloff, a notorious blackleg, who really was in love with her. But the reader already knows how this diabolical scheme was frustrated. Mabel had no trouble in claiming her property, it being fully recognized as valid.

Here by my side in the soft Autumnal twilight sits my beautiful wife Mabel; and, as she gazes into the deepening shadows, I see her mentally gathering around her, I know by the far-off look in the dark, dreamy eyes that memories of the days already told are sadly flitting before her.

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"SUMMER STORMS."

H. J. Jennings' new drama, in three acts, bearing the above title, was first acted at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, Eng., Jan. 18. A correspondent writes as follows concerning it: "The dialogue is cleverly written, and is interesting from beginning to end; the situations are striking, and the incidents are not happily and naturally arranged, and the whole drama is so interesting in every detail, that, as the story is being developed, there is growing a feeling of sympathy between the audience and the leading characters in the plot. The curtain rises in the first act upon Frederick in his study in Priory, the mansion of Sir Winfer Porlock, and here the audience is introduced to Sir Winfer's maiden sister, his daughter Rose, a young tutor named Jones, and a visitor named Captain Chillingham. Before, however, the arrival of the two gentlemen upon the scene, Rose, who is in search of a little tete-a-tete between the two ladies, from which it is evident that Mr. Jones, while acting in the capacity of a tutor to Miss Rose Porlock's brother Frank, had won the affection of the young lady herself. She regrets to learn from her aunt that Frank is shortly to go to Cambridge, and that Mr. Jones will then have to leave the Priory, his services not being any longer required. She cannot see why her papa should have invited Captain Chillingham to the Priory, whose politeness, she submits, is not genuine. There is a dread hanging over her that Sir Winfer will attempt to insist upon her giving her hand in marriage to the Captain. During the conversation Mr. Jones and the Captain enter, and words pass between them of a not very complimentary nature. The tutor leaves in high dudgeon. But he resolves, on putting upon his past and present position—of wealth and social station having been within his grasp and snatched from him—Rose enters to say to him that she has just stolen away for a moment to ask him not to feel hurt at anything Captain Chillingham has said. Soon after the old gentleman enters to appear Sir Winfer, the Captain, and Prudence, Sir Winfer's sister. After a time the lady leaves in search of Rose, and the Captain takes advantage of the opportunity to let Sir Winfer into the secret of the attachment between his daughter Rose and his son's tutor. He advises Sir Winfer to be on his guard, and to nip anything of the kind in the bud. Sir Winter departs, promising that he will see to it, and the Captain, when left alone, observes Mr. Jones and Rose approaching, upon which he, Chillingham, withdraws to a recess. An interesting conversation here takes place between the two, the tutor making a declaration of love for Rose, and, just when asking her whether she can in return love the poor tutor, Chillingham steps from behind the curtain, and, looking disdainfully at Mr. Jones, puts a question by Lady Selwyn in relation of answering such a question. The Captain then offers the young lady his arm, which she declines. High words pass between them until Jones, exasperated beyond control, levels Chillingham with one blow. Rising, the latter rushes at his antagonist; they close, and an exciting struggle takes place. In the midst of this scene Sir Winfer, his sister, and the servants enter hurriedly, having been alarmed by Chillingham's cries for help. An explanation is demanded, and Sir Winter is informed by Chillingham that he had been insulted by Jones, who, of course, and that, upon remonstrating with him on such presumptuous conduct, Jones assaulted him. The tutor gives his version of the affair, but the result is that Jones is ordered by Sir Winfer from the house, notwithstanding the intercession of his daughter Rose, who appears particularly unto the scene. Before wishing Rose farewell, he says to Chillingham, with a significant look: "Captain Chillingham, it is your turn now; but mine *will* come." This closes the first act, and the second opens with a view of the Priory grounds, where Sir Winfer and his sister Prudence are seen conversing upon the exciting scene of the previous morning. Sir Winfer hints that Chillingham had acquainted him of his attachment to Rose, and asks his sister whether she does not think it would be a good match. She, shyly, however, suggests that before carrying the matter any further it would be well to inquire into the Captain's antecedents, means, etc., and hints that, as nothing was known of his family at the Priory he might be an adventurer. The idea is ridiculed by Sir Winfer, who expressed an opinion that Prudence would question the genealogy of Adam if it did not interfere with her character for orthodoxy. All Chillingham's offers and avowals are treated by Rose with scorn, and his attempts to blacken the character of Jones are indignantly resented. Chillingham seizes her by the hand and tells her that he will not accept her denial, and that he has the power of compelling her to accept him. This only serves to exasperate Rose all the more, and in reply to his assertion that the time is not distant when she will accept him, and with humiliation, she replies emphatically and determinedly: "Never! I dislike you before, now I despise you!" and then leaves the stage. Sir Winfer here appears, and Chillingham decides to say nothing about the refusal, but to ask for her father's consent. Sir Winfer mentions, as a good joke, that his sister had suggested that before the consent was given to the proposed marriage something should be known of the Captain's credentials; at which, of course, the Captain heartily laughs, and throws ridicule upon the notion. A new idea strikes Chillingham, which he thinks, if acted upon, will induce Sir Winfer to give his consent at once. He informs Sir Winfer that he himself is the son of Sir Winfer's brother, and hands to the astonished Baronet a deed which shows that the elder brother of the house of Porlock, who had been lost for a long time, had left a wife and child, and that the present possessor of the estates may be dispossessed. If the Baronet will recognize his claim without any unpleasantness, and consent to his marriage with Rose, he would on the day it was celebrated execute a deed leaving Sir Winfer still in possession of the bulk of the property. Sir Winfer gives his consent and leaves the stage, promising to speak to his daughter and urge her to the suit. An awkward visitor in the shape of the footman, wanting to see Captain Chillingham. The individual turns out to be Mrs. Durfey, the wife of the pseudo Captain Chillingham, who has ascertained some particulars of her husband's career. He professes the greatest attachment for her, apologizes for having left her, and persuades her that he is playing a game that did not concern her, and that, when he had won the stake, he would join her again in London, if she would at once return there; he would then be possessed of a large amount, and would take her to the sunny South. He leads her away, when Jones enters, and is soon followed by Rose, who hastens to tell her lover that she thinks it would be useless to encourage thoughts of marriage. An interview follows between Rose and her father concerning the young lady's marriage with Chillingham. He explains to the Captain's possession of the deeds, and that her refusal to marry him will lead to the ruin of the house of Porlock. Ultimately she consents to the marriage, and, bursting into tears, flings herself at her father's feet, exclaiming "It is for your sake, father; it is for your sake," upon which the curtain falls upon the second act. The third and last act opens with the same scenery as the first act, and preparations are being made for the ill-assorted marriage. Prudence is in doubt as to the genuineness of the deeds produced by Chillingham, and endeavors to persuade her brother not to allow the marriage to take place until he has heard from his lawyer in London, with whom he is in communication concerning the deeds. Everything is in readiness for the nuptials, and while Sir Winfer and Prudence are debating the question as to the advisability of delaying the marriage until a reply has been received from the London lawyer, the bridesmaids enter. Chillingham appears, and, after exchanging congratulations and inquiring after Rose, he announces that he has just received a telegram from Joyce & Joyce (which in reality has been forwarded in their name by his wife, according to arrangement), stating "Required documents cannot be sent until day after to-morrow. Everything is correct." This gives great satisfaction to Sir Winfer, and any further doubts as to the genuineness of the transaction are pooh-poohed. Presently Rose enters, pale and unhappy-looking, and, after exchanging a few words softly with her father, she is left alone while he retires to bring Prudence to console and comfort her. Kissing her lover's portrait and replacing it in her bosom, she buries her face in her hands, sobbing out the words: "For you, poor toiling teacher, Rose is henceforth numbered with the dead. Farewell." Prudence now appears, and announces that the carriages are at the door, when a painful interview takes place. Her father and bridesmaids next enter, and all are hurrying for the ceremony, when a footman whispers that "Jones has arrived." Sir Winfer orders him to be removed, but Jones succeeds in forcing his way in, and announces, in the midst of general excitement, that the marriage must not take place. Rose sinks into a chair, and Jones thanks Heaven that he is in time to save her from disgrace and degradation. There is great confusion, and Jones shouts aloud that the man who calls himself Captain Chillingham is no other than Dick Durfey, the gambler. Durfey's wife, who has heard a different tale of her husband's movement than she had received from himself, is now in London, and has come down to Sir Winfer's father, Dorothy assumes the name of Rose, whom Florence has known in her early childhood, and asks to be engaged as her maid—a request that is readily granted—while Rose, who is thus made to appear to be Jones' lady, is retained by Arthur as his housekeeper. Between the act's some time has elapsed. Sir Frederick married to Florence, has had a severe illness, during which he has been carefully tended by his wife's maid—indeed, more carefully than by Lady Selwyn herself. This has led to Selwyn conceiving a greater affection for his wife's maid than is consistent for a master to entertain for his servant, and may well excuse the jealousy that is aroused in his wife's mind. Of course, knowing what the audience does, the affection is in some measure attributed to the paternal sentiment which, unknown to himself, inspires Frederick in his affection for the lovely Dorothy. Florence in vain urges him to dismiss her. As a matter of justice alone, there is no reason for doing so, although it must be owned that the fact of Dorothy having sent all her wages to an old soldier, who had saved Sir Frederick's life in battle, was in some measure a little to her credit. Instead of Florence dismissing Dorothy, she has written for assistance during his late Captain's illness, has displayed an affection for her master that ladies' maids are not supposed generally to entertain for their mistresses' husbands. To complicate matters against Dorothy, a cousin of Lady Selwyn, Reginald Brooke, has known and loved Dorothy when she was a simple country girl, and has had his affection chilled by suspicions as to the motive of her present dissimulation. He reveals to Lady Selwyn the fact that a girl's true name is Dorothy; and the jealous wife, provided with this proof of her duplicity, prepares to denounce her to Sir Frederick. In the meantime the extravagant Arthur, who is as hopelessly in debt as he was in the first act, when his uncle handed him the cheque, has again run through the money, and to fill up the amount he requires, comes into Sir Frederick's drawing-room, in London, to ask for the customary assistance; armed, this time, with the letter that he has unscrupulously kept back. He has been overlooking his housekeeper with jewels and expensive dresses, that he has thought has considerably underrated to her, telling her that he will stop the amount from her wages. His object is, of course, to woo her through her vanity, and thus to win his uncle's consideration by allying himself with Dorothy's pretended daughter. An interview with Dorothy soon undeceives the girl as to the value of the presents that she has received from her master, and it is her angrily expressed determination to leave him, and her somewhat illogical demand for him to pay her her wages—unreasonable, but the result of her being taken into account—that hurries him on to offering to make himself as her husband—a proposal that she very willingly accedes to. The drama now draws to a conclusion. Sir Frederick learns that he has a daughter named Dorothy, and thus the previous explanation by Lady Selwyn of her servant Rose bearing a false name, her true one being that of Dorothy Fielding, reveals to him the fact that it is his own child who has nursed him through his illness and has aroused the jealousy of his wife in the tender solicitude she has shown for him. When Lady Selwyn enters, in the expectation of hearing that her maid is dismissed, she finds her in Sir Frederick's arms. Explanations follow, Dorothy is reconciled to her lover, Reginald is acknowledged by her father and adopted by her stepmother, while the unscrupulous nephew is glad to hold to his proposal to Rose, and to have a moderate provision from his uncle. Thus the drama ends pleasantly, and before there is time for the attention of the audience to tire, and maintaining interest to the end." It was cast with Miss Eastlake as the heroine, Miss A. Bruce as Rose, Miss Hulme as Florence, H. Standing as Arthur, E. Ashley as Sir Frederick, and Charles Tritton as Reginald.

"LA BELLE SAINORA"

is the name of a one-act comedy by M. Ernest d'Herville, which was first acted at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, France, Dec. 22. The plot is thus sketched: "The scene' is laid in Japan, at the tranquil abode of the poet Kami. He is in love with the beautiful Sainara, whose charms he sings in a poem. She is beautiful; Sainara is not coquettish; she returns Kami's flame, but before giving him her hand determines to test his qualities by a series of ordeals. Consequently, we first see a feminine demon, who comes to tempt the poetic St. Anthony under the appearance of the dancer Musme. But her pirouettes are thrown away on the anchorite, who exorcises her with little taps of his fan that prove wonderfully efficacious. Next appears Taikoum, a noble officer of highest rank, who has come in search of Musme, and who in the fury of his jealousy insults the poet and slaps his face. Kami is too respectful to the hierarchy of his country to reply to an outrage addressed to him by a warrior, the son of the Tycoon himself. But he resolves, all the same, to clear his honor next day by ripping open his stomach, in the way prescribed in such cases for an honorable man who has been insulted by his superior in social rank. The last test arrives in the person of the fair Sainara herself, who asks him on the part of an old uncle crippled with debts to lend her eight hundred itzibous. The sum represents Kami's whole fortune, and he had destined it as payment to the publisher of his interminable poem. Nevertheless, without a moment's hesitation, he empties at the feet of his loved one the hundred and twenty bags of rice that represent this treasure. The sacrifice once accomplished, he will meet his death as he has sworn to do. But a joyous burst of laughter from Sainara informs him that he has been the happy dupe of a loving girl's deception. The female demon with his painted face and the fierce Taikoum were only friends whom she had engaged to play the parts she had assigned them. She wished before marrying the love-sick poet to gauge his fidelity, courage and generosity; he has passed triumphantly through the triple ordeal, and well deserves his reward."

"RACINE SIFFLE,"

a one-act piece by Pierre Elsear, was produced at the Odeon, Paris, on Dec. 21, being the 276th anniversary of the birth of Racine. The author introduces us to the poet's home in 1677, the morrow of the failure of his "Phedre," which, in consequence of a court cabal fomented by the Duchesse de Bouillon, the Duke de Nevers, and the friends of Racine's rival Pradon, had been scandalously hissed. The poet might, probably, have borne with stoicism the unworthy fate accorded for the moment to his tragedy; but he was deeply in love with Madame Champmesle, the great actress of the day, who had played the chief role, and he dreaded lest the failure of the play might not bring the worst consequences to his suit. We soon learn, in fact, that the same evening on which "Phedre" had been "damned," La Champmesle, as she was styled, had supped with a redoubtable critic of the day, Bonneau De Vise, editor of *The Mercure Galant*, who, consequently, while contigating the piece, handed the actress to the skies. Racine is in despair on hearing this news, but happily his warm friend the Marquis of Fenestranges comes to his rescue, and, by an ingenious stratagem, revives in the poet's breast his early affection for a poor orphan, Catherine Romanet, who loves Racine modestly and secretly, but deeply, and her attachment weans him from his fatal passion for La Champmesle, and consoles him for the perfidy of the tragedienne. The author would lead his audience to imagine that the poet was not in the good graces of La Champmesle, but such is not the fact. The great tragedienne was his mistress for a long period, until, in fact, he was supplanted by M. de Clermont-Tonnerre.

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THE MYSTERY.

TAMBO.—Say, Bonesy, was you down to my lecture de oder night?

BONES.—Yes, indeedy; it went off fus'-rate, 'specially de audience when you commenced.

TAMBO.—Go 'long—let's change de subjec'. Kin you tell me when water am like a circus-actor?

BONES.—When it's near a *fall*.

TAMBO.—Dat might do, but water is like a circus-actor, too, when it makes a *spring*.

BONES.—Dat's so, too; but can you tell me why my wife's cheeks am like a pair ub express-horses?

TAMBO.—Gub it up before I heard ub it.

BONES.—Well, when I axed de old gal dat de oder night, and tole her de answer, you bet I caught rats.

TAMBO.—Why so?

BONES.—Well, says I, old woman, why am your cheeks like a pair ub express-horses? She couldn't guess it no more dan you could just now. So I told her dat her cheeks was like a pair ub expresshorses bekase dey was each side ub a *waggin' tongue*, and I had to dust lively, you bet.

TAMBO.—Bet yer; but say, Bones, what did you do wid dat cornbeef you and me bought de oder day?

BONES.—Put it down cellar in de brine barr'l, and when I went to look for it dis mornin' and put my hand down in de br

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P.M., MONDAY, Jan. 15.

LADIES' LIST.

Albertazzi, Clelia
Aimee Opera Co. "A. L." Miss of F. Templeton's Co.)
Archer, Amanda
Acbie, Rosa
Adams, Sallie (2)
Aspenwall, Lulu
Bidwell, Mrs. Dollie
Boniface, Margaret
Beane, Fannie
Beevor, Miss M.
Bertin, Millie, (dancer) (2)
Bashell, Carrie
Bellville, Nellie
Berger, Della
Brown, Lottie
Bradley, Cora M.
Bridges, Virginia
Canthorne, Mrs.
Cordelia & Victorelli
Conwright, Mrs. W.
Clifton, Belle (dancer)
Cameron, Isadore
Coleman, Mrs. Kate
Coombs, Jane
Coventry, Julie
Corey, Ida (of Spalding's A. B. R.)
Camarva, Marie (2)
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Davenport, Gracie
De Brent, Amy
Dorrie, Rose (of Allen's Statue Co.)
Durand, Kittie
Dickinson, Anna
Davenport, Minnie
Dahler, Miss M. W.
Douglas, Fannie
Dacy, Anna
D'Este, Helen
Edgarton, Lillian S.
Ellison, Mrs. N.
Fisher, Jennie
Francis, Lillie (velocipedist)
Forrest, Kate
Florence, Rena
Franklin, Louisa
Fleming, Nellie
Forrest, Lillian
Felton, Mrs. Maggie S.
Francis, Fannie (vocalist)
Gassford, Eliza
Gray, Maggie (vocalist)
Gleason, Alice (vocalist)
Granville, Gertie
Gray, Naggie
Goldners, Annie
Hannum, Miss Z.
Howard, Jessie (vocalist, etc.)
Hunt, Annie
Hindle, Annie
Hall, Lillie (vocalist)
Hasson, Lillie (of Hasson Sist.)
Hastings, Kate (of Birmingham, Eng.)
Harrison, Miss H. H. 6c.
Howard, Mrs. G. C. Herrmann, Mrs. Addie
"Hyde" (of Girard College)
Howard, Lillie
Hastings, Lizzie
Hilton, Maude
Herd Sisters
Isaacs, Ada
Irwin Sisters
Kurtzwell, Johanna
Knaus, Mrs. Nelson
Kelsy, Lila
Laurens, Mrs. J.
Love, Ella (2)
La Verde Sisters
Lucille, Fannie
Love Sisters
Leslie, Jennie
Leonard, Adele
Lynwood, Ada
Lockwood, Mrs. Celia
La Fond, Florence
Leak, Annie E.
Lippencott, Clara
Lee, Rosa
La Verde, Bella
Leigh, Maude
Mitchell, Loutie
Marks, Jennie
May, Georgie
Munroe, Mrs. Grace
Moore, Clara
Mitchell, Maggie
Maddern, Mary
Mohring, Miss F.
Minelli, Leontine
Olympia, Mlle. (gymnast) 12c.
Powers, Edith
Robinson, Marian (vocalist) (2)
Ross, Mlle. (of Comique, Richmond)
Rivington, Ida (2)
Robertson, Minnie
Reynolds, "Vic"
Ross, Alice
Singler, Miss "Add"
Richings-Bernard, Mad.
Stratton, Mrs. Chas. S.
Sanborn, Ada
Siegrist, Mrs. Sarah
Schott, "Angie"
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Slater, Florence
St. Felix, Mad.
Starr, Ophelia
Steele, Sallie
Stetson, Mrs. E. P.
Van Zandt, Inez
Vane, Belle (of Templeton's Co.)
Verlander, Jessie
Wood, Agnie
Weber, Martha
Waddell, Louisa
Woods, Mrs. "Jerry"
Willis, May
Whitlin, Mrs.
Wallace, Ada
Waldo, Mrs.
Wilson, Mollie
Zoph, Mlle.
Zitella, Mlle. (2)
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aske, Wm. R. 6c.
Adams, Grimaldi
Anderson, A. S.
Atkins, C. M.
Allerup, Chas.
Allerup, "Ole" (2)
Arnott's Co., Manager
Allen, Chas. N.
Allen, H. J. (manager)
Adams, Edwin
Arlington, J. V.
Ayres, "Willie"
Almon, Sam
Austin Brothers
Blodgett, Chas.
Bush, I. T.
Benoit, O.
Burgess, "Coole"
Blaisdell, W. H.
Braham, Harry & Lizzie (2)
Bonna, L. (etc.)
Barry, "Joe"
Barbour, Mr. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Brainard, J. S.
Breyer, W. O.
Byron, O. Doud (2)
Brown, Charles
Brooks, "Lew" (candy "biz")
Butler, W.
Byron, Fred.
Buck, C. of Georgia Minst.)
Bliss, Frank (2)
Burgess, Joseph
Bell, Frank
Brown, Wm.
Barrett, E. A.
Bryant & Williams
Burton, Clarence
Bachus, Chas.
Beler, F.
Bode, Ernst
Bosworth, Frank
Ball, Gustave
Bascom, J. T. 3c.
Brann, H. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Brimmer, "Bob"
Barlow, W. A.
Bagley, E. H.
Baldwin, Prof. S. S.
Brown, J. C. (of Sinnott & Dom. Co.)
Barnes, Jas. (stage-manager)
Barnum, H. (Van Howe's Cir.)
Cazeneuve, M.
Cooper, T. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.)
Cole, W. W. (2)
Clifton, H. (with Barnum)
Cameron, "Billy" (with "H. R.")
Cohan, "Jerry"
Conway, Henry J.
Cook, Wooda
Cripsine, Hubert
Crosby, Wm.
Carner's Co., Manager (of Adams & Lee)
Calhoun, Alex.
Crowley, W. G.
Case, Mr. (of K. Hall's Minst. & Variety Co.)
Cazenove, M.
Cooper, T. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.)
Caron, J. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Cappo, J. E.
Crowell, Mr. (agent)
Carpol, V.
Cunningham, R. (minst "biz")
Cook, "Mart" E.
Cushing, G. H.
Cresvilie, Prof. J. A.
Carthorne Bros.
Cavana, "Jerry"
Carroll, M. F.
Callender, John (2)
Cappolo, Sig. M.
Cordova, Harry
Childers, Sergt. (drills)
Collingwood, Jas. H.
Clifford, Chas.
Conway, "Neil"
Crawford, J. W. (of Bella Donna Co.)
Campbell, Bartley 6c.
Cambridge, Arthur C.
Cummings & Hines
Carrillo, Ramon
Clapham, Harry
De King, Henri
Dot, Admiral
Derious, Geo.
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg Op. Co.) (2)
Dale, R. B. (2)
Davis, I. H.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dixon, G. (of Mac on & Dixon) (2)
Dutton, Wm. (equestrian)
Drew, J. (of Kirk & Drew)
Dumont, Frank (2)
Dunlap, Jack
Derezione, Onorio
Daley, Jas. (circus "biz")
Dunbuck, Chas.
Daley, Andrew
Dorward, Ed. A.
Dunkin
Davis, C. Harrison
De Leon, Leon
Day, Frank
De Lafayette, Prof.
Daily, R. (late of Shay & Daley)
Daly, J. W. (musician)
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Dehan, C.
Emidy, James
Emory, "Dave" (musician)
Evans, Jno. D.
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Foster, Jno. J.
Ferry, G. W. (of Farbish's Co.)
Franks, "Tony"
Fales, Richard
Farrello, Sig. J.
Frayne, Robt.
Fillman, Chas.
Ferguson, Robt.
Flake, W. H. (2)
Fabra, Sig. (2)
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Fulmer, Mr.
Florance, Geo. A.
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Fisk, Harry
France, S. C.
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Gaynor, James
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Gleason, Chas.
Gosche, Jacob
Girard, F. (of "Tony" Pastor Co.)
Gains, Robt.
Grave, E.
Gerson, Mons.
Gee, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Goroux, Emile
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Gill, Thos. H.
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Howe's Lon. Cir. Manager
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Hall, Mills (2) 3c.
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Hawkins, D. R.
Huber, Fred.
Hogan, Wm.
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Hasson, "Billy"
Hall, E. M.
Hammond, John
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.) (2)
Howard, Fred, Jr. "N. Y. Ser.") (2)
Hutchinson, A. B.
Hamilton, Ed.
Hale, Chas.
Hartwell, J. E.
Holmes, E. S.
Hinkle, C. 3c.
Height, "Bob" (3)
Hayden, W. R. (2)
Hallan, Victor
Jennings, Harry
Josephs, saml H.
Jefferson, Joseph
Kent, Frank
King, Jos.
Kennedy, Dr. A. B.
Kane, "Jimmy"
Kearney & Moran
Kendall, "Archie"
Kelly & Mack (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Knowlton, J. K.
King, Harry C.
Kirby, Bobby (2)
Lazelle, Fred.
Lee, Sam
Leak, Annie E.
Lippencott, Clara
Lee, Rosa
La Verde, Bella
Leigh, Maude
Mitchell, Loutie
Marks, Jennie
May, Georgie
Munroe, Mrs. Grace
Moore, Clara
Mitchell, Maggie
Maddern, Mary
Mohring, Miss F.
Minelli, Leontine
Olympia, Mlle. (gymnast) 12c.
Powers, Edith
Robinson, Marian (vocalist) (2)
Ross, Mlle. (of Comique, Richmond)
Rivington, Ida (2)
Robertson, Minnie
Reynolds, "Vic"
Ross, Alice
Singler, Miss "Add"
Richings-Bernard, Mad.
Stratton, Mrs. Chas. S.
Sanborn, Ada
Siegrist, Mrs. Sarah
Schott, "Angie"
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Slater, Florence
St. Felix, Mad.
Starr, Ophelia
Steele, Sallie
Stetson, Mrs. E. P.
Van Zandt, Inez
Vane, Belle (of Templeton's Co.)
Verlander, Jessie
Wood, Agnie
Weber, Martha
Waddell, Louisa
Woods, Mrs. "Jerry"
Willis, May
Whitlin, Mrs.
Wallace, Ada
Waldo, Mrs.
Wilson, Mollie
Zoph, Mlle.
Zitella, Mlle. (2)
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aske, Wm. R. 6c.
Adams, Grimaldi
Anderson, A. S.
Atkins, C. M.
Allerup, Chas.
Allerup, "Ole" (2)
Arnott's Co., Manager (of Adams & Lee)
Allen, Chas. N.
Allen, H. J. (manager)
Adams, Edwin
Arlington, J. V.
Ayres, "Willie"
Almon, Sam
Austin Brothers
Blodgett, Chas.
Bush, I. T.
Benoit, O.
Burgess, "Coole"
Blaisdell, W. H.
Braham, Harry & Lizzie (2)
Bonna, L. (etc.)
Barry, "Joe"
Barbour, Mr. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Brainard, J. S.
Breyer, W. O.
Byron, O. Doud (2)
Brown, Charles
Brooks, "Lew" (candy "biz")
Butler, W.
Byron, Fred.
Buck, C. of Georgia Minst.)
Bliss, Frank (2)
Burgess, Joseph
Bell, Frank
Brown, Wm.
Barrett, E. A.
Bryant & Williams
Burton, Clarence
Bachus, Chas.
Beler, F.
Bode, Ernst
Bosworth, Frank
Ball, Gustave
Bascom, J. T. 3c.
Brann, H. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Brimmer, "Bob"
Barlow, W. A.
Bagley, E. H.
Baldwin, Prof. S. S.
Brown, J. C. (of Sinnott & Dom. Co.)
Barnes, Jas. (stage-manager)
Barnum, H. (Van Howe's Cir.)
Cazeneuve, M.
Cooper, T. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.)
Cole, W. W. (2)
Clifton, H. (with Barnum)
Cameron, "Billy" (with "H. R.")
Cohan, "Jerry"
Conway, Henry J.
Cook, Wooda
Cripsine, Hubert
Crosby, Wm.
Carner's Co., Manager (of Adams & Lee)
Calhoun, Alex.
Crowley, W. G.
Case, Mr. (of K. Hall's Minst. & Variety Co.)
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Kelly & Mack (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Knowlton, J. K.
King, Harry C.
Kirk, "Bobby" (2)
Lazelle, Fred.

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Theirs but to dig and pry,
Some one had blundered.
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Each to his work he laid,
As on Ice he thundered.
"Bully boys," the foreman cried—
"Eins beer!" the yeoman sighed,
While ice-heaps were sundered;
Yet on through the valley of dirt
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More brightly than in this—
Where breezes soft float 'mid the groves,
And all is perfect bliss.

.....Before we forget it, we desire to state that the Kellogg season made things so lively in New Orleans for the past two or three hundred years is not Clara Louise, whose operations are altogether of a more harmonizing character. This you can rely on.....As a rule, showmen are highly moral and forbearing, and seldom allow their dormant angry passions to rise, but there are times when even a good religiously disposed minister of the gospel will rebel sad curse and swear like somebody's army in Flanders. Therefore, we should not murmur at the peripatetic exhibitor of curiosities developing unexpected qualities as a wicked man when he is *snow-bound* for twenty-nine days. There is *no* bound to his profanity.....There is always something to worry and annoy us. One day it's the loss of a rich uncle with all on board; at another time it is the receipt of a love-letter cruelly informing us that *she* will never see us again. These things tear us to pieces. We had just reconciled ourself to the forgetfulness of the late C. Vanderbilt, when a cable telegram, charges unpaid, informs us that our friend Herr Wachtell, the great tenor, has met with another *disaster on the high C.* Truly, our grief is great.....It is a sad thing to have to go to bed hungry; but how much harder it is to be hungry and have no bed to go to! A man who had evidently seen better days (which *all* of us have, no doubt) dropped down upon us the other day just as we had settled ourself to write a scathing article about the "late duel" and that prize-fight, for which latter the participants are now doing the State prison grave-yard scene in Sing Sing. We had worked ourself into a terrible passion, and frothed at the mouth in our bitterness, when in came this person we have referred to. His calm demeanor and suffering and hungry look enlisted our sympathy at once, and disarmed us of all vindictiveness. If he could get sufficient means to carry him to Hoboken, where he had wealthy connections, he thought he could manage the rest of it himself. "Have you no trade?" we inquired. "Oh, yes," said he; "that's me strong hold." "What branch of industry claims you for its own?" "Well, I'm a *joiner* by occupation; I join a carpet in the living, but trade is dull just now." Our heart was touched; we gave him our own cold lunch, thrust three cents into his hand to carry him back to Jersey, and wept as we saw him wipe the moisture from his eye as he strove to check the scalding tear. When we retired to our couch that night we pictured the happy scene which followed the reunion of this grief-stricken pilgrim with his wealthy connections in Hoboken. Oh, surely, surely, it *is* much better to give than to receive—probably.....Since the "Brooklyn holocaust," the people have been a good deal benighted on the subject of theatres and the means of exit therefrom. The building-inspectors have made a survey of the various places of public resort, and they have advised a good many things for the amelioration of the condition of the suffering poor of this city. Managers have thought of nothing but the safety of their patrons. Several of them have been kept awake both night and day in the endeavor to better their own condition, and give succor and support to the downtrodden of every land. But it isn't the means of getting *out* of a theatre which perplexes *them* most; it's directly the reverse:

"In exits," gentle Tooker said,
"Our place is bound to win;
We need no plan to *get them out*,
But one to *pull them in!*"

And Joseph and his brethren are correct.....The news is borne to us that in two weeks from now Sothern is to commence an engagement in this city. Pending this forthcoming novelty, it is quite natural that Mr. Sothern's manager should take his *E. A. S.* wherever he goes!.....Let us be thankful that we are to have a short season of legitimate opera at our leading house of music. Clara Louise Kellogg and her troupe will oblige. The difference between this troupe and some others that are going through the country is about on a par with that which distinguishes a genuine novelist from an "indisposed" pugilist, for while the former *feels what he writes*, the other *feels what he fights!*.....Our managers are not to means selfish. In addition to their *regular* bills of fare, on the American plan, they intend to furnish their patrons with refreshments on the European. Harrigan and Hart are to send in "That Cake;" Lester Wallack will smuggle in some "Forbidden Fruit;" Barney Conway will supply the fish; A. Daly will squeeze in the "Lemons," while the wonderful Heller will serve us with Punch. And this reminds us that on St. Patrick's day our friends who commemorate the occasion don't care much for *lemonade* or *"orange"* aid. And now, that we come to think of it, what is Daly noted for in connection with Prof. Cooke) Traloar, Capt. A. Thorne and Tejeda, Manuel (2) Tinkham, E. A. Tyler, Geo. H. Thatcher & Hume Tindall, Jesse Thompson & Macy Turner, Geo. L. Tripp, C. B. Tollman, Chas. Trewolla, A. P. Taylor, J. (of Gd. Op. Co.) Tuttle, Cincinnati Trelor, Arthur (2) 10c. Van Riper, John Van Wan, Dr. Watson, "Burt" (comed.) Wood, W. H. (of Haverly's Minst.) (2) Williams, Jesse (circus) Wentworth, Walter Weston, "Bobby" Wambold, Harry Waldron, "Dan" (of "Big 4") Warrington, C. C. Wauzor, John L. Wailing, Wm. H. West, "Ned" (clog dancer) Wildman, F. J. (2) Walters, Chas. N. Wheeler, Harry Whitney, "Archie" (minst. "biz") Warner, J. E. (of K. Putnam's Co.) Weaver, S. P. Wilde, H. H. (agent) Whittaker, R. H. Williams, J. H. Wilson, J. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.) Walker, G. W. Wiat, Chas. Wise, Billy Whitmore, F. C. Willes, Geo. Yohlin, Wm. Yeomdorf, Robt. Warner, John Wilbore & Reade Waldron, Wallace West, Ward Williams, J. ("Lancashire Lad") Washburn, E. S. Worland, Jno. (leaper) 5c. Young, Chas. (vent-riloquist) Zera, Prof. Zebold, G. W. Zvistowski, J. A.

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Where breezes soft float 'mid the groves,
And all is perfect bliss.

.....Before we forget it, we desire to state that the Kellogg season made things so lively in New Orleans for the past two or three hundred years is not Clara Louise, whose operations are altogether of a more harmonizing character. This you can rely on.....As a rule, showmen are highly moral and forbearing, and seldom allow their dormant angry passions to rise, but there are times when even a good religiously disposed minister of the gospel will rebel sad curse and swear like somebody's army in Flanders. Therefore, we should not murmur at the peripatetic exhibitor of curiosities developing unexpected qualities as a wicked man when he is *snow-bound* for twenty-nine days. There is *no* bound to his profanity.....There is always something to worry and annoy us. One day it's the loss of a rich uncle with all on board; at another time it is the receipt of a love-letter cruelly informing us that *she* will never see us again. These things tear us to pieces. We had just reconciled ourself to the forgetfulness of the late C. Vanderbilt, when a cable telegram, charges unpaid, informs us that our friend Herr Wachtell, the great tenor, has met with another *disaster on the high C.* Truly, our grief is great.....It is a sad thing to have to go to bed hungry; but how much harder it is to be hungry and have no bed to go to! A man who had evidently seen better days (which *all* of us have, no doubt) dropped down upon us the other day just as we had settled ourself to write a scathing article about the "late duel" and that prize-fight, for which latter the participants are now doing the State prison grave-yard scene in Sing Sing. We had worked ourself into a terrible passion, and frothed at the mouth in our bitterness, when in came this person we have referred to. His calm demeanor and suffering and hungry look enlisted our sympathy at once, and disarmed us of all vindictiveness. If he could get sufficient means to carry him to Hoboken, where he had wealthy connections, he thought he could manage the rest of it himself. "Have you no trade?" we inquired. "Oh, yes," said he; "that's me strong hold." "What branch of industry claims you for its own?" "Well, I'm a *joiner* by occupation; I join a carpet in the living, but trade is dull just now." Our heart was touched; we gave him our own cold lunch, thrust three cents into his hand to carry him back to Jersey, and wept as we saw him wipe the moisture from his eye as he strove to check the scalding tear. When we retired to our couch that night we pictured the happy scene which followed the reunion of this grief-stricken pilgrim with his wealthy connections in Hoboken. Oh, surely, surely, it *is* much better to give than to receive—probably.....Since the "Brooklyn holocaust," the people have been a good deal benighted on the subject of theatres and the means of exit therefrom. The building-inspectors have made a survey of the various places of public resort, and they have advised a good many things for the amelioration of the condition of the suffering poor of this city. Managers have thought of nothing but the safety of their patrons. Several of them have been kept awake both night and day in the endeavor to better their own condition, and give succor and support to the downtrodden of every land. But it isn't the means of getting *out* of a theatre which perplexes *them* most; it's directly the reverse:

"In exits," gentle Tooker said,
"Our place is bound to win;
We need no plan to *get them out*,
But one to *pull them in!*"

And Joseph and his brethren are correct.....The news is borne to us that in two weeks from now Sothern is to commence an engagement in this city. Pending this forthcoming novelty, it is quite natural that Mr. Sothern's manager should take his *E. A. S.* wherever he goes!.....Let us be thankful that we are to have a short season of legitimate opera at our leading house of music. Clara Louise Kellogg and her troupe will oblige. The difference between this troupe and some others that are going through the country is about on a par with that which distinguishes a genuine novelist from an "indisposed" pugilist, for while the former *feels what he writes*, the other *feels what he fights!*.....Our managers are not to means selfish. In addition to their *regular* bills of fare, on the American plan, they intend to furnish their patrons with refreshments on the European. Harrigan and Hart are to send in "That Cake;" Lester Wallack will smuggle in some "Forbidden Fruit;" Barney Conway will supply the fish; A. Daly will squeeze in the "Lemons," while the wonderful Heller will serve us with Punch. And this reminds us that on St. Patrick's day our friends who commemorate the occasion don't care much for *lemonade* or *"orange"* aid. And now, that we come to think of it, what is Daly noted for in connection with Prof. Cooke) Traloar, Capt. A. Thorne and Tejeda, Manuel (2) Tinkham, E. A. Tyler, Geo. H. Thatcher & Hume Tindall, Jesse Thompson & Macy Turner, Geo. L. Tripp, C. B. Tollman, Chas. Trewolla, A. P. Taylor, J. (of Gd. Op. Co.) Tuttle, Cincinnati Trelor, Arthur (2) 10c. Van Riper, John Van Wan, Dr. Watson, "Burt" (comed.) Wood, W. H. (of Haverly's Minst.) (2) Williams, Jesse (circus) Wentworth, Walter Weston, "Bobby" Wambold, Harry Waldron, "Dan" (of "Big 4") Warrington, C. C. Wauzor, John L. Wailing, Wm. H. West, "Ned" (clog dancer) Wildman, F. J. (2) Walters, Chas. N. Wheeler, Harry Whitney, "Archie" (minst. "biz") Warner, J. E. (of K. Putnam's Co.) Weaver, S. P. Wilde, H. H. (agent) Whittaker, R. H. Williams, J. H. Wilson, J. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.) Walker, G. W. Wiat, Chas. Wise, Billy Whitmore, F. C. Willes, Geo. Yohlin, Wm. Yeomdorf, Robt. Warner, John Wilbore & Reade Waldron, Wallace West, Ward Williams, J. ("Lancashire Lad") Washburn, E. S. Worland, Jno. (leaper) 5c. Young, Chas. (vent-riloquist) Zera, Prof. Zebold, G. W. Zvistowski, J. A.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE LANDIS BROTHERS, who performed songs-and-dances on parlor-skates quite creditably; J. W. McAndrews, who displayed his well-known abilities in an act called "Pastimes on the Levee;" Murphy and Morton, clever song-and-dance men, who reappeared together after a brief separation; and Miss Lizzie Barrett, a pleasing serio-comic vocalist, were the newcomers to the Theatre Comique Jan. 8. Besides these, Alice Bennett sang songs; Larry Tooley gave Dutch sings-and-dances; Harrigan and Hart acted the chief characters in the sketches called "Walking for dat Cake" and "Toil, a Story of City Life," by John F. Poole; Billy Barry acted in "The Fatal Legacy," and Billy Gray in "Innocents Abroad."

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE was closed for the season Jan. 6. Business had been light there for some weeks past. The company the past week included Ben Gilfoil, R. M. Carroll and his three sons, Jennie Engle, the Misses Combination—Thomas, Albert, Charles and William—Sam Devere Ed. and Alice Murray, Lew Spencer, Lew and Pauline Parker, Carroll and Barry, Jennie Miaco, George H. Wilde, A. Bellamy and H. C. Barle.

BUSINESS.—There has been no marked change in the attendance at our places of amusement from that reported during the past few weeks.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL returned from England in the steamship Denmark Jan. 9.

LOTTA closed her engagement at the Park Theatre Jan. 13, having acted during the last week of her engagement in "Zip." This week a portion of the Union-square Theatre Company are to act in "The Marble Heart." The cast will include Charles R. Thorne Jr., W. E. Sheridan, H. W. Montgomery, James G. Peakes, the Misses Katharine Rogers and Maude Harrison, Mrs. Farren and others.

NO CHANGE has occurred at Booth's Theatre since our last report, "Dan'l Druce" continuing the attraction.

THE FAIRBURN FAMILY, Scotch vocalists, made their first appearance in this city in Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue,

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS performed the last week in Lynn, Mass., Marblehead, Gloucester, Salem, Lowell, Concord, N. H., and Manchester to good business. They are billed in Nashua, N. H., 15; Milford, 16, Clinton, Mass., 17, Holden 18, Dedham 19, Taunton 20, New Bodford 22, Fall River 23, and Newport, R. I. 24.

BOGAN'S PROFESSIONAL BANJOS can be found advertised in another column.

TWO FRENCH HORNS of the best make, with four crooks, are advertised for sale by W. H. Peters.

GEORGE W. LENNOX, double bass and tuba player, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged.

CHARLES E. DOBSON, who advertises, teaches the banjo by mail, and deals in banjos and strings.

BANJO MUSIC is published by the Dime Banjo Music Company, whose card find in another column.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell Concert Troupe, after a successful season in the principal towns on the Pacific coast, are now en route Eastward. They were to have performed in Sacramento Jan. 8, 9, 10, Virginia City (second visit) 12, 13, thence to Gold Hill 15, Carson 16, Reno 17, Eureka 19, 20, Ogden 22, and open in Chicago, at Haverly's Theatre, 29, for one week.

"DO YOU LOVE ME, LITTLE SADIE?" a song-and-chorus, is among Roe Stephens' latest publications.

A CIRCUS BAND, which is announced as first-class and reliable, can be secured by addressing "Leader of Band," who advertises.

J. LEVY, the cornet virtuoso, sailed from San Francisco, Cal., for Australia, in the steamship City of New York, Jan. 3.

THE CINCINNATI GRAND ORCHESTRA gives its second concert in that city this season at Pike's Opera-house, Jan. 29.

"FRA DIAVOLO" is to be rendered by amateurs at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, 29.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY will commence on the 16th inst. a brief season of three nights and one of matinee at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. "Marriage of Figaro" will be the opening opera, "The Flying Dutchman" being produced for the first time in its English version in Philadelphia on the 17th inst. On the 19th inst., the occasion of the benefit of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, will be presented "Fra Diavolo" and the mad scene from "Hamlet."

CARL GAERTNER'S fifth orchestral matinee at Association Hall, Philadelphia, took place on the 11th inst.

MISS LIZZIE MACARTNEY will give a concert on the 18th inst. at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, in aid of the "Centennial Fountain" fund.

THE SWEDISH LADY VOCAL QUARTET will give a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 16th inst.

THE THOMAS CHORAL SOCIETY of Philadelphia lately known as the Women's Centennial Chorus—are rehearsing every Thursday at Natatorium Hall, in that city.

MRS. R. H. ALEXANDER and MRS. A. H. Darling will give a concert on the 17th inst. at Association Hall, Philadelphia.

EDWIN EMERETT the musical agent, who first came to America with Mlle. Nilsson, is said to be endeavoring to effect a combination between that lady and M. Faure for an American tour.

"BROOKLYN FIRE" and other new songs can be obtained in ten cent form at Harding's address, published elsewhere.

BAND PARTS of a few ballets by Paul Brilliant, and the words and music of all the old plantation dances, are offered for sale by Charley White. See card.

A COMPETENT VIOLINIST to instruct a lady in songs is wanted by "Mezzo," who advertises.

F. SCHMIDT, double bass and brass tuba-player, advertises for an engagement with a traveling party.

MADAME ANNETTE ESIPOFF is to give concerts in the Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 15, 17, 22.

ALICE OATES' OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE sing at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., during the week commencing Jan. 15.

THE NEW SONG "Cardinal Red and Navy Blue" can be obtained of F. W. Helmick, who advertises.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., was well patronized during the past week. The new appearances were Charley Lord in Ethiopian sketches, Barney Reynolds in dialect songs and sketches, the Cawthorne boys in their specialities, and George S. Knight in his drama of "Karl Kline," in which he assumed four different characters of the German type. The variety performers did well enough. Mr. Knight's play fell rather flat, and Mr. Knight failed to excite the interest he has hitherto done when appearing in his Dutch character songs, dances and sketches. The departures Jan. 13 were Harrington and McClone and Geo. S. Knight, destination not known. Arrivals announced for 15 are Alf. McDowell, the Carrolls, and the Monzert Sisters.....

THE Avenue Theatre did a largely-increased business during the week. An excellent programme was offered. The new arrivals Jan. 8 were Millie La Font, Irish-comic songs; Eph. Horn, Jr., in banjo solos; McCullough and Casey in Irish songs-and-dances; Frank Lewis in motto songs; Hurley and Mart in songs-and-dances; the Carle Sisters in double-fancy dances; Al Hulmes in Ethiopian specialties, and in vocal duets with Eph Horn; and Rose Franklin in classical statues. Fanny Dawson-Davenport was the only departure Jan. 13. The Levino Brothers, caricaturists, are announced for 15. Advices of 14.

THE FRESH ARRIVALS at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 7, were Banker and Mills, whose operatic sketch was hardly up to the standard; and Henrietta Mollenhauer, whose singing was favorably received. Charles Ralston failed to appear, and gave no excuse for his absence. Mlle. Ophelia took Aggie Clinton's place in the ballet. Sanford and Wilson's benefit 11 was largely attended. Closing 12: Jeppe and Fanny Delano, New York; Sanford and Wilson, Baltimore, Md.; Fanny Douglas. To open 14: The Zanfretta Pantomime Troupe and Le Grand. Business very good.....Harry Kelly, song-and-dance, and Emma Burnett, vocalist, opened at Looney's.....Add Weaver Jr., Dutch and Ethiopian comedian, and Allie Smith, jig-dancer, joined the company at the Novelty Jan. 7. The place is crowded nightly. Letter dated Jan. 12.

THE WASHINGTON-STREET VARIETIES, Memphis, Tenn., has a new proprietor and manager in the person of Ed. Lynch, who assumed charge of the hall on Jan. 8, John C. Murphy taking control of the stage. Among the professional people were A. D. and A. M. Vanzandt, A. D. Miller, Chas. Laiscell, Belle Laiscell, Eddie Laiscell, Minnie Herndon, Maggie Louise, Maggie Meachem and Leoni Maretta, with her troupe of Mexican dogs. The old favorites, Ida Hayden, Johnny Max, Hensley and Johnson, and Little Florence also appeared. A novel feature was presented: instead of a minstrel first-part, the scene opened with nearly all the company in a grand parlor scene as acrobats, which was well received. The attendance has been good since the opening night. Letter of Jan. 11.

THE NEW FACES at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., the past week, were Helen Revere, an old favorite, who was enthusiastically received; Lola, who did a fine trapeze act; Neoskaleata in echo songs, which were well rendered; Jennie Denzer, a very young and pretty girl, who only sings in the first-part; and La Petite Pearlie, in serio-comic songs. Manager Putnam has added two entirely new and handsome scenes, which are a decided improvement. Notwithstanding bad weather, business was good the entire week. Neoskaleata and Mattie Bliss closed 13. The Continental Four are to close the 20th, to join Tony Pastor. Jerome and Campbell are underlined for 22. Letter of Jan. 14.

THE EXTRA ATTRACTIONS offered at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., during the past week have served to attract a good attendance. Among the novelties was a sparring exhibition between Billy Edwards and Patsey Sheppard. Mrs. May and her little daughter, Willie Pickert, Joe Mack, Billy Turner, James Maas, and others appeared in the drama entitled "The Prostitute Match Girl."

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., the new arrivals Jan. 8 were Harry Wood's Female Minstrels; Edwards and Clark, song-and-dance; Billy Bryant, end-man; Rosa Clark, Annie Haines and Harry Clark, vocalists; and Johnny Edwards, jig-dancer. Fair houses.

H. M. PARKER and his troupe of performing dogs have been engaged for the Winter season with Gangero's Royal Yeddo Japanese Company, and are now performing through the Southern States.

MADGE AISTON (Mrs. Shed Le Claire), who has been dangerously ill at San Francisco, Cal., the past three weeks, is recovering.

AT SHELBY'S ADELPHI, Buffalo, N. Y., the fresh arrivals Jan. 8 were Sam Rickey, the Richmond Sisters (Josie and Lulu), Dunbar and Ashton, George and Lizzie Conway, James D. Roome, Minnie Claire and Frank Carlton. Business fair. Departures 13: The Claire Sisters and George and Lizzie Conway, to Toledo, O.; Dunbar and Ashton, to New York; McVicker and Saunders, and Frank Carlton, to Detroit, Mich. Billed for 15: George S. Knight, the Suydam Brothers, the Landis Brothers, the Perry Brothers, and Kitty Elberts. Advices by telegraph, Jan. 15.

AT MME. DUCLOS' ARION GARDEN THEATRE, Reading, Pa., business was only moderately good during the past week. The new arrivals were Sullivan and Curdy, who reappeared in acrobatic songs-and-dances. Little and McGowan did an Irish act that for novelty and attractive qualities was excellent. Closing 13: The Russell Sisters, to Wilkesbarre. Announced for 15: Dody Zanfretta and Minnie Gray, ...Law Faust, F. Lauman, and Benny Ritter have formed a partnership, and will in future be known as the Alvaretta Brothers, acrobats. They open at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, 15.

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, being now the only variety hall in that city, the attendance during the week ending Jan. 6 was good. Fanny Florence, Edith Dot, Mamie French and the Ilferd Sisters appeared in songs-and-dances, while the ballet is represented by Ida Siddons, Louise Stetson, and Victoria Ross. The Arnold Bros. gave their triple-clog, and appeared in their sketch "The Centennial Quadruped." Ph. Mack, Mast r Collins and Tommy Moore appeared in a sketch entitled "Help Wanted," the whole constituting an agreeable programme.

PERFORMERS are wanted for the Parisian Varieties, this city. See advertisement.

AT THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., business last week showed a marked improvement. Erba Robeson sang serio-comic songs in pleasing style; Mons. Achilles Philion gave feats of jugglery; Bobby Newcomb in his songs-and-dances was most successful; Al Holmes and Maggie Fielding won favor; Mons. Leon and Son in acrobatic feats, and the Ainsleys in their great specialties, are worthy of mention. In "Smith and Brown," Mr. Bartholomew impersonated Timothy Brown in a funny manner. Departures 13: Mons. Philion, to Cincinnati, O.; Bobby Newcomb, to Philadelphia, Pa.; Mons. Leon and Son, to Washington, D. C.; Ainsleys, destination unknown. To arrive Jan. 15: Gus Williams, Jennie Engle, John Williams, the Hamilton Sisters, the Wilkinson Brothers, Sanford and Wilson, Niles and Evans, and Howard Clifton. .....the new Central Theatre there was no complaint about business last week. Miss Carrie Avery in choice vocalisms put in an appearance after an absence of three years. Fitzgerald and Ryan in "The Wicklow Boys" were funny, as was Frank Harrington in German eccentricities. Mons. Grant's ballet, led by Mlle. Annette Cardella and Frankie Christie; the Simpson Sisters—Elise and Josie—made a hit; Burton and Kelly in songs-and dances; and Mabel Pearl in vocalisms closed the olio. "The Mountain Queen," with Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins in the leading parts, terminated the entertainments. Closing 13: Simpson Sisters, to Hartford, Ct.; Barton and Kelly, no engagement. To open 15: Western and Walling, Walter Bray, Lizzie Wemer, Stewart Sisters, Hawley and Noon and Charles Howard.....At the Odeon, the new faces were Johnny Morrissey, Minnie Farrell, Ida Greenfield and Constantine and Leclair, the latter appearing in "The Rehearsal," in which they introduce burlesque opera. Kitty Rowell in songs, Julia Bennett in graceful dancing, and Grace Monroe in songs met with appreciation. Departures 13: Daisy Noble and Julia Bennett, no engagement. To open Jan. 15: Melinda Nagle, Nellie Fyne, and Dan Sully. Letter of Jan. 13.

MCDANIEL'S THEATRE, Cheyenne, Wy. T., has recently undergone extensive alterations, among which were the putting-in of a new stage and scenery. The company last week included Baby McDonald, Lizzie Warren, Louise Lee, Ella Newell, Flora Bell, La Petite Lizzie, Rose Gill, Mlle. Aubrey, James McDonald, Master Harry, Billy Diamond, J. T. Moran and Willie Gill, who is also stage-manager. Billed for Jan. 15 are the twin sisters Vaidis .....At the Bella Union Theatre, a new advertising curtain has replaced the old drop. Lizzie Harmon reappeared Jan 3. The other members of the company include Tilly Bouton, Annie Gibbons, Jennie Gibbons, Effie Delmont, Nellie Gibbons, Georgie Price, J. J. Kelly, John Brace, John Shields, John Pierce, Charles Hope and Alex Biddle.....The Deadwood Theatre, under James McDaniel's management, is to open May 1, and the company will be transported thither in six-horse teams.

CONCERNING THE LATE MINNIE LONSDALE, we are informed that she made her first appearance on the stage at the Crystal Garden, Jersey City, N. J., and that the manager, Miss Georgie Desmond, taught her all she knew of stage business. They left Jersey City and went to Trenton, thence to Princeton, back to Trenton, and then to Easton, Pa., where they separated, Nov. 9, 1876. They were to have met again in Jersey City Jan. 15, had not her death prevented.

LULU DELMAY, serio-comic vocalist, and Blanche Selwyn, male character singer, sailed from San Francisco, Cal., in the steamship City of New York, Jan. 3, for Australia.

HARRY CLARKE, Irish comedian, is at present traveling with Matt Morgan's Novelty Company.

GIBSON AND BINNEY, Lancashire clog and jig dancers, now performing at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., open at Tony Pastor's, this city, Jan. 22.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted at the Bella Union Theatre, Cheyenne, Wy. Ter. See Manager Chace's card.

ADELPHI THEATRE, Hartford, Ct., opens for the season Jan. 15. Add Weaver being lessee and proprietor, with E. D. Gooding as director of amusements. The company includes the Æolian Quartet, Johnny Queen, Alf Lawton, the Peasleys, Everetts Snow, Weaver and Gooding, and Prof Ole Alferup and band. Specialty artists are requested to apply for dates, especially the Fox Sisters, the Murrays, and Fields and Hoey.

VARIETY ADVICES from Cincinnati, O., to Jan. 12, through our correspondent, run as follows: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances during the current week were Lotta and Tommy Wright, Billy Devere, Ella Arnold and Adela Leonard. The Winnetts took extremely well in a sketch styled 'Love in Broken Dutch,' and also in a double-jig. William Devere and Ella Arnold played a little musical sketch in excellent style, the lady also vocalizing nicely. Miss Leonard proved a very fair serio-comic vocalist. Wic. Reynolds, the Haleys, Charles W. Young, Tommy Neil and Walter Fletcher furnished the remainder of the olio, the whole concluding with the drama of 'The Dumb Man of Manchester' by the dramatic company, in which Nat Hyams played the leading role. A series of prizes to talent artists has been made a feature for Thursday nights. Biz fair. Departures 13: Vic Reynolds, the Haleys, and Charles W. Young. To open 14: E. T. Stetson in "Neck and Neck," and Murphy and Shannon..... Conners and Kelly, De Witt Cooke, Clark Brothers, Emma Bretto, La Rue Family, the Pholtes, and the Ashtons were the fresh arrivals at the Coliseum 7. Connors and Kelly in songs-and-dances met with favor: De Witt Cooke is certainly the most skillful and graceful swinger of Indian clubs ever seen here; the Clark Brothers appeared in a musical sketch which took well; Emma Bretto made a good impression in serio comic vocalisms; the La Rue Family, who were lately at Shickling's, renewed the excellent impression then created; the three Pholtes made a strong hit; Josephine and Samuel Ashton proved clever trapeze artists. The Rolland Howard Combination appeared in several burlesques through the week. Business good. Departures 8: Georgie Parker and Iona Lang 13, Howard Combination for Chicago. To open 14: Satsuma and All Right, Ella May, Vic Reynolds and Charles Burke.....The Siegrist Family, Laurence Sisters, and Frank Mara were the new additions to the company at Heuck's 7. The little Siegriest boys—three in number—are wonderful gymnasts, Mons. Siegrist performed his dogs; Frank Mara succeeded fairly in Irish songs; the Lawrence Sisters in flying-trapeze leaps took well, Guy Linton, Lucy Adams, Charles and Belle Fostelle, Charles Chamberlain, James Douglass and Kate Bilsland gave the rest of the programme. Business lanree. Departures 13: The Fostelles for Newark, N. J., and Laurence Sisters, for Indianapolis. To open 14: Griffin Brothers, Lillian Howard, and Charles W. Young .....Charles A. Vincent, George Correll and Addie Morrell were the fresh appearances at the Eldorado 7 in musical sketches and songs. Business good. Departures 13: Vincent and the Morrells, for Louisville. To open 14: Billy Hasson, Nellie Ritter and Cora Everett.....Sarsfield and Martin opened at the Adelphia 7..... Jennie Gallagher is billed for a complimentary benefit at the Eldorado 31."

JULIAN MARTINETTI, clown and specialty artist, is still meeting with success at the New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

LEW PIERCE, banjoist, end-man and comedian, advertises for an engagement.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, a goodly attendance was perceptible last week. Karl Lind in his well-known act of balancing and D. L. Morris in "Richard No. 3," in the title-role of which he has an excellent opportunity of displaying his ability as a Dutch comedian, were the new arrivals, and George W. Smith's new ballet entitled "Girls and Boys of the Period" lent a pleasing variety to the programme, and favorably introduced Miles. Lupo and Elise, Miss Helene Smith, the Clinetop Sisters, and Miss Christine Robinson. Jennie Morgan, the Wilkinson Brothers, and Niles and Evans closed on the 13th inst. The arrivals announced for the 15th inst. are the Orrin Brothers, Mollie De Mar, the Barlow Brothers, Carroll and Macarthy and Eugene Blitz.

AT J. BRADFORD OF ENOCHS' Varieties, Philadelphia, was presented by his wife on the 8th inst. with a beautiful girl-baby. Both mother and child are doing well. Mr. Bradford is one of the dramatic company engaged here, and was formerly at the Chestnut-str-et Theatre, in that city.

THE PARISIAN VARIETIES, Eleventh and Wood streets, Philadelphia, is closed, and so are the Germantown Opera-house, in that city, and a majority of the minor establishments that had an existence during the Centennial season.

WINONA BRIDGES in serio-comic vocalism, the Davenport Brothers in a clever comic acrobatic act, Little Blanche in character songs, and Edna Wellington in her statue-groupings were the fresh arrivals that have met with the encouragement at Enoch's Varieties, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 13. Business continues good here. Adams and Lee, Courtney and Ryan, and Miss Fanny Davenport commence on the 15th inst.

MISS ALTIE HALLETT on the trapeze was the only new face at Stewart's Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, during the past week. "On the Sly" continues the attraction here, drawing large houses. It will be followed on the 20th inst by the sensational drama "The Wicked City."

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, now under the management of Mel. Kurtz, business during the past week has been good. John Wilson has made a hit here in his motto-songs. Laura Delmay, serio-comic vocalist, and Nellie Loraine, protean dansesue, are announced to open Jan. 15. Variety talent is wanted here, as per advertisement in another column.

HARRY G. RICHMOND, specialty artist, whose address find in another column, can be engaged after Jan. 20.

COL. W. E. SISE of the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., sent to the treasurer of the Theatre Firerelief Fund Jan. 12 a check for $2 925.25, being the proceeds of the benefit recently given at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Great is Sise.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, a capital programme was rendered last week including as the chief features the songs and-dances of Maggie Pearl, Victorella and Cordella in an act on the horizontal-bar, Maggie Bowers in operatic vocalisms, and Mlle. Rosselle in neatly-rendered dancedances. Thorne's Pantomime Troupe and Bob Allen, Ethiopian comedian, open on the 15th inst.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Syracuse N. Y., was opened Jan. 10. The proprietors are Frank Wild, late of Barton's Opera-house, and Fred E. Meeker, editor and proprietor of *The Sunday News*. John Pa. Wild is stage manager; Geo. Frazer, stage-carpenter; W. Fred Tuthill, leader of orchestra; Jos. Riano, leader of brass band. The theatre is situated on the corner of Water and Warren streets, just off Hanover square. The main entrance is on Water street, and there is an entrance for ladies on Warren street. The building is of brick, and four stories high. The first floor is devoted to the bar-room, manager's office, ticket-office, etc.; second floor, to the parquet and orchestra; third floor, to the gallery; and the fourth to the property and dressing-rooms. The stage is small, but large enough for all practical purposes. The seating capacity is estimated at about 450, with standing-room for about fifty more. Everything about the building is neat and cosy, and it is well-lighted. The performance on the first night was excellent. The opening act was "The Prussian Soother," which was followed by Mons. Florentine, an excellent juggler and wire-walker; Miss Barrie Darrell, a very pretty little ballad-singer, who received several encores; Miss Lillie Ellis, serio-comic, who proved an attractive card. Miss Minnie Gray met with a warm reception, as did Mullin and Magee, all of whom are old favorites here. The Austins in their military specialities were excellent. Sage Richardson, a comedian and jig-dancer of no mean abilities, was encored time and again, the audience seeming unwilling to part with him. Departures 13: The Austin Bros., for New York. Arrivals 15: The O'Brien Bros. Letter of Jan. 12.

J. W. SPAULDING & O. G. ROBINSON, late proprietors of the defunct Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va., request us to state that "they were as badly swindled as anyone else, owing to the fact that A. W. Hobson agreed to advance money, and then failed to do so." Messrs. S. & R. should have made matters more binding before getting people there.

MATT MORGAN'S NOVELTY COMPANY, who performed in Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 9, 10, Altoona, Pa., 11, Harrisburg 12, Reading 13, are billed in Lancaster 15, Philadelphia 16, to continue two weeks.

FIRST-CLASS VARIETY TALENT is advertised for by Davis & Co., theatrical agents.

AT THE ADELPHI, Hartford, Ct., the newcomers Jan. 8 were John Manning, John and Lea Peasley, and Ada Stanley, all of whom were well received. Billy Edwards and Patsey Sheppard appeared 12, 13, and in ring costume gave an exhibition of their skill. On the latter date Archey Doolan, a local light-weight, who had volunteered, had his shoulder dislocated in a set-to with Sheppard. At the benefit of Frank and Eva Bennett, 12, the volunteers who appeared in connection with the regular company were Frank Lawton, Master Sparks, and Frank George. Lew Clapp retires from the management 12, and his successor will be Add Weaver, who has purchased the entire interest in the place, and will make some much-needed improvements. E. D. Gooding will be retained as amusement director; W. D. Odell will preside at the box-office; and a new orchestra of five pieces, under the leadership of Ole Alferup, has been secured. The closing people 12 were Lou Sanford and Ada Stanwood, to Newark; Barney McNulty, to Boston; the Bennetts, Johnny Shay, G. W. Pearson and orchestra, with no present engagement. Announcements for 15: Add Weaver, Johnny Queen, Alf Lawton, and the Æolian Quartet, comprising Messrs. Henderson, White, Campbell and Green. Letter of Jan. 14.

THE EDWARDS—Jas. S. and Katie—serio-comic and character vocalists, can be engaged by responsible managers. See advertisement.

ANDY SHOWERS, with his trained dogs and monkeys, is meeting with success at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass., and he can be engaged for the tenting season. Address care of this office.

THE DEVOES—Harry and Lena—sketch artists, can be addressed as per card for engagements.

A TWO-ACT PLAY, suitable for a lady star in a variety theatre, can be purchased of R. G., whose address is care of this office.

ANOTHER LARGE COMPANY appeared at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., last week; but the attendance was not up to the standard, nor so good as the show merited. The new appearances Jan. 8 were Barney Ferguson, the Lentons, Murphy and Shannon, and Fanny Reynolds. Barney Ferguson is among the best stage Irishmen we have ever seen. The gymnastic display and tumbling of the Lenton Brothers was very good. Murphy and Shannon danced themselves into favoritism the first night; their specialty "Bound for Germany" carried the house by storm. Miss Reynolds sang a number of melodies in a pleasing manner. She has a strong yet sweet voice, and her vocalism is above the average. Jan. 12 a benefit was to have been given in aid of the Brooklyn sufferers. The management, performers, musicians and attaches have all volunteered their services, and the gross receipts will be forwarded to the Brooklyn Fire-relief Committee. Miss Martelle and the Lentons close 13, going to St. Louis; Nelly Howard, to Indianapolis; and Mollie Somers, destination unknown. Billed for 15 are Sid France, Charles Vincent, Marie Antonio and the Marella Sisters. Letter of Jan. 11.

AT TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., the new faces Jan. 8 were Scarlee, Beggs, and East. Haney is a stating-looking one, and the songs-and-dances by the trio were well received; Billy and Maggie Ray in "Uncle Eph's Birthday," introducing songs by both and a transformation from white to black on the part of Maggie; and Bertha Rowe in ballads and serio-comic songs. The olio also showed H. W. Williams and G. W. Herman and Lucy Clifton in sketches. Departures 13: Geo. Sloman, to Cincinnati; and Taylor, Green and Taylor, to New York. Arrivals 15: Harry and Johnny Kernell, J. D. Kelly, George May, Willis Pickarts and La Petite Florence.

VARIETY NEWS IN NEWARK, N. J., the past week was sent by our correspondent as follows on Jan. 13: "At Ward's Opera-house the new appearances Jan. 8 were Alice Foster and May Marshall, who sang ballads very neatly in Jenny Belmont's female-minstrel first-part; and in the olio Harry Vennetti was seen to advantage in a horizontal-bar act, and later in a club-swinging specialty. Virginia Marshall sang serio-comic songs that pleased. 'The Graud Dutch S' was put on for the concluding act during the week, and met with favor. Thomas and Watson (formerly Thomas and Heeney) gave an original sketch entitled "Both Mistaken," which, considering the time they have been working to-ether (only a week), was well done and favorably received. Business has improved. Departures 13: Fred Mackley and wife (Nellie), and Archie White, to Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Ella Esmond and Harry Vennetti, to New York. Announced for 15: Wood and West, the Sk. Sisters, Josie Edwards and Maggie Lee.....At the Metropolitan the new arrivals were Sallie St. Clair in songs-and-dances; C. J. Gregory in a barrel act; Goldie and Steele, eccentric songs-and-dances; Clara Moore and Maggie Gray, serio-comic vocalists; Mons. Emil Goroux and Mlle. Adelina, juggling and contortion; Gregory and Hengler, sparring, and in conjunction with C. J. Gregory, in exercises on the horizontal bar; and DeLehanty and Hengler in their specialties, proving *the* card of the week. Departures 13: DeLehanty and Hengler, Clara Moore, Emil Goroux and Mlle. Adelina, to New York; Wingfield and Gregory, Orange, N. J. To open 15: The Austin Brothers, Rosa Lee, Frank George, the Leotards and the De Forrests.'

THE PANTOMIME of "The Ice King," with Charley Yale as Clown, was the chief piece the past week at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass. Gussie Leach also appeared in serio-comic songs, the Warren Sisters in a combat statue-clog, Andy Showers with trained dogs and monkeys, Lydia Showers in a jig, Bryant and Williams in their comic sketch of "The Wedding-day," John Carle with the banjo, and Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth in the sketch called "Mollie's Trouble." "Sunshine and Sunshine," Gussie Leach, the Warren Sisters, Andy Showers and Lydia Showers, John Carle and Bryant and Williams closed 13. "The Naiad Queen" is to be produced 15, and Dolly Bidwell, Fanny Herring, Mlle. Letourneure, Mlle. Vivo Ferrand, Annetta Kurtz, the Miscos, and Carroll and Barry open.

VARIETY ARTISTS, ladies especially, are wanted at Gilmore's Garden Theatre, Rochester, N. Y. See card.

W. H. BRAY, Dutch comedian, closes at Orchestrion Hall, Detroit, Mich., Jan. 20, and opens at the Coliseum, Cincinnati, O., 22, for two weeks.

JAMES WOULFE, father of Billy Wolfe, Irish comedian, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 15, aged 53 years.

RAID ON A CONCERT SALOON.—About 9 o'clock on the night of Jan. 13 the Crystal Concert Saloon, Jersey City, N. J., was raided by the police, and the spectators and performers were arrested. A number of policemen surrounded the building, and the inmates were marched to the station-house in squads of six each. Among these were Anton Huber, proprietor; Bud Granger, James Silligan, Wil liam Roselle, Georgie Desmond, Emma Moore and Emma Western, performers; John Huber, brother of the proprietor, and Joseph Adeler, musicians. Justice Keese, finding that the station-house would not hold all of the prisoners, opened court and accepted bail for all who could furnish it.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS for Miss Adah Richmond can be addressed as per card.

VARIETY PERFORMERS in all branches of the business are wanted for Ben F. Bowen's New York Variety Company. See advertisement.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

EMERSON'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS closed their traveling season in Washington, D. C., Jan. 18, and started direct to San Francisco, Cal., where they are to open a season in Maguire's Theatre.

COMPANY ARTISTERS are wanted by Sig. Chas. Holton's Georgia Minstrels. Prof. W. C. Harris and Neal Moore are requested to address E. Poole, who advertises.

PRIMROSE AND WEST in their songs and-dances are meeting with success on their tour with Haverly's Minstrels.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS are to perform in Wilmington, N. C., Jan. 16, Columbia, S. C., 17, Charleston 18, Aiken 19, Augusta, Ga., 20, Athens 22, Atlanta 23, Griffin 24, Milledgeville 25, Macon 26, Savannah 27, and Jacksonville, Fla., 29, one week.

SAM S. SANFORD claims that he is the oldest minstrel now in active service, and we guess he is.

SWEATNAM & FRASER'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, have received excellent patronage during the past week. The first part introduced J. J. Kelly, Billy Sweatnam, Fred Walz, Frank Cushman, C. F. Shattuck and W. H. Brockway as the soloists, followed by the Almontes in an acrobatic act, and concluded by Fraser's pantomime "Cluck-a-Luck," now entering upon its fourth week. On the 15th inst. will be presented the burlesque of "Danny Ducy, Tinker," and "That Duel." Sweatnam and Fraser invited the pupils and inmates of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in that city, to a matinee performance on the 13th inst.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS still keep up their prestige in Philadelphia. The opening sketch of "Around the World in Fifty Minutes" supplied a highly interesting portion of the programme presented during the past week, and the specialties in the olio of Griffin and Rice, Weslyn and Casey and Eugene also met with the approbation of the excellent audiences here assembled. An entire change of programme is announced for the 15th, including the production of two new burlesques—"The Duelists" and "Cremation."

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS performed in New Institute Hall, Newark, N. J., the whole of the past week, instead of two nights, as previously announced. Business poor. They return to Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, 15, for the rest of the season.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, under the management of Harry J. Clapham, are still meeting with success in the East, and intend revisiting all the principal cities they have performed in in that section. On Jan. 13 they were in Springfield, Mass., and were there joined by Bruce and Forrester. Route: Chelsea Jan. 18, Milford 19, Brockton 20, Concord, N. H., 22, Manchester 23, Portsmouth 24, Dover 25, Biddeford, Me., 26, Portland 27, Lewiston, Mass., 29. The company was recently detained in a snow-bank six-teen hours on the Old Colony and Newport Railroad, when they gave an entertainment to the other passengers on the train, and were the recipients of the following:

Resolved, That we, the ladies and gentlemen passengers on this snow-bound train, beg to tender our thanks to the Haverly Minstrels for the very refined musical entertainment given us this evening.

BUSHOR'S MINSTRELS appeared at the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., Jan. 13, to a good-sized audience. In the first-part H. I. Munroe and Lew Bradford, on the ends, were funny; Harry Morgan sang "Silver Bells of Memory" in good style; Howard Sireeland, who made his first appearance as a basso, sang "Softly o'er the Rippling Waters" with good effect. In the olio, Shifferi and Newhard did an acrobatic song-and-dance and a wench act that elicited applause; H. I. Munroe's specialty "A Happy Old Gal Am I" was well received; W. H. Weidner discoursed on the "Presidential Campaign" in a very funny manner; the performance concluding with the farce of "The Rival Lovers." They appear next in Lancaster, Bethlehem, Columbia and Altoona.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS showed in Austin-Texas, Jan. 12, 13, and are billed in Brenham 15, Hempsted 16, Bryan 17, Calvert 18, Waco 19, and Corsicanne 20.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS played in Erie, Pa., Jan. 9, Batavia, N. Y., 10, Rochester 11, Utica 12, Albany 13, and are billed in Jersey City, N. J., 17, 18, Williamsburg, N. Y., 19, 20. Business reported good for the times.

EMERSON'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS concluded a two weeks' engagement at Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., Jan. 13.

SIMMONS & SEXTUM'S MINSTRELS had large audiences at the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 8 and during the week. They open in Chicago Jan. 15.

CIRCUSES.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS performed in Tallahassee, Fla., Jan. 9, Madison 10, Lake City 11, Jacksonville 12, Gainsville 13, and is billed in Savannah, Ga., 15, Augusta 16, Macon 17, Fort Valley 18, Columbus 19, Montgomery, Ala., 20, thence to Louisville, Ky., to Winter-quarters.

FIRST-CLASS WORKERS are wanted for the candy-stands with P. T. Barnum's Show for the season of 1877. Robert Westendorf, who advertises, is the proprietor of the stands.

J. A. HATCH, formerly of Hitchcock, Hatch & Co.'s Circus, is keeping a hotel at Westville, a suburban ward of New Haven, Ct.

ROBERT HOOD of Cooper, Bailey & Hood, circus proprietors, is at his home in Norristown, Pa.

THE PULLMAN BROTHERS of Buffalo, N. Y., who had part of the privileges with Adam Forepaugh's Circus last season, have their baggage stored and thirty-two head of stock wintering in Norristown, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA seems to offer special inducements as a "Wintering place" and permanent residence for circus men, especially clowns, Dan Gardner, Sam Long, Dr. Jas. L. Thayer, Pete Conklin and Billy Foust being now located there, the two latter keeping hotels that are liberally patronized by the fraternity.

THE DEFOREST BROTHERS, gymnasts and acrobats, advertise that they can be engaged for the tenting season.

S. Q. STOKES' CIRCUS, now performing at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, offered as their chief attraction during the week commencing Jan. 8 the spectacular extravaganza of "Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper," which was received with every sign of favor. The attendance has improved here, especially at the matinees.

BEHAN'S made barrel, cereal pyramid and horizontal-bar performer, can be engaged for the tenting season. Address as per advertisement.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOUSE continued at the Offenbach Garden, Philadelphia, the past week. Romeo Sebastian, the equestrian had a benefit on the 12th inst., when the following volunteered: Martino and Abelardo Lowande, El Nino Eddie, Sam Long, Leopold and Baldwin, and Wambold with his performing dogs and monkeys. A fair attendance was noticed.

DAVE CARRIGO, late with Barnum's show, boy bareback rider and tumbler, can be engaged for the coming tenting season. See card.

JOHN W. HAMILTON left this city in November last for Bermuda and the West Indies as the press-agent of Howes & Cushing's Circus. He left two weeks in advance of the company, and was authorized to contract debts for advertising, etc. About one week after he left, the proprietors of the circus discovered that John H. Murray had headed them off, he having already sailed with a circus company for Bermuda. Howes & Cushing then changed their route, and sailed direct for St. Thomas, instead of Bermuda, in the steamer North Point, owned by Jacob Lorillard. Mr. Hamilton, who had contracted debts to the amount of $250, found himself left in the lurch in Bermuda, and unable to get away. He appealed to the American Consul, and, pending negotiations for his departure, his brother, residing in this city, made arrangements for his passage home. Mr. Hamilton states that when he made his engagement with Mr. Cushing he was told that Jacob Lorillard of this city was a partner in the concern. Before leaving Bermuda Mr. Hamilton gave the creditors drafts on Jacob Lorillard for the respective amounts due them, and when these drafts reached Mr. Lorillard he refused to pay them, stating that Mr. Hamilton was unknown to him. Mr. Hamilton, on arriving in this city, commenced a suit against the company for $330 for salary due, and the summons and complaint were served on Jacob Lorillard as being the only partner resident in this State at present. Case still before the court.

THE CARLO BROTHERS' GREAT CIRCUS sailed from New York City on Sunday, Jan. 14, for Brazil and other places in South America. The proprietors, William, George and Frederick

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Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876.

Sporting Chronology for 1876.

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A List of Theatres Destroyed by Fire.

Astronomical.

Calculations of Eclipses, the Four Seasons, Morning and Evening Stars, Chronological Cycles, Movable Festivals, etc., Planets, Apparent and Mean Time, Rise and Fall of Tide.

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Winners of the Derby since 1822, Oxford and Cambridge Eight-oared Boat-race since 1829, English Championship for Professional Oarsmen.

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THE MAD POET'S GRAVE IN GREENWOOD.
THE CHASE IN OLD GAUL.
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TO THE PUBLIC.

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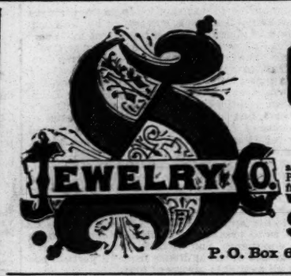

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